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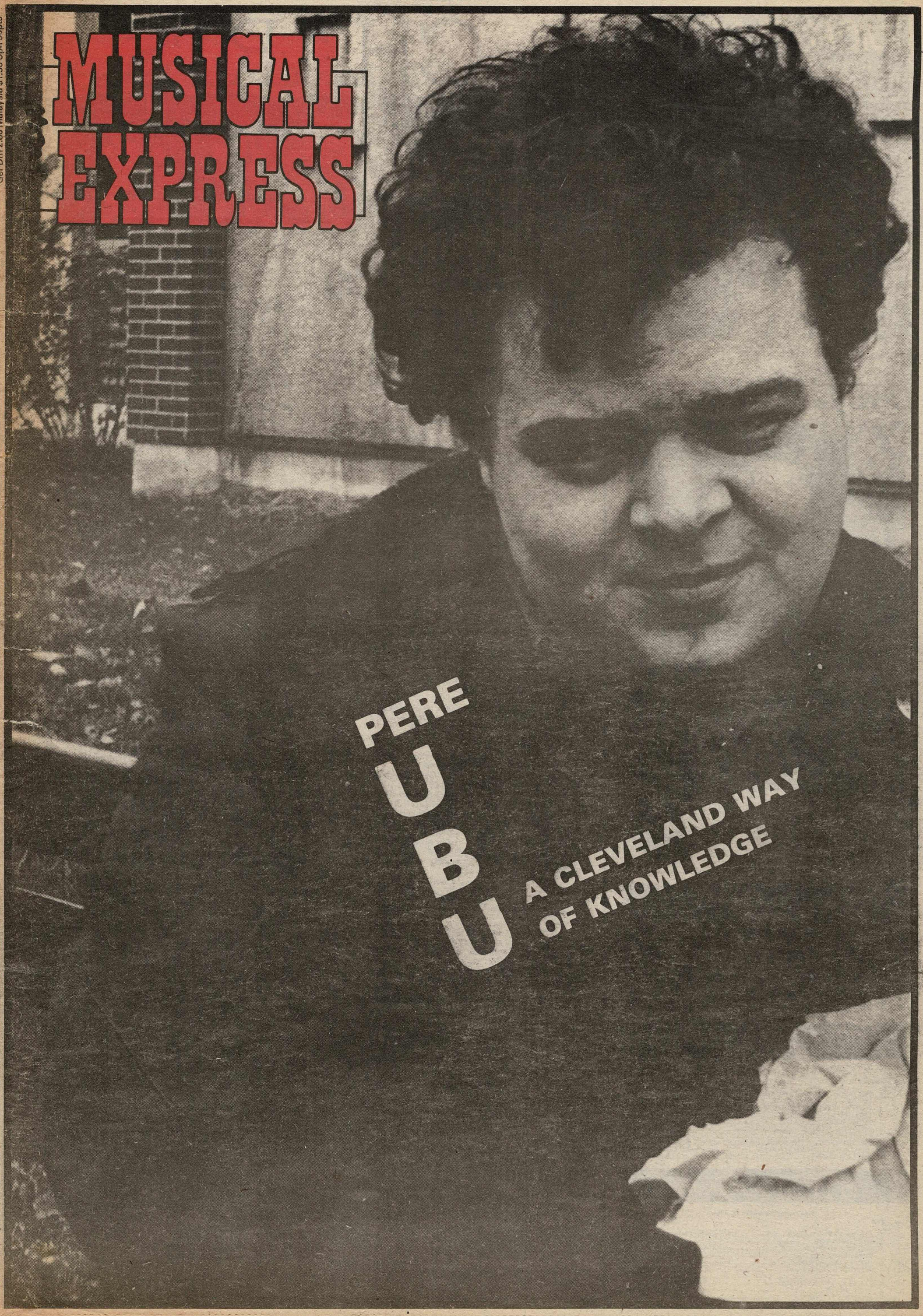

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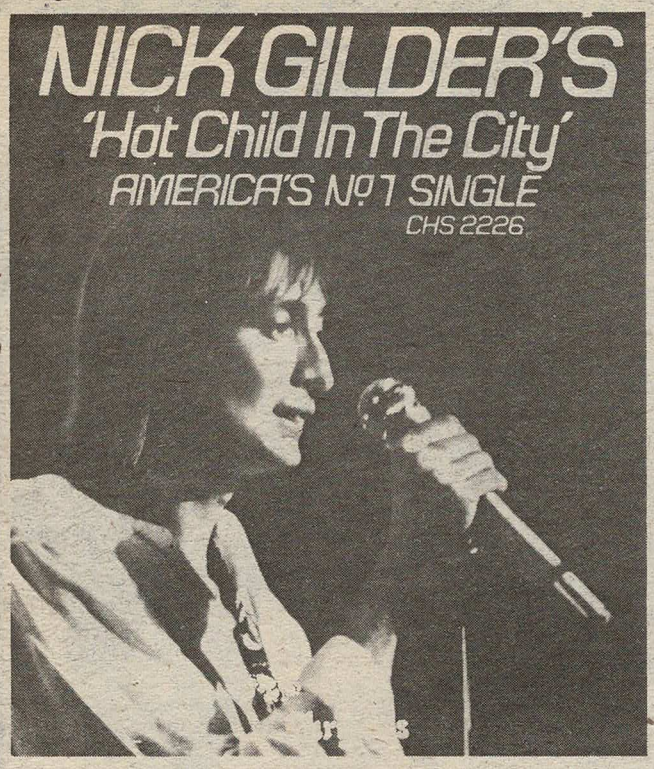
A CLEVELAND WAY OF KNOWLEDGE

It's the Blimp! DAVID THOMAS as Crocus Behemoth, Ubu Roi. Pic: CHRIS GABHIN



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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending November 13, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	LET ME IN	The Osmonds (MGM)
1	2	PUPPY SONG/DAY DREAMER	David Cassidy (Bell)
2	3	SORROW	David Bowie (RCA)
7	4	TOP OF THE WORLD	Carpenters (A & M)
16	5	DYNA-MITE	Mud (Rak)
20	6	PHOTOGRAPH	Ringo Starr (Apple)
28	7	WHEM I FALL IN LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
6	8	CAROLINE	Status Quo (Vertigo)
5	9	GOODBYE YELLOW BRICK ROAD	Elton John (DJM)
–	10	I LOVE YOU LOVE ME LOVE	Gary Glitter (Bell)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending November 13, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY	Hugo Montenegro (RCA)
6	2	ELOISE	Barry Ryan (MGM)
1	3	WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS	Joe Cocker (Regal Zonophone)
4	4	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE	Isley Brothers (Tamla Motown)
3	5	THOSE WERE THE DAYS	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
5	6	ONLY ONE WOMAN	Marbles (Polydor)
7	7	LIGHT MY FIRE	Jose Feliciano (RCA)
13	8	BREAKING DOWN THE WALLS OF HEARTACHE	Bandwagon (Direction)
12	9	ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER	Jimi Hendrix Experience (Track)
8	10	LITTLE ARROWS	Leapy Lee (MCA)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 15, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE	Gerry and the Pacemakers (Columbia)
2	2	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
4	3	SUGAR AND SPICE	Searchers (Pye)
3	4	BE MY BABY	Ronettes (London)
15	5	DON'T TALK TO HIM	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
13	6	SECRET LOVE	Kathy Kirby (Decca)
7	7	I	Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
22	8	I'LL KEEP YOU SATISFIED	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
5	9	BLUE BAYOU	Roy Orbison (London)
8	10	MEMPHIS TENNESSEE	Chuck Berry (Pye Int.)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending November 18, 1978

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	**RAT TRAP**..... Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	5	1
2	(8)	**HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU** Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	3	2
3	(1)	**SUMMER NIGHTS** John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	9	1
4	(4)	**MACARTHUR PARK** Donna Summer (Casablanca)	5	3
5	(5)	**DARLIN'**..... Frankie Miller (Chrysalis)	5	5
6	(3)	**SANDY** John Travolta (Midsong/Polydor)	7	3
7	(—)	**MY BEST FRIEND'S GIRL** Cars (Elektra)	1	7
8	(15)	**PRETTY LITTLE ANGEL EYES** Showaddywaddy (Arista)	2	8
9	(10)	**INSTANT REPLAY** Dan Hartman (Blue Sky)	4	9
10	(—)	**HANGING ON THE TELEPHONE** Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	10
11	(13)	**GIVIN' UP GIVIN' IN** Three Degrees (Ariola)	5	11
12	(6)	**BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE** Jacksons (Epic)	8	6
13	(9)	**RASPUTIN**... Boney M (Atlantic Hansa)	8	2
14	(16)	**BICYCLE RACE / FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS**..... Queen (EMI)	3	14
15	(7)	**PUBLIC IMAGE** Public Image Ltd (Virgin)	4	7
16	(12)	**SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	6	6
17	(21)	**I LOVE AMERICA** Patrick Juvet (Casablanca)	2	17
18	(14)	**LUCKY STARS** Dean Friedman (Lifesong)	9	3
19	(24)	**TOAST**..... Street Band (Logo)	2	19
20	(22)	**ALWAYS & FOREVER/MIND BLOWING DECISIONS**..... Heatwave (GTO)	2	20
21	(—)	**PART TIME LOVE** Elton John (Rocket)	2	21
22	(11)	**HURRY UP HARRY** Sham 69 (Polydor)	5	10
23	(18)	**DOWN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT**..... Jam (Polydor)	5	18
24	(—)	**GERM FREE ADOLESCENCE** X Ray Spex (EMI Int)	1	24
25	(19)	**DIPPETY DAY** Father Abraham & The Smurfs (Decca)	4	19
26	(—)	**DON'T LET IT FADE AWAY** Darts (Magnet)	1	26
27	(—)	**DO YA THINK I'M SEXY** Rod Stewart (Riva)	1	27
28	(—)	**GIVING IT BACK**..... Phil Hurtt (Fantasy)	1	28
29	(30)	**BRANDY**..... O'Jays (Philadelphia)	5	21
30	(20)	**RADIO RADIO**..... Elvis Costello (Radar)	3	20

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

DON'T CRY OUT LOUD — Elkie Brooks (A&M); SHOOTING STAR — Dollar (EMI); I'M GONNA LOVE YOU FOREVER — Crown Heights Affair (Mercury); HAMMER HORROR — Kate Bush (EMI).

ALBUMS

Week ending November 18, 1978

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**GREASE**..... Original Soundtrack (RSO)	19	1
2	(2)	**NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS** Boney M (Int/Hansa)	18	1
3	(15)	**IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT** Status Quo (Phonogram)	3	3
4	(4)	**EMOTIONS**..... Various (K-Tel)	3	4
5	(14)	**A SINGLE MAN** Elton John (Rocket Records)	3	5
6	(5)	**IMAGES**..... Don Williams (K-Tel)	16	2
7	(20)	**TONIC FOR THE TROOPS** Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	14	7
8	(3)	**WAR OF THE WORLDS** Jeff Wayne (CBS)	20	2
9	(6)	**BIG WHEELS OF MOTOWN** Various (Motown)	8	2
10	(7)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER** Various (RSO)	30	1
11	(16)	**ALL MOD CONS**..... The Jam (Polydor)	2	11
12	(12)	**BROTHERHOOD OF MAN** Brotherhood Of Man (K-Tel)	6	5
13	(9)	**OUT OF THE BLUE** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	48	3
14	(11)	**PARALLEL LINES**... Blondie (Chrysalis)	9	7
15	(8)	**STAGE**..... David Bowie (RCA)	7	8
16	(10)	**CLASSIC ROCK** London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	15	6
17	(28)	**LIVE & MORE** Donna Summer (Casablanca)	5	11
18	(29)	**THE AMAZING DARTS** Darts (Magnet)	2	18
19	(19)	**INNER SECRETS**..... Santana (CBS)	2	19
20	(18)	**IF YOU WANT BLOOD YOU'VE GOT IT**..... AC/DC (Atlantic)	2	18
21	(25)	**MANHATTAN TRANSFER LIVE** Manhattan Transfer (WEA)	3	21
22	(23)	**LEO SAYER**..... Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	10	14
23	(27)	**TORMATO**..... Yes (Atlantic)	8	9
24	(24)	**25th ANNIVERSARY ALBUM** Shirley Bassey (United Artists)	3	24
25	(—)	**JAZZ**..... Queen (EMI)	1	25
26	(22)	**ROSE ROYCE STRIKES AGAIN** Rose Royce (Whitfield)	7	8
27	(—)	**NEIL DIAMOND'S 20 GOLDEN GREATS** Neil Diamond (MCA)	1	27
28	(—)	**DON'T WALK BOOGIE** Various (EMI)	1	28
29	(13)	**BLOODY TOURISTS**.. 10 c.c. (Mercury)	9	3
30	(30)	**ECSTASY**..... Various (Lotus)	3	28

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

ELVIS — 40 GREATEST HITS — Elvis Presley (RCA); KILLING MACHINE — Judas Priest (CBS); GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE — Clash (CBS); DISGUISE IN LOVE — John Cooper-Clarke (CBS).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending November 18, 1978

This Week	Last Week	
1	(1)	**MAC ARTHUR PARK**..... Donna Summer
2	(6)	**HOW MUCH I FEEL**..... Ambrosia
3	(2)	**HOT CHILD IN THE CITY**..... Nick Gilder
4	(3)	**KISS YOU ALL OVER**..... Exile
5	(5)	**DOUBLE VISION**..... Foreigner
6	(16)	**YOU DON'T BRING ME FLOWERS** Barbra & Neil
7	(9)	**READY TO TAKE A CHANCE AGAIN** Barry Manilow
8	(4)	**YOU NEEDED ME**..... Anne Murray
9	(11)	**I JUST WANNA STOP**..... Gino Vannelli
10	(12)	**SHARING THE NIGHT TOGETHER**..... Dr Hook
11	(8)	**WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"** Kenny Loggins
12	(14)	**I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE (DISCO ROUND)** Alicia Bridges
13	(7)	**BEAST OF BURDEN**..... Rolling Stones
14	(18)	**TIME PASSAGES**..... Al Stewart
15	(19)	**ALIVE AGAIN**..... Chicago
16	(10)	**YOU NEVER DONE IT LIKE THAT** Captain & Tennille
17	(26)	**(OUR LOVE) DON'T THROW IT ALL AWAY** Andy Gibb
18	(20)	**SWEET LIFE**..... Paul Davis
19	(27)	**STRANGE WAY**..... Firefall
20	(21)	**BLUE COLLAR MAN (LONG NIGHTS)**..... Styx
21	(24)	**DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT IT** Pablo Cruise
22	(23)	**ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE**... Funkadelic
23	(25)	**STRAIGHT ON**..... Heart
24	(13)	**REMINISCING**..... Little River Band
25	(—)	**MY LIFE**..... Billy Joel
26	(29)	**CHANGE OF HEART**..... Eric Carman
27	(—)	**TOO MUCH HEAVEN**..... Bee Gees
28	(—)	**THE POWER OF GOLD** Dan Fogelberg/Tim Weisberg
29	(30)	**EVERYBODY NEEDS LOVE**..... Stephen Bishop
30	(15)	**WHO ARE YOU**..... The Who

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending November 18, 1978

This Week	Last Week	
1	(4)	**52nd STREET**..... Billy Joel
2	(3)	**LIVE AND MORE**..... Donna Summer
3	(1)	**GREASE**..... Various Artists
4	(2)	**LIVING IN THE U.S.A.**..... Linda Ronstadt
5	(5)	**DOUBLE VISION**..... Foreigner
6	(24)	**A WILD & CRAZY GUY**..... Steve Martin
7	(6)	**DON'T LOOK BACK**..... Boston
8	(8)	**SOME GIRLS**..... Rolling Stones
9	(7)	**PIECES OF EIGHT**..... Styx
10	(11)	**HOT STREETS**..... Chicago
11	(14)	**TIME PASSAGES**..... Al Stewart
12	(10)	**WHO ARE YOU**..... The Who
13	(9)	**DOG & BUTTERFLY**..... Heart
14	(12)	**TWIN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS** Dan Fogelberg & Tim Weisberg
15	(17)	**COMES A TIME**..... Neil Young
16	(16)	**THE STRANGER**..... Billy Joel
17	(15)	**ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE**... Funkadelic
18	(20)	**BROTHER TO BROTHER**..... Gino Vannelli
19	(13)	**TORMATO**..... Yes
20	(30)	**A SINGLE MAN**..... Elton John
21	(19)	**STRANGER IN TOWN** Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
22	(26)	**LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY**..... Anne Murray
23	(18)	**NIGHTWATCH**..... Kenny Loggins
24	(21)	**IS IT STILL GOOD TO YA**... Ashford & Simpson
25	(—)	**CRUISIN'**..... Village People
26	(28)	**BURSTING OUT**..... Jethro Tull
27	(—)	**LIFE BEYOND L.A.**..... Ambrosia
28	(—)	**WEEKEND WARRIORS**..... Ted Nugent
29	(23)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER** Bee Gees & Various Artists
30	(—)	**THE MAN**..... Barry White

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ROD extra

ROD STEWART is to play a fourth night at Manchester Belle Vue on Wednesday, December 6. But this extra gig has already sold out on the strength of excess applications for his three previous shows at this venue (2-3 and 5). It's expected that additional Stewart concerts at London Olympia will be announced next week — he's already sold out three nights there (December 21-23), and NME understands that a further three gigs are likely to be added.

VAN due in

VAN MORRISON, who's been conspicious by his absence from the British concert scene for some time, will definitely be touring here in the New Year. NME learned this week that a string of major dates is being lined up for him in February, and details are expected shortly.

● Joan Armatrading will also be touring during the first quarter of 1979. It's understood that her early spring intinerary runs from March through into April.

DEAN special

DEAN FRIEDMAN'S current British visit is proving so successful that he's returning here, after completing commitments in Europe, to headline another major London concert next month. He opened his tour with an appearance at The Venue in Victoria last week, and he now plays his final date at the Dominion Theatre in Tottenham Court Road on Friday, December 15, just before Elvis Costello begins his week-long season there. Promoters are Andrew Miller and Noel d'Abo.

TAJ one gig

TAJ MAHAL, the celebrated U.S. bluesman who's recently been leaning more towards West Indian roots music, returns to Britain next month to headline a one-off concert at London Rainbow Theatre. It's on Monday, December 11 (8pm), and tickets are available now priced £3.50, £2.75 and £1.75. He'll be playing the entire show himself — the first half solo, and the second half with his backing band. Promoters are Alec Leslie Entertainments.

NEWS

Tosh visit is re-scheduled

THE ON-OFF British visit by Jamaican reggae giant Peter Tosh is now definitely on again. He's been confirmed to headline five major concerts early next month, including two in London, supported by his regular backing band.

After concerts in Amsterdam, Stockholm, Paris and Brussels at the tail end of this month, Tosh arrives in this country to play Manchester Apollo (December 3), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (4) amd London Rainbow (6 and 7). Tickets are on sale now for these gigs, and details of the fifth show on December 5 will be announced next week.

Tosh was originally due here early this month, but postponed his visit after sustaining injuries back home in Jamaica — allegedly while in police custody, when being held on suspicion of smoking pot. He appeared to recover quickly, and his visit was re-arranged for late in November, only to be called off again — because partly he was still feeling the effects of his injuries, and partly due to a switch in his British promoter. But this time, we are assured, his tour is for real.

Solid touring by Wilko's Senders

WILKO JOHNSON'S Solid Senders headline another British tour — their third this year — at the tail end of the year. And their itinerary includes a major appearance at London's newest showplace, The Venue in Victoria. Eleven gigs have been confirmed so far, and it's likely that more will be slotted into the interim dates.

After returning from their Irish tour during the second half of this month, the band launch straight into their U.K. schedule at Leeds Polytechnic (November 30), York University (December 1), Manchester University (2), Redcar Coatham Bowl (3), Abersytwyth University (6), Bristol University (8), London Chelsea College of Art (9), London Victoria The Venue (10), Brighton Sussex University (12), Birmingham Barbarella's (14) and St. Albans City Hall (15).

The band then spend the next month recording their second Virgin album, with sessions booked through to mid-January.

ALBERTOS HIT BRITISH TRAIL

ALBERTO Y Lost Trios Paranoias are also going back on the road next month and, like Wilko, they have a showcase date at London's The Venue. Several more gigs have still to be added to the dozen already confirmed, which are: Bath University (December 1), Sheffield Top Rank (3), Oldham Civic Hall (4), Derby Assembly Rooms (7), Newcastle University (8), Glasgow Strathclyde Univeristy (9), Fife St. Andrew's University (10), Edinburgh Tiffany's (11), London Victoria The Venue (13), Cardiff Top Rank (17), Exeter Routes (18) and Plymouth Woods Centre (19).

The band also have a new single issued on November 24 by Logo Records called "Juan Lopez". And they'll be supported throughout the tour by The Police, newly returned from their first U.S. tour, whose debut A & M album "Outlandos D'Amour" has just been issued. Prior to the dates with the Albertos, The Police have gigs in their own right at London Camden Electric Ballroom (November 25), Sheffield Limit Club (28), York Pop Club (29) and Manchester Russell Club (30).

Darts: new recruits prepare for action

DARTS have at last found the bass singer for whom they've been searching since early August, when Den Hegarty left the band. During that time, they auditioned over 300 applicants in Britain, then spent a further two weeks seeking a possible replacement in the States. and they finally settled on Kenny Andrews — who, like one of their record hits, is a boy from New York City! He was formerly with local band The K.G.'s, and applied for the job after seeing Darts' advertisement in the U.S. magazine *Show Business*.

Darts had earlier announced their intention to undertake a British concert tour in December, but this has now been delayed by the difficulty in finding a new vocal bassman. However, they are now rehearsing with Andrews and their other new member — as previously reported, ex-Suzi Quatro keyboards man Mike Deacon takes over from Hammy Howell — and they now expect to reschedule their U.K. tour for early in the New Year. And NME understands there's a possibility of the band making their debut with the new line-up before the end of this year.

NAZ dozen dates fixed

THE FIRST DOZEN dates have now been confirmed for the previously-reported New Year tour by Nazareth, their first major trek around Britain for two years. It will also be the first opportunity for audiences here to see them in action as a quintet, having recently augmented with the addition of ex-SAHB guitarist Zal Cleminson.

The band recently finished recording their new album, produced by Manny Charlton, and are currently doing the final editing in studios in Montreux, Switzerland. It's planned to extract a single from the LP for release around Christmas, with the album — titled "No Mean City" — coinciding with their U.K. dates.

Not surprisingly, the itinerary is billed as Naz's "No Mean City Tour", and gigs set so far are at Preston Guildhall (January 19), Glasgow Apollo (20), Edinburgh Usher Hall (21), Manchester Apollo (22), Sheffield City Hall (23), Hanley Victoria Hall (25), Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom (26), Leeds University (27), Liverpool Empire (28), Bristol Colston Hall (29), Leicester De Montfort Hall (30) and Brighton Dome (31).

All shows start at 7.30pm, and tickets are priced £2.80, £2.40 and £1.80 — they'll be available direct from the venues, though readers should contact the respective box-offices for precise opening dates. There are still several more concerts to be set for Nazareth in early February, including a major London appearance, and these will be announced shortly along with the support act.

LATEST ON THE CLASH AND PUBLIC IMAGE

Sham: Rainbow benefit?

SHAM 69 are in line to top a special charity concert at London Rainbow Theatre right after Christmas — on Wednesday, December 27. Although it's not yet been officially confirmed from the band's viewpoint, it's understood they are keen to do it, and the organisers are hopeful of clinching them. The benefit would be in aid of one-parent families, with admission all at the one price of £3.50.

The only hold-up at the moment seems to be in finalising the rest of the bill, for which several names have been mentioned including XTC, Merger, Doll By Doll, Matumbi and Johnny Rubbish. The organisers also plan to introduce a little "light relief" by featuring members of the Monty Python team, as well as a star comedian — apparently both Tommy Cooper and Frankie Howerd have been approached.

The charity gig is scheduled for the day after the two debut concerts by Public Image Ltd. on Christmas Day and Boxing Day. And this week Johnny Rotten confirmed another support band, South London outfit The Pack, who join the three reported last week — The Poets, The Roots and Wendy Tunes. It's also learned that, due to a mix-up at the box office, some tickets for the Christmas Day show are still available.

THE CLASH have added another date to their U.K. tour which starts this week (see Gig Guide, page 55) — it's a special pre-Christmas show at Aylesbury Friars on December 22. The band have still not confirmed any dates for Birmingham or London. As far as Brimingham is concerned, they've been rejected by both the local Town Hall and Odeon, and — although they're still hoping to slot in an appearance at another venue before Christmas — it's not looking very hopeful for that area. And the continuing story of The Clash's London gigs, including their Sid Vicious benefit, is that they now hope to announce details next week.

NEWS WAVES

THE DOGS, the three-piece Los Angeles-based band who begin their debut British tour next week, have added a few more dates to their itinerary. Their initial gigs were reported three weeks ago, but they now also play Tonypandy Naval Club (December 2), Belfast The Pound (7 and 8), Chester Smartyz (12), Warrington Carlton Club (18) and Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (22). Their three-track maxi-single "Fed Up" has just been released by Detroit Records.

ADAM & THE ANTS play a couple of London showcase dates later this month, when they headline at the Marquee Club on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 28 and 29. Tickets are £1.40 (advance) and £1.60 (doors).

THE JAM'S roadcrew saved the life of a nurse while en route from Bradford to Newcastle during the band's current tour. They found the girl, in the early hours of the morning, lying in a crashed car and obviously in a bad way. They rushed her to Harrogate Hospital, where she is now said to be recovering.

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees have still not set another Liverpool date, following the cancellation of their projected November 1 gig at the University's Mountfort Hall, due to industrial action by porters and electricians. But they hope to announce a replacement gig in the city in a week or two. Their gig at Croydon Greyhound last Thursday was called off after the stage was declared unsafe.

DOLL BY DOLL, the first signing to Nick Mobbs' Automatic Record Company (distributed by WEA), will be the support act on the previously-reported Devo tour opening on November 26.

THE TOURISTS play their most important London show to date this Saturday (18) when they headline at the Electric Ballroom in Camden Town, supported by Autographs and Straight 8.

WELLER CHARGED

PAUL WELLER of The Jam was remanded on bail until December 12, at Leeds on Monday, charged with maliciously wounding Australian Rugby League official James Coldwell. No details of the offence were given. The band apparently stayed in the same hotel as the touring hotel as the touring Australian team on Sunday night. Mr. Coldwell was said to have had three stitches in an injury near his eye.

MUSIC BY POST

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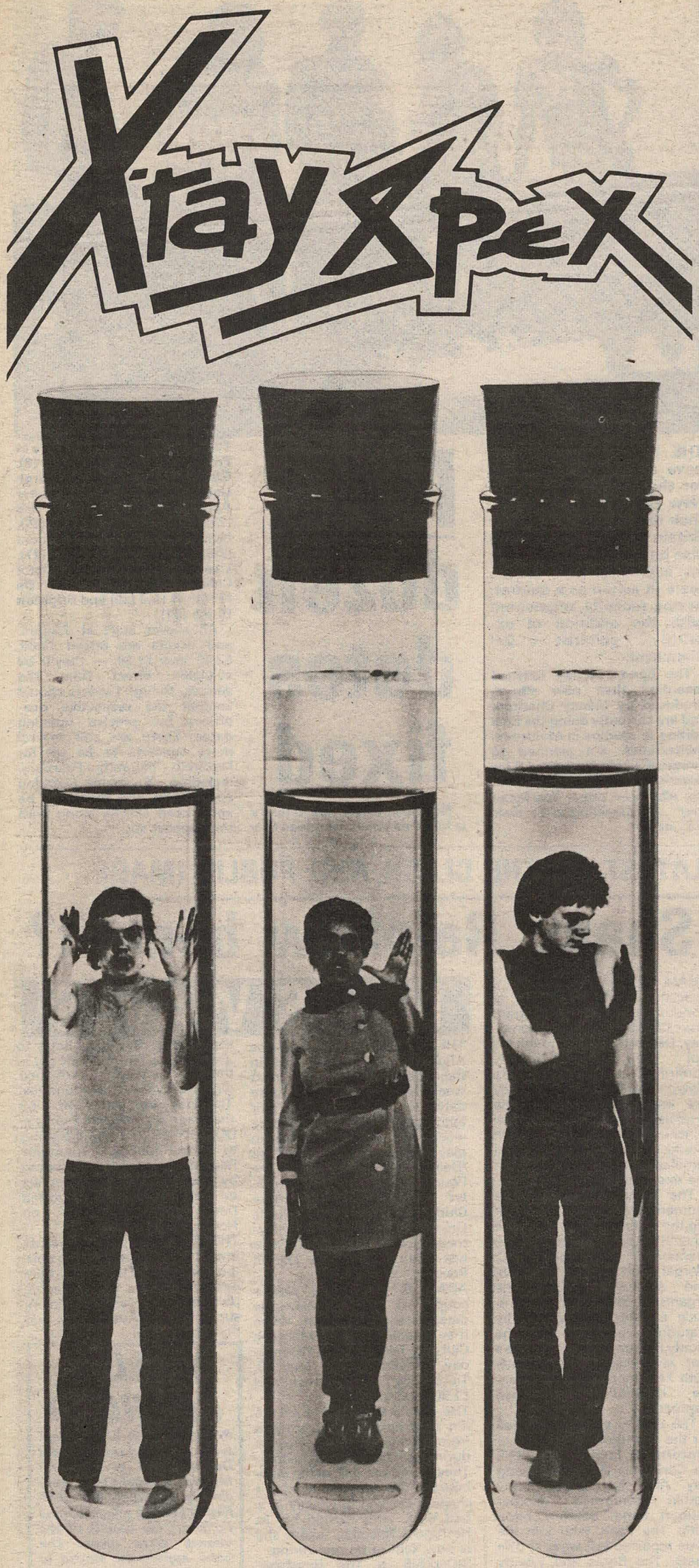

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EIGHT HEADLINING SHOWS FOR CHILD

CHILD set out early next month on their first headlinging concert tour, following the chart success of their singles "When You Walk In The Room" and "It's Only Make Believe". They're playing eight major dates, promoted by Mel Bush, and their itinerary comprises Southampton Gaumont (December 3), Bristol Hippodrome (4), Manchester Apollo (5), Newcastle City Hall (6), Glasgow Apollo (7), Sheffield City Hall (8), London Rainbow (9) and Birmingham Town Hall (10). Tickets are on sale now, priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50 at all venues. The tour promotes their debut elpee "The First Album" (issued this weekend by Ariola-Hansa) and their recent single that's already contending for the charts, "Still The One".

MIGHTY SPARROW, DILLINGER

Jamaicans' journeys

THE MIGHTY SPARROW is back in Britain for a short tour, coinciding with the release of his new Trojan Records single "El Reloj", which is already a chart hit in some European markets. It's taken from his recently-released album "Only A Fool". He opens with a concert at London Rainbow tonight (Thursday), then plays Bradford St. George's Hall (Friday), Huddersfield Cleopatra's (Saturday), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (Sunday), Bristol Colston Hall (Novenber 21), Manchester Kings Hall (24) and Birmingham Town Hall (26).

DILLINGER, whose appearance at London Rainbow on November 25 has already been reported, also plays provincial gigs at Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester Russell Club (Saturday), Cardiff Top Rank (November 21), Plymouth Metro (22), Brighton Top Rank (24) and Bristol Locarno (26). He's promoting his new album and single, titled "Live At The Music Machine" and "Out The Light" respectively, both on Jamaican Sounds Records.

EARTH WIND & FIRE, BILLY JOEL TO VISIT

EARTH WIND & FIRE are being lined up for a British and European tour early in 1979, and it's expected that their dates and venues will be announced shortly. As a prelude to their visit, CBS release the compilation LP "The Best Of Earth Wind & Fire — Volume 1" next month — it's a collection of tracks from their first six albums and includes their two 1978 hit singles "Got To Get You Into My Life" and "Fantasy".

BILLY JOEL, whose latest album "52nd Street" — currently a smash hit in the U.S. charts — is issued by CBS this week, is also planning British dates in the New Year. The new LP, the first since his successful "The Stranger", coincides with a single extracted from it titled "My Life".

● Reports elsewhere suggesting that several other CBS artits — including Boston, Bruce Springsteen and Aerosmith — are all set to visit Britain early next year were denied by the company this week. A spokesman commented: "Naturally we're hopeful of bringing them in — we have been for some time. But nothing is remotely like being confirmed."

ROBIN WILLIAMSON'S COMEBACK CONCERTS

ROBIN WILLIAMSON flies in from his home in California to headline a British tour next month with his Merry Band. It's his first visit to this country since the Incredible String Band broke up just over four years ago. The band's line-up includes Jerry McMillan, Sylvia Woods and Christopher Caswell, and they specialise in contemporary Celtic music "using old instruments in a new way". The band's second album "American Stonehenge" has just been issued by Criminal

Confirmed dates are Bath Brillig Arts Centre (December 1), Birmingham Town Hall (2), London Kingsway Royalty Theatre (3), Edinburgh Leith Theatre (9), Glasgow City Hall (10), Scarborough Penthouse (14) and Portsmouth Centre Hotel (17). Ticket prices range from £1 to £2.50, depending on the venue, and they are all available now — except at Portsmouth where they will be sold on the night.

Hinkley's Heroes on tour

HINKLEY'S HEROES — the all-star band fronted by Tim Hinkley — are touring Britain in the near future. The three dates so far confirmed are London Victoria The Venue (December 6), Birmingham Barbarella's (7) and Manchester Mayflower (9). Several more dates are being finalised for next month, including gigs in Norwich, Newcastle, Leicester and Bournmouth, and details will be announced in a week or two. Further gigs are also likely to be added. Featured in the band's line-up are such well-known musicians as Mitch Mitchell, John Halsey, Henry McCullough, Mel Collins, Roger Capman, Mike Patto, Poli Palmer and Bob Tench.

NEWS BRIEFS

HI-TENSION have added three dates to their current tour at Nottingham University (November 24), Gt. Yarmouth Tiffany's (27) and Hull University (December 8). Their gig at Liverpool University, originally planned for November 24, is put back to December 9. The group's new single and album, titled "Autumn Love" and "Hi-Tension" respectively, are issued by Island this weekend.

VIV STANSHALL, who played a pair of sell-out concerts at London Collegiate Theatre last month, headlines ahother two — this time at London School of Economics (Houghton Street, W.C.2) on Friday and Saturday, December 1 and 2. Plans are now under way for Stanshall to perform a series of provincial concerts in the New Year.

A BEATLES Convention is being held in the group's home town of Liverpool on December 28. It's staged at the Romeo & Juliet Club from noon until 8pm, at which time everyone moves to the cinema across the road for an all-night showing of all their group and solo movies. More details from Alan Williams, 15 Grove Park, Liverpool 8. (051-733 4969).

DAVE LEWIS BAND have been forced to cancel a number of gigs on their current tour, after Lewis sustained injuries in a car accident at the beginning of last week. The incident occurred when he was returning from a gig in Birmingham, and he was taken to Nuneaton Hospital suffering from cuts, bruising and concussion. It's hoped to pick up the rest of the tour as soon as possible.

THE MARQUEE, London's No. 1 rock club venue, has announced two of its major attractions for the coming holiday period. The Enid are to headline the traditional Christmas Eve Party, and topping the bill at the New Year's Eve shindig will be Radio Stars.

JACK GOOD, producer of the classic "Oh Boy!" TV shows, is to present a series of London concerts with a similar format. Inspired by the current resurgence on interest in basic rock-'n'roll, he plans to stage the so-called "Oh Boy!" concerts from early February onwards at the Astoria Theatre, in London's Charing Cross Road — the present home of the hit stage musical "Elvis".

ISAAC GUILLORY is special guest on the last three dates of Barbara Dickson's tour — at Southport Theatre (tonight, Thursday), Bradford Alhambra (Friday) and London Rainbow (Saturday). These are his first solo spots for some time, since he became an active member of Pacific Eardrum. A new Guillory single is due for release soon by Charisma.

SPEED-O-METORS, whose debut single "Tonight, Tonight (Liverpool Ladies)" is due in mid-January, play Nottingham Boat Club (tonight, Thursday), Lincoln A.J.'s (Friday), York Revolution (Saturday), Oxford Corn Dolly (November 23), London Fulham Golden Lion (24), Basildon Double Six (25) and London Marquee (December 2).

MUD, whose latest British tour opens this Saturday, are to complete their itinerary by playing a three-day London engagement just before Christmas. It's at the new-look Greyhound in Fulham on December 20, 21 and 22.

ELTON JOHN's songs are the basis of a rock musical called "Ego", conceived and written by the students of Hillside School in Boreham Wood — who previously attracted considerable attention with their 1976 production of "Sgt. Pepper". With a cast of 50 students and a ten-piece band, they're staging it at the school for four nights from December 6.

LINDISFARNE have now sold out their three hometown concerts at Newcastle City Hall on December 20, 21 and 22, which climax their current U.K. tour. So they've added a fourth show at the same venue on December 23. Tickets priced £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50 from Lindisfarne's Xmas Party, P.O. Box 1LT, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE99 1LT (cheques to "LMP Ltd.").

IAN MATTHEWS has delayed his British tour until the New Year, due to the success of his current dates in America. Early December gigs previously announced for him are now cancelled, and instead he now plays Birmingham Barbarella's (January 29), Manchester Mayflower (30) and London Camden Dingwalls (31 and February 1), with more to follow.

TOURS ROUND-UP

Cafe Jacques drummer MIKE O

CAFE JACQUES

CAFE JACQUES, the Edinburgh band who've been enjoying U.S. chart success with their first album "Round The Back", begin a new series of British dates later this month. They'll be without regular member Geoff Richardon, due to other commitments, and he's replaced on the tour by ex-Cado Belle guitarist Alan Darby. Confirmed dates are Dumfries Stagecoach (November 26), Edinburgh Tiffany's (27), London Camden Music Machine (December 1), Bristol Granary (2), Sheffield Limit Club (7), Manchester Mayflower (8), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (10), Swindon Brunel Rooms (12), Norwich Boogie House (13), Scarborough Penthouse (15) and Birmingham Barbarella's (16), with more to be added. The band's next LP "Cafe Jacques International" will be issued by CBS on January 5.

THE PLATTERS

THE PLATTERS return to Britain this week for their first tour here in nearly ten years. During this time, there have been several tours by various splinter groups, but this is the outfit handled by The Platters' original founder and mentor Buck Ram — though the line-up has changed appreciably over the years. With their new album "Reborn" issued by Psycho Records this week, they play Manchester Golden Garter (currently until Saturday), Caerphilly Double Diamond (all next week), Wrexham Leisure Centre (November 29), Southampton Gaumont (30), Ipswich Gaumont (December 2), Slough Fulcrum Centre (3), London Quaglino's (4), Birmingham Odeon (5), Taunton Odeon (6), Corby Festival Hall (7), Dundee Town Hall (8), Aberdeen Capitol (9) and Edinburgh venue to be set (10).

MATCHBOX

MATCHBOX have extended their current one-nighter series through into the New Year, with newly-booked gigs at Feltham Bison Club (December 2), Bromley Northover (8), Bristol Trinity Hall (9), Bournemouth Tiffany's (14), London Willesden Bobbysox Club (15), Carshalton St. Helier Arms (16), Ryde I.o.W. Lakeside Inn (17), Rayleigh Crocs Club (18), London Tottenham White Hart (22), Lowestoft Crows Inn (23), London Southgate Royalty (January 1), Southend Minerva (6), Barkingside Old Maypole (13), St. Albans City Hall (18), Willesden Bobbysox again (19) and London Hackney Adam & Eve (27).

Sylvester plays two

SYLVESTER, of "You Make Me Feel" chart fame, flies into Britain in three weeks' time to play two shows at London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday and Saturday, December 8 and 9. His visit is part of a European tour and these gigs, promoted by Straight Music, are the only ones he'll be doing in this country at this time. He'll also be making a couple of TV appearances to promote his new single "Dance (Disco Heat)", just released by Fantasy.

ROGER FERISS of No Dice

CRAZY CAVAN

CRAZY CAVAN 'n' The Rhythm Rockers have a busy schedule leading up to Christmas, with gigs at Birmingham Mackadown Hotel (tonight, Thursday), Stafford North Staffs Poly (Friday), Measteg White Wheat (November 21), Walsall West Midlands College (22), Portsmouth Poly (23), Margate Grand Ballroom (24), London Kensington Nashville (25), Ryde I.o.W. Lakeside Inn (26), Badgers Mount Black Eagle (27), Swansea University (29), London Southgate Royalty (30), London Willesden White Hart (December 1), Cheltenham Town Hall (2), London City Poly (8), Basingstoke Community Centre (9), Middlesbrough RAOB Club (10), Sunderland Boilermakers Club (11), Hatfield Poly (13), Newport Kings Road Hotel (14), Guildford Star Club (15), Loughborough Town Hall (16), Northolt White Hart (20), London Royalty again (21) and Bromley Northover (22).

MERGER

MERGER, who've been off the road since they opened Bob Dylan's concert at Blackbushe Airport in the summer, are setting up a new series of dates. A record deal is understood to be imminent for the reggae band, who play Birmingham Aston University (tomorrow, Friday), Durham University (Saturday), Manchester Mayflower (Sunday), Preston Polytechnic (November 24), Kingston Polytechnic (25), London Kensington Nashville (28) and London Oxford St. 100 Club (30). Several more gigs are being finalised for early December.

JAPAN

JAPAN have been forced to re-set their British dates, due to the extension of their current visit to America. They now play Sheffield Polytechnic (November 24 instead of 29), Birmingham Barbarella's (30 instead of 24), Nottingham University (December 1), Northampton County Ground (2), Lancaster University (6), Leeds Polytechnic (7), Birmingham University (8) and Manchester Mayflower (9 instead of this Saturday). Their show at London Strand Lyceum on November 26 is unchanged — but gigs at Batley (tomorrow, Friday) and Southampton (November 25) are cancelled.

NO DICE

NO DICE go back on the road later this month, after recording their second EMI album on the Rolling Stones mobile. They play Aberdeen Ruffles (November 23), Dundee Technical College (24), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (25), London Marquee (30), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (December 1), Manchester Mayflower (2), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (4), Birmingham Barbarella's (5), Northampton Nene College (8), Hitchin College (9), Batley Crumpets (10), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (11), Weymouth Pavilion (13) and London Camden Music Machine (15).

MARSEILLE

MARSEILLE are currently working on their first album, which Mountain Records plan for late January or early February release. But between recording sessions, they've managed to fit in nine gigs — and these are at Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (November 24). Manchester The Venue (25), Swansea Circles Club (27), London Camden Music Machine (28), York The Venue (December 6), Winchester College (7), Burton 76 Club (8), Dudley J.B.'s (9) and London Marquee Club (13).

GONZALEZ

GONZALEZ, who've recently acquired two new members in Sergio Castillo (drums) and Hugh Bullen (bass), have set a series of dates to preview their upcoming LP. They play London W.10 Acklam Hall (November 24), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (25), London Royal Garden Hotel (26), London Kensington Nashville (30), Watford Herts College (December 1), Bromley Stockwell College (8), London Cockfosters Trent Park College (13) and London Europa Hotel (15). More gigs are being finalised.

DETROIT EMERALDS

DETROIT EMERALDS arrive this weekend for a short tour, taking in British clubs and ballrooms, as well as U.S. bases in the country. Their date sheet includes Poole Wessex Hall (November 21), Cleethorpes Bunnies (22), Norwich Cromwells (23), Wigan Casino doubling Buckley Tivoli (25), Stoke Trentham Gardens (26), Chesterfield Aquarius (29), Colchester Embassy Suite (December 3), Plymouth Fiesta (5) and Torquay Carlton Club (6).

OFF THE RECORD

● The new **Grateful Dead** album "Shakedown Street", produced by Little Feat's Lowell George, is released by Arista on December 1. The previous week (November 24), the same label issues **The Outlaws'** LP "Playin' To Win". And this weekend sees the re-release of **The Kinks'** seasonal single from last year "Father Christmas".

● "Jazz", the previously-reported new album by **Queen**, is released by EMI this week. It was recorded in Montreux and Nice, and contains 13 tracks.

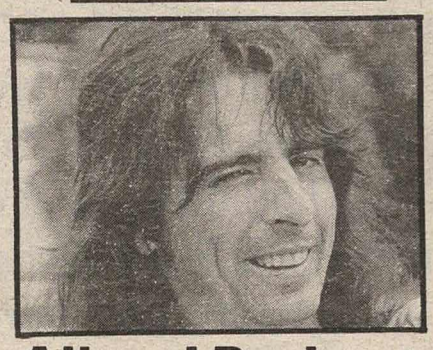
● Renowned rock star **Curtis Knight** is in Britain for the launching of his own record label Golden Sphinx, which bows in this weekend with the single "These Boots Are Made For Walking" by New York black punk outfit **Pure Hell** — who, as previously reported, opened their British tour yesterday (Wednesday). The label is distributed by Spartan.

● Greensleeves launch a new label called Cool Rockers this weekend, with the release of a single called "Silhouettes" by East London band **Cygnus,** who are to support Tapper Zukie on his UK dates next month. And on Greensleeves itself, **Keith Hudson's** "Bloody Eyes" comes out next week (in limited edition 12-inch, then on red vinyl seven-inch), followed by a 12-incher from **Ranking Joe & The Steppers** called "The Hotter Claps Clap Them".

● Top Belguim act **Tjens Couter,** noted for their wild stage act, have their first British single issued this week through Big Bear Records. It's titled "Honeybee" and the first 10,000 copies are pressed in coloured vinyl, described as "brussel sprout green."

A Boney Xmas!

IT LOOKS AS though Boney M (currently leading the NME Chart Points Table for 1978, though being closely challenged by Travolta & Newton-John) will have this year's big Christmas hit single. They've just recorded their version of "Mary's Boy Child", Belafonte's 1957 hit, for November 24 release by Atlantic-Hansa.



Alice LP about his alcoholism!

ALICE COOPER relates the story of his struggle with alcoholism, and his eventual cure, on his album "From The Inside" which Warner Brothers release on December 1. That's the concept theme of his new work, on which all ten tracks were written by Cooper, Bernie Taupin and Dick Wagner. Musicians featured on the set include Jim Keltner (drums), Dick Wagner and Davey Johnstone (guitars) and Dee Murray (bass), with backing vocals by Kiki Dee and Flo & Eddie. Cooper recently completed a very successful U.S. tour and, although there is no official news of a British visit, rumours persist that he will be performing here in the spring.

● January is now the official release month for the next **Elvis Presley** album "The Legendary Performer — Volume 3", which includes eight previously unissued tracks. As already reported, RCA will also be importing some picture-disc pressings from America.

● A new album from **Cat Stevens** is due out on December 1, almost two years since the release of his last set. Title is "Back To Earth" and it's on the Island label.

● Beggars Banquet, one of the most successful independent labels over the past four years, has signed a five-year licensing deal with WEA. First product to be made available under the agreement is the Ivor Biggun set "The Winker's Album", and it's followed on November 24 by two new singles — "Just Thirteen" by **The Lurkers** and "Hello My Baby" by **Ivor Biggun.**

● Three of **ELO's** early albums — "On The Third Day", "Eldorado" and "Face The Music" — are reissued on December 1 as a special boxed collection, retailing at £8.99 and including a 12-page colour booklet. The band also have an EP out the same day comprising "Can't Get It Out Of My Head", "Evil Woman", "Strange Music" and "Ma Ma Ma Belle". And their long-running hit double album "Out Of The Blue" is also being made available in blue vinyl.

● Release of Polydor's alternative hits compilation album "Twenty Of Another Kind" has been delayed, because **Siouxsie & The Banshees'** "Hong Kong Garden" has been withdrawn from the track listing. They say they never wanted the song included and were not consulted on the matter. Originally due out this month, the LP has now been re-scheduled for early in the New Year.

Public Image LP set

THE LONG-AWAITED debut album by Johnny Rotten's new band Public Image Ltd., with their name as its title, is now officially set for release by Virgin on December 8. It contains eight tracks, including their current hit single.

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The Noble Art of Rhythm'n' Biz

Meet GEORGE CLINTON, the man who created Funkadelica.

By CLIFF WHITE

WARNER Brothers' New York Office on East 54th is only two blocks across and three up from the Taft hotel on West 51st; close enough for most Britons to consider it just around the corner yet far enough away (they're big blocks, y'understand) that most Americans would probably cab the distance.

But George Clinton enjoys a walk. Which is how I came to be taking a 10-minute stroll through the Manhattan evening rush-hour crowds with a character in pink, stack-soled, calf-length boots covered in white stars, pink satinette pants, a pink quilted jacket, a multi-coloured, sparkling, Funkadelia-flag shirt and a bright red beret sporting various badges and medallions.

George Clinton is not a shy individual.

Neither is he dumb. In fact there's good reason to suspect that he may even be the sharpest dude currently operating within (and yet, simultaneously, outside) the all-embracing, claustrophobic, single-minded, terrifying business machine that is the modern day American phenomenon laughingly referred to as the Music Industry.

George Clinton is a freak. He has conceived, given birth to, raised and now controls an ever-expanding and magnificent family of multi-talented clones . . . No, not clones, that implies mindless copycatism, many similar humanoids out of one mould or seed, whereas he attracts and works with diverse personalities who nevertheless respond to the same stimuli, who fit in the same groove . . . who are all rebels in the sense that they have rejected the accepted norm and yet as a unit, a crew aboard a Mothership commanded by Clinton, are using the system to their own advantage rather than be used, abused or rejected as is almost everyone from, say, the sublime to the ridiculous — from Marvin Gaye to Sid Vicious. (And if you think that Master Ritchie, whether innocent or guilty, and as obnoxious and devoid of talent as he is, is anything more than a pawn in a game that is completely beyond his understanding, then you're kidding yourself).

We have previously mentioned the Funkadelia Force in the pages of *NME* on several occasions but in case you're still not clear what's going down, here's the current state of play.

After 13 years as a regular singing/writing leader and ultimately producer of a not especially extraordinary black vocal group, The Parliaments — a trip that led from New York/New Jersey doowop days via five abortive years with Motown to a series of increasingly strange recordings in Detroit — in 1969 George Clinton founded a brand new thang.

Untypically for a black American musician in his late twenties, especially one then operating out of the Motor City centre of so-called soul music, Clinton had his head turned around by the 1966/68 drug/rock changes (hence the increasing strangeness of The Parliaments' last few singles) and he'd already started to think about a revolutionary musical concept a couple of years before the actual event. He was finally provoked into making the jump in order to survive when he temporarily lost the right to the name of his group.

Since about 1965 Clinton had been employing a small band behind the singers (five ostensibly anonymous musicians who were by then in fact an integral part of The Parliaments in everything but contractual detail), so in 1969 he deftly switched emphasis, making the band the featured part of the group and temporarily relegating the singers to the anonymous back-up role. The band he called Funkadelic and the whole crew then began recording under that name for a different record company. Naturally, only the five musicians were credited on the first album sleeve, and the two following releases bore no personnel credits at all.

Meanwhile, circa 1970, the original debacle was settled (temporarily again, as it turned out, but that's too complex a story to go into here) and so an album supposedly just featuring the singers was released on yet another record label, only now they were simply called Parliament.

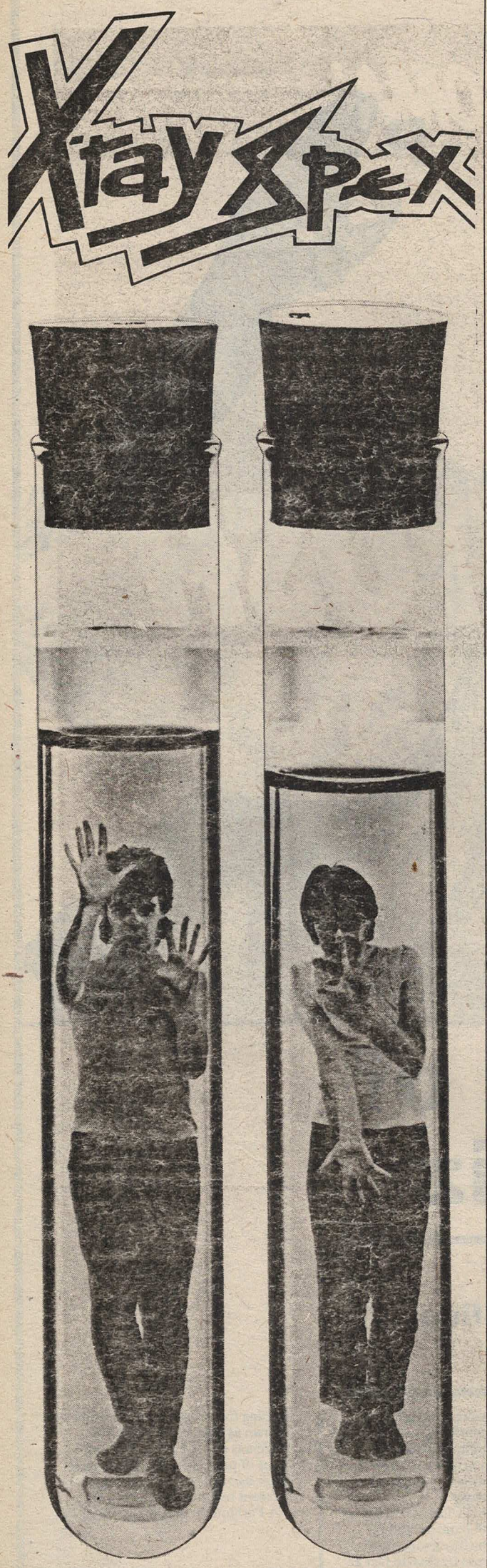
It wasn't until 1974, when a proper new recording deal was arranged for the Parliament persona with Casablanca, that Clinton's masterplan really began to bear fruit, but, just to recap — coz I've probably lost you by now — by 1970 George Clinton had arrived at the situation where he was juggling five singers including himself (known as Parliament) and five musicians (Funkadelic). A small circus of ten black freaks operating under two different names on two different record labels.

A Parliafunkadelicment Thang.

TODAY that circus is probably about 55 persons wide and deep as you want it to be. I say *probably* 55 because although that was the figure quoted by Funkcat Vickers, GC's press liason officer (Funkaganda Agent), by the time you read this nearly two weeks will have elapsed since that estimation. The way things are going, half a dozen more new recruits may be aboard the Mothership by now.

The contractual position seems to vary according to circumstance but generally speaking, as far as I can make out, individuals on board are signed to Clinton's own company Thang Incorporated, not to a record company. Clinton then negotiates deals with record companies under group names that do not stipulate any particular personnel (although presumably Bootsy's Rubber Band has always got to feature space-bassist Bootsy Collins, and keyboard players Bernie Worrell and Junie Morrison are also releasing albums under their own name).

■ *Continued over page*



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■ *From previous page*

This arrangement not only gives most of the Mothership personnel independence from record company politics, it allows immense freedom of movement within the circus, which is essential, as they all sing and play on one another's records. On top of which, it's not uncommon for a half-finished track that was originally intended for one act to be re-assigned and completed under another guise. For instance, Funkadelic's latest smash hit, "One Nation Under A Groove" was originally going to be a Parliament release and The Brides Of Funkenstein's "Disco To Go" was originally a Bootsy Collins track.

Since Funkadelic and Bootsy's Rubber Band are now placed with Warner Brothers, The Brides Of Funkenstein (and also The Horny Horns) with Atlantic, Parliament (and The Parlets) with Casablanca and Worrell's album will appear on Arista, you can imagine the chaos if all the interchanging individuals were contractually split among the different companies.

That's all very well, I hear you cry, but what's all this talk of method and structure and so forth got to do with the music? In this day and age, a lot. Especially in America. *Especially* when we're discussing this particular mob. George Clinton and clan are prime exponents of the new R & B — Rhythm & Business.

Within the general scheme of P-Funk, the Perfect Funk, are several stages of musical progression: apparently simple, though skilfully constructed, combinations of riffs and chants that are primarily designed to grab your attention, get you up off your butt and get you involved; a miscellany of bizarre variations on traditional black music forms, harmony group vocals, savage R & B, sanctified testifying and the like, that take the audience from familiar ground to alien territory before they've had time to worry about the journey; rock that drives and soars in the wake of Jimi Hendrix; and finally, a wide-open expanse of barely explored possibilities in which anything can happen, and frequently does. Through it all runs a crazy line of lyrical inconsequence, poking and stroking. occasionally flirting with direct social comment but more often indirectly subverting normality with jive raps and comic-book concepts.

To get to the stage where Funkadelica could fly its true flag and yet stride through the 'normals' to become one of the top three blacks acts in America took planning — method and structure — and a skin-tight sense of survival: *Rhythm & Business.* The message comes through; don't fake the funk but don't fight the system, you'll never win. Laugh at it, ignore it and step right around it. Create your own system.

JUST short of the Taft, a block along 7th Avenue, George invited me into Wolf's Deli, a favourite little snackerie from his years of sitting and planning. Over a large dish of fruit trifle and a celery soda he explained the Funkadelica philosophy.

"We make it satirical or funny, not point blank aggressive like maybe the punks. You know why? 'Cause we are the direct descendants of 'You're fucking up'; the end result of the 'You're fucking up' society. This is us. But that's a dangerous one to play with because the fact still remains that you will get popular. And if you get popular you might believe it. And if you believe it then you'll live and you'll die being a pawn for real. So I have to play with it because when I come off stage I wanna tuck it away somewhere. It's too intense otherwise.

"James Brown, Jimi, Sly and ourselves took the whole other thing so far that most of 'em ain't nowhere near catching up. I mean Jimi — we'll be chasing him for years."

Above: The Brides Of Funkenstein, Dawn & Lynn. Left: George spreads the message. Below: Junie Morrison articulates

"Look at that cat Sid Vicious. That's serious programming right there. They directed him so once he got into it he could not stop himself from where he was going. It's happening throughout society but it's specially strong if you're in the theatre. Once you believe your part, once you can't step back from being what they want you to be, it's all over."

That makes sense. So far, so good. But is there anything behind what you're saying? I mean; I happen to think the whole Mothership trip is the most exciting musical force around right now, but then funky music turns me on and you're creating music that's about five years ahead of what anybody else is achieving. But by the same token I like a fair amount of modern American black music simply because it sounds good, even though I seldom take any notice of the lyrics, which are nearly always about get up and party or, worse, shallow philosophising.

A lot of PTF songs are funny or cutely hip but aside from an impression that comes across that you're all crazios who are bucking the system, you're not actually attacking anything specific.

"Well, that's the new way of looking at it — because the other way is a trap. The wrong way is to go out and riot and make yourself mad when you ain't really doing nothing but diverting your energy with a little blowing up. The new way of looking at it is 'Screw it, we won't pay it no attention one way or the other.' It's always alright 'cause we ain't gonna deal with 'It's all wrong'. We won't even look at that no more. Yes, there's still the ghettos but we're looking at it different now and we're feeling more positive about what's happening. That way we can do more about it.

"As for the 'Get up and party' stuff, that's just black America's way of expressing that we got a raise and that we're being more like what white success looks like. You know, violins, big productions, disco, the Teddy Pendergrasses, it all sounds like white pop music of the '50s. A lot of it is cool, but it's still just a rehash of what white America did. Give 'em time, it'll gradually change.

"James Brown, Jimi, Sly and ourselves took the whole other thing so far anyway that most of 'em ain't nowhere near catching up yet. I mean, Jimi . — we'll be chasing him for years. And Sly and ourselves, I I think we were doing about the same time. He got the breaks though, whereas we went too far too soon.

"It took me a while to realise that I wasn't getting played on no white stations because I was black and I didn't get played on black stations 'cause to them it sounded like I was white. So then I had to go back and meet 'em half-way with the Parliament situation, the horns and things, and then hand-walk 'em up to where Funkadelic is at. Even from there we had to take Bootsy to get 'em real young to walk 'em to Parliament to walk 'em to Funkadelic. Now they're gonna pledge groovallegiance to the united funk of Funkadelica."

So Funkadelic is the ultimate P?

"Yeah, Funkadelic is a combination of everything. Funkadelic is anything that will subsequently be thrown in. Funkadelic is an attitude to whatever it takes. You can get away with so much when you haven't got to think about structures or constrictions and can leave yourself to your instincts and know that it's cool and all the musicians know it that way. Then the possibilities are unlimited.

"Even now the music scares us sometimes, like 'Wow! Did you hear that?' So think what we might eventually achieve. At the same time we know it just ain't us; it's something coming through us. No deep thing. What I mean is we've learned how to relax and play and be inspired by one another, and by being crazy all along we don't have to go by no rules."

But even if it's a loose musical booty, presumably you run a disciplined ship when it comes to taking care of business?

"Oh yeah, *oh yeah.* You *got* to stay on the pocket now. And that's sometimes hard to explain to members of the group. Some of 'em might say, 'Why don't we have the Cadillacs or Lamborginis?' but you see that sort of trip will fake you out. You get all of that then you spend your first chance. 'Cause you rarely get but one good shot; you're lucky if you get two. By the time your third comes around you're gonna be so fucked up by the record companies you're gonna be mad enough to wanna sue — and if you ain't saved no money you're in trouble. And if you was dumb enough to buy all them cars, you was dumb enough not to take care of business.

"Nobody encourages you to learn nothing about this business. Record companies would rather you stay dumb, not even think of it as a business, so they can either rip you off or get you out the way in five years to make way for the new groups.

"Where I figure that I might have done at least one thing that had a little intelligence in it was the fact that we tied all the groups together. One could support the other when necessary; it made us less vulnerable. Also I knew how the system likes to play one artist off against another, so we were able to get round that.

"Like when Bootsy came along it was obvious that they would eventually shoot for him as the star . . . that trip is laid down automatically, from family, friends, record company, everybody runs that one down every time. And sure enough, as he got more popular, people started telling me, 'You're the one that made him and now he's using you', while at the same time they were telling him exactly the same thing about me.

"But before he'd even started doing his first album we spent a month on a boat in Miami, just fishing and tripping and talking about what was bound to happen and what we could do to plan our way around the system. So when it came time for them to pit him against me I said. 'I ain't gonna rap now 'cause anything I say is incriminating now we're both big. Just remember what we talked about two years ago.' And he went away, it took him a month, and he came back and said, 'Yeah, just like we planned it.' And that in itself kept us past the point where were supposed to bust up."

■ **Continues page 69**

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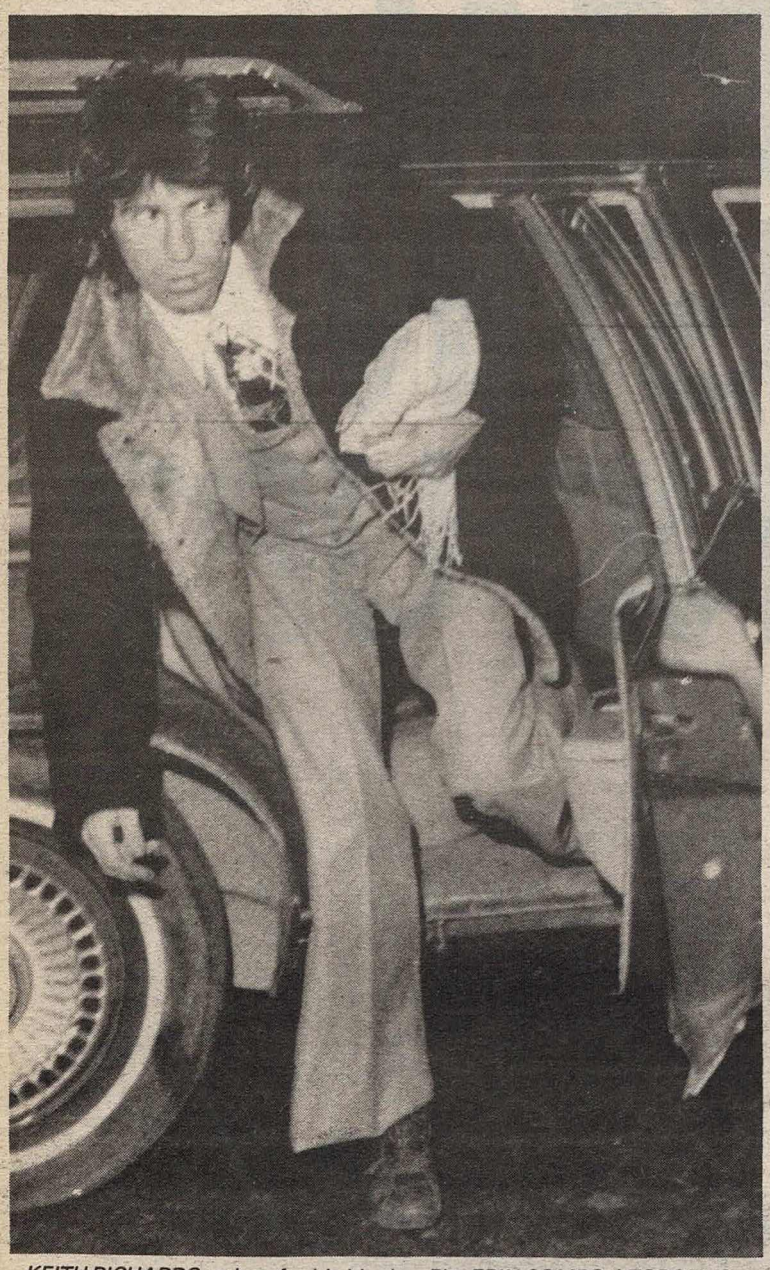
THRILLS



KEITH RICHARDS arrives for his big day. Pic: ERIN COMBS / TORONTO STAR.

The Mysterious Case Of. . .

THE STONE WITH THE GOLDEN ARM

IT SEEMS it was just one of those strange coincidences that the bad boys of the old wave and the new wave were both in court within a week of one another.

Down in New York Sid Vicious was charged with murder at the Chelsea Hotel, while in Toronto Keith Richards was facing the trial of his life over a rather different kind of a hotel room incident.

Strongest of all connections was the junk network.

Vicious was undergoing method one treatment for heroin addiction, a habit that Richards, perhaps more than any other rock star, had made chic. Richards' title of The World's Most Elegantly Wasted Human Being had served to make the hard drug socially acceptable in certain circles, the ultimate hip kick; Vicious subsequently earned the title of The World's Most Inelegantly Wasted Human Being . . .

Vicious only had a few friends, his mum, Malcolm McLaren and Virgin Records to call to his aid. Richards, an important lynchpin of the Stones' corporate empire, had money, influence and power. The verdict should surprise no one, but the events surrounding the case have been underreported over here.

What follows is the fullest account to date in the British press of the case of the Stone with the golden arm.

By
DICK TRACY

Additional Research:
JAMIE MANDELKAU (Canada)
KATHY KELLY (London)

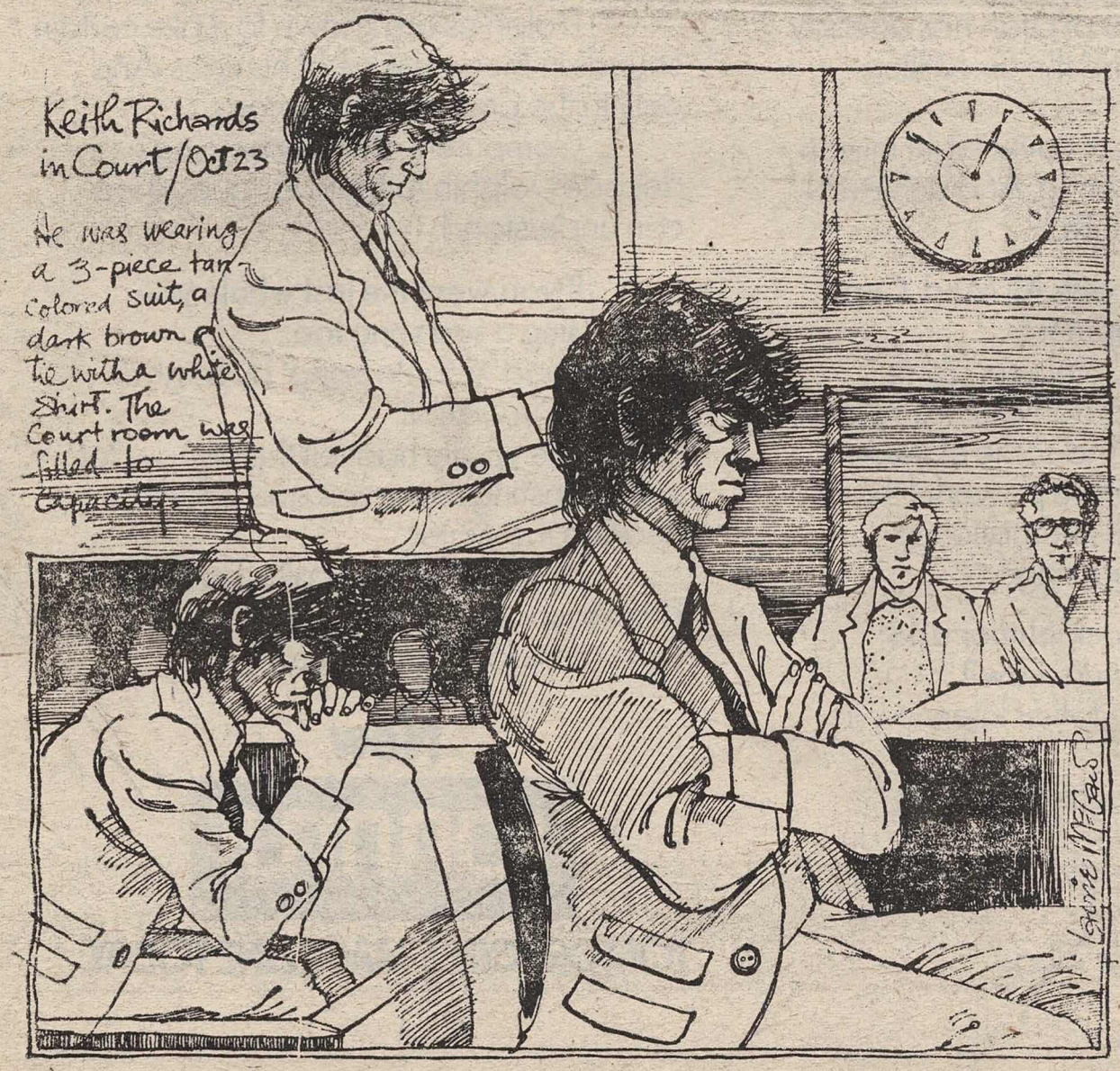

Keith Richards in Court/Oct 23
He was wearing a 3-piece tan colored suit, a dark brown tie with a white shirt. The Court room was filled to capacity.
Laurie McGaw

Illustration: LAURIE McGAW / TORONTO STAR

THE TANGLED tale began on February 24, 1977, when Keith Richard, Anita Pallenberg and their son Marlon arrived at Toronto Airport. Maybe they hadn't heard of the airport's reputation of being a 'suicide alley' for drug smugglers, with a crack narcs squad always on hand.

Anita had 28 pieces of luggage with her, and customs became suspicious. In the search a bag containing 10 grams of "high-quality hashish" was unearthed, plus a spoon with traces of heroin on it.

According to a source close to the Stones, Keith "was groggy at the airport and, when their luggage was being searched, actually thought it was record company people who had come to the airport to help him. He had no idea it was the RCMP."

Pallenberg, 34, was arrested and was later to be fined $400.

Meantime Keith and his family checked into Rooms 3223-24-25 at the Harbour Castle Hotel under the name of K. Redland. Another Stones employee reported that their suite was "almost a fortress, with security guards imported from Buffalo to keep watch." Inside, he said, "their room looked terrible, because they didn't want maids snooping around. Both Keith and Anita looked awful."

It was just three days after the airport incident, at 4.30 am on the Sunday morning, that the big bust came down.

Rumour has it there was a tip-off from another guest in the hotel. An unspecified number of Mounties and Ontario provincial police arrived at the hotel with a warrant in Pallenberg's name, spent 45 minutes locating Richards, burst in and searched the suite. In the bathroom they found a leather pouch containing heroin, a hypodermic needle and a teaspoon with traces of what later turned out to be cocaine. Richards and Pallenberg were arrested, their passports confiscated, and all hell broke loose.

MICK JAGGER arrived in town on March 3 and, by all accounts, took control of the situation.

The Stones were in town to complete their live American tour album and start work on a new LP. Out on bail, Richards attended the rehearsals held every night at Cinevision, a film studio in the suburb of Lakeshore.

A Stones employee later told reporters: "I was amazed Keith made it to rehearsal every night because his situation with the arrests had almost ostracised him from the band. They were supportive, but they felt uneasy about the pressure."

Worse was to come when the Stones appeared at the El Mocambo Club and in the audience was Canada's First Lady, Margaret Trudeau. She followed the band to New York, bringing scandal and sensationalist publicity in her wake.

Canada had been a bad place for the Stones — and the future of the band looked bleak indeed.

THE WHEELS of justice everywhere in the world grind slow, and it was almost 18 months before Richards

● *Continues over page*

WILL THE REAL STEVE AUSTIN PLEASE STAND UP?

Bionic Inflation:
The Eight Million Dollar Man.

Read 'The Real Bionic Man' in OMNI. The University of Utah has already gone one step beyond the Six Million Dollar Man.

They've just spent over eight million dollars in bio-engineering. And achieved some remarkable results.

Will Des. Res. with All Mod. Cons. include a Home Computer?

Read about 'Computer Lib' in OMNI. You can buy a domestic computer for as little as £300. And some of these small machines are more powerful than the computer that ran international businesses only 15 years ago.

The 'Future Shock' author asks:
Are we living in the future now?

Read the Alvin Toffler interview in OMNI.

What kind of society are we creating? A new society? Or merely an extended larger-than-life version of our present society?

Toffler has other ideas.

Dolphin Talk – can we fathom it out?

Read 'Communicating with Dolphins' in OMNI.

Dolphins are known to make certain sounds in the presence of humans. And only in the presence of humans.

Computers are now helping us to decode Dolphin talk into language we can understand.

If you were the last whale you would sing a sad song too.

Read 'Whale Song' by Leigh Kennedy in OMNI.

The whale had felt the danger for weeks, tasting man-ness and potential death in the water.

He'd called and called for others. This season he heard nothing.

I am lost. I am alone.

New

OMNI

TOMORROW'S MAGAZINE TODAY.

ROCKPILE AND KRAMER TO JOIN KEEF IN CHARITY BASH?

AFTER SCOOTING down to New York's Bottom Line to jam with Rockpile immediately following his drugs bust, Keith Richards is now reportedly planning to use them as his backing band when he plays his Concert For The Blind next February.

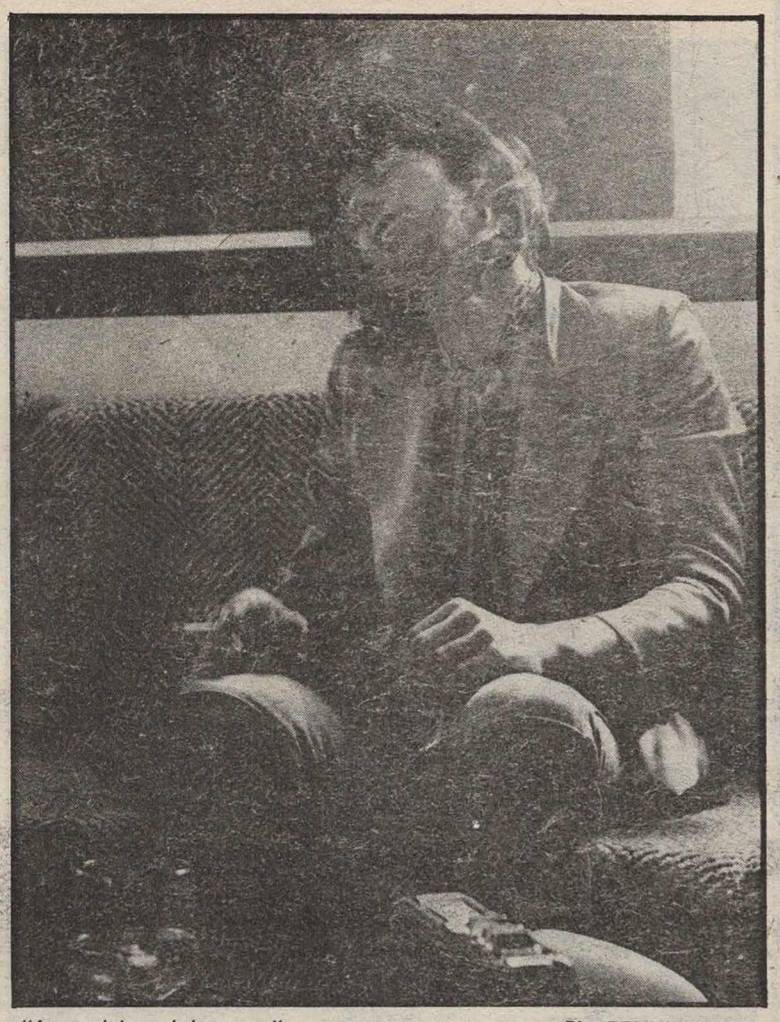
Apparently he struck up a strong relationship with Lowe and Edmunds' crew — though not Edmunds himself — and joining them so shortly after the Canuck judge smacked his wrists and told him to play the charity show, it was understandable he should discuss the project with the lads. And it's even rumoured that Nick Lowe may produce the next Stones album.

Ah, true friendship! And there's more . . .

By a particularly ironic twist, Wayne Kramer may play at the charity gig too. The former MC5 guitarist, you'll recall, was sent down for two years for possessing cocaine — but a fraction of the amount of heroin Keef was nabbed with.

It seems that in their remedial role for busted druggies, Rockpile are also planning a "tentative" bash for Kramer.

However, there's no truth in the rumour that Wayne is joining the Stones as their stash-man.



"Aw, quit buggin' me . . ." *Pic: PENNIE SMITH*

THE HEROIN TRIAL

● *From previous page*

was to return to Toronto for his court appearance.

One can only speculate on the deals that went down over that period. Richards' only public interviews concentrated strongly on what was to be the main plank of his defence — his cure at a clinic in New York. The man in the dock was obviously to be presented as a reformed character.

With the huge financial investments at stake in the Stones' future, nothing was to be left to chance. Obviously, the Stones' power as a live and recording act would be severely muted if Richards spent time inside.

CUT TO Toronto a week before the trial is to begin. Down at the courthouse on University Avenue, special security precautions are being arranged. Rumours are circulating the city that Richards will not show, a story quickly squashed by Stones publicist Paul Wasserman, whose other clients include Neil Diamond and Bob Dylan.

"That's silly," he pointed out. "After all, if he didn't turn up for the trial, he could be extradited from almost anywhere, with the exception of somewhere like the Yemen. And they don't have 24-track recording studios, so he couldn't go there."

Sure enough Richards arrived, very much the family man, with his mother and two kids, Marlon and Dandelion, in tow. There was no trace of the man who had a string of drug and other convictions stretching back ten years, the hedonist who had once owned a yacht called Mandrax. Richard was under heavy manners and facing the heaviest bust so far.

With money no object, the Stones had hired the best Canadian lawyer they could find: Austin Cooper, a 49-year-old criminal lawyer with 25 years experience, a man well respected in legal circles for being the prime mover behind introducing the legal aid system in Ontario. He was to tell reporters: "I'm just a lawyer and I'm really awfully dull. I don't even play the guitar."

The case was to be heard by Judge Lloyd Graburn, a 52-year-old with a college haircut and two sons. Unaware of who exactly Richards was, he had to ask around before realising the true celebrity credentials of the defendant.

As is common in most legal cases, plea bargaining was the order of the day.

With the judge's approval, the more serious charge of trafficking heroin was dropped, as was the cocaine possession charge, leaving Richards to face a simple heroin possession rap. This still meant, though, that he was looking at the chance of going down.

The defence tactics soon became clear. Cooper explained to the court that Richards had bought the heroin in bulk to reduce the chances of detection. His New York score amounted to 22 grams of 34% pure smack which, when diluted, was enough for 440 injections with Richards shooting them up at the rate of 10 a day.

Cooper's oratory was overwhelming. Richards was described to the court as a man with "a poor self-image . . . a tragic person who became addicted to heroin to prop up his sad personal life." His name was ranked alongside such other tormented artists as Van Gogh, Judy Garland, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Billie Holiday.

The Cooper version of Richards' habit began in 1967. "It was after a very gruelling schedule with the group, and he was exhausted after all the playing and touring. He experimented with drugs.

"In 1969 he started with heroin, and it got to the state where he was taking such quantities of the drug and getting no euphoria from it. He was taking such powerful amounts — as much as 2½ grams a day — just to feel normal."

The first cure came in 1972, "but he fell back into the cauldron." Another cure attempt at a Swiss clinic the following year worked for a while, Cooper claimed, "but again he fell off the wagon, so to speak."

In 1974 he failed again, but since May 1977 Richards had been undergoing treatment at the Stevens Psychiatric Centre in New York, and this time he was winning the struggle.

Health factors aside, Richards' habit took a heavy financial toll. In just two years, the court was told, Richards spent $650,000 on heroin.

Cooper pleaded eloquently: "He should not be dealt with as a special person, but I ask your honour to understand him as a tortured creative person — as a major contributor to an art form. I ask you to understand the whole man."

Perhaps the strangest note of Cooper's defence came when he claimed that Richards was in the process of setting up an international addiction centre at an undisclosed location. Richards later told a press conference that he did not instruct Cooper to say that, and claimed: "It may be true and it may not. I'll let you know when I've paid the lawyers."

The defence rested, and the prosecutor asked the judge for a jail sentence on the grounds of the amount of heroin snatched, Richards' previous record and his age. The judge decided to retire and deliver sentence the following day.

THE VERDICT was a shock to nearly everyone. The judge said jail was out because Richards was taking the cure. "His efforts to remove himself from the drug subculture can only have a salutary effect on those who admire him." Secondly, because Richards had money — it has been revealed that in 1977 Richards earned some $300,000 — he was unlikely to resort to crime to support his habit.

So Richards was put on a year's probation, ordered to continue his cure and to play a concert for the blind. Richards gave a clenched fist salute to the packed courtroom before leaving with his bodyguard. Another trial, another day.

Reactions to the verdict in Canada were mixed. Former Prime Minister John Diefenbaker was outraged and urged an appeal, but the largest paper in Canada, *The Toronto Globe*, described the verdict in its editorial as "a model of enlightened sentencing, one which should pave the way for a more equitable and civilised treatment of convicted drug addicts in Canadian courts."

It should be made clear that less than half the people convicted in Canada of simple possession of heroin go to jail.

But it was the concert for the blind that raised most eyebrows. How had the judge reached that idea? One strong rumour was that Cooper had suggested it, but this was tracked down to blind superfan Rita Bedard, who attended the trial every day and was invited in by Cooper to meet Richards and get his autograph. It turned out that she was responsible for the story; Cooper dismissed it.

In fact the judge had called John Simmons of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind (CNIB) just 30 minutes before going into court on that final day. Simmons claims: "He asked me if I would object if he sentenced a young musician to play music at the Institute. We only found out later it was Richards. We were shocked and pleased."

But not everyone was that euphoric. CNIB's John Rae said it could negatively affect public attitudes towards blind people, and called the verdict "outrageous, bizarre and patronising".

"We're seeking equal rights, not a handout," he said. "If the judge intended to help blind people, there are a number of organisations besides the CNIB that should have the opportunity to benefit as well."

The big problem for the CNIB now is that their auditorium on Bayview Avenue only holds 200, and their switchboard has been jammed with people hustling for tickets. The owner of the 16,000 seater Maple Leaf Gardens has offered his venue for the event, but no final decision has been reached.

● *Continues over page*

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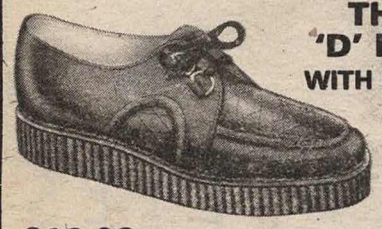
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THE HEROIN TRIAL

● *From previous page*

THE COURT scene over, Richards arrived an hour late for a press conference, his last public appearance before waving Canada goodbye. Wearing jeans, a scratched leather jacket and a T-shirt with the legend 'Robbie Rocker' on it, he fielded a barrage of press enquiries.

How had the whole incident affected him?

"Oh it's all show business. Every day of my life is show business. I didn't give it much thought until the last few days. I mean, it wasn't as if I was waking up each day thinking the trial is coming."

Had he made any jail contingency plans?

"I just wondered if the uniform was with stripes or arrows?" He described his probation officer as "sweet".

On the subject of heroin, he said he gave up his addiction because it was boring and commented: "You lose your respect and confidence. Once you get to the stage of addiction it is just where you get to ask, 'Where is the dope?' You wonder what you're doing sitting in an apartment with four men who are dribbling . . .

"I'm happy to be off it . . . I have become a lush."

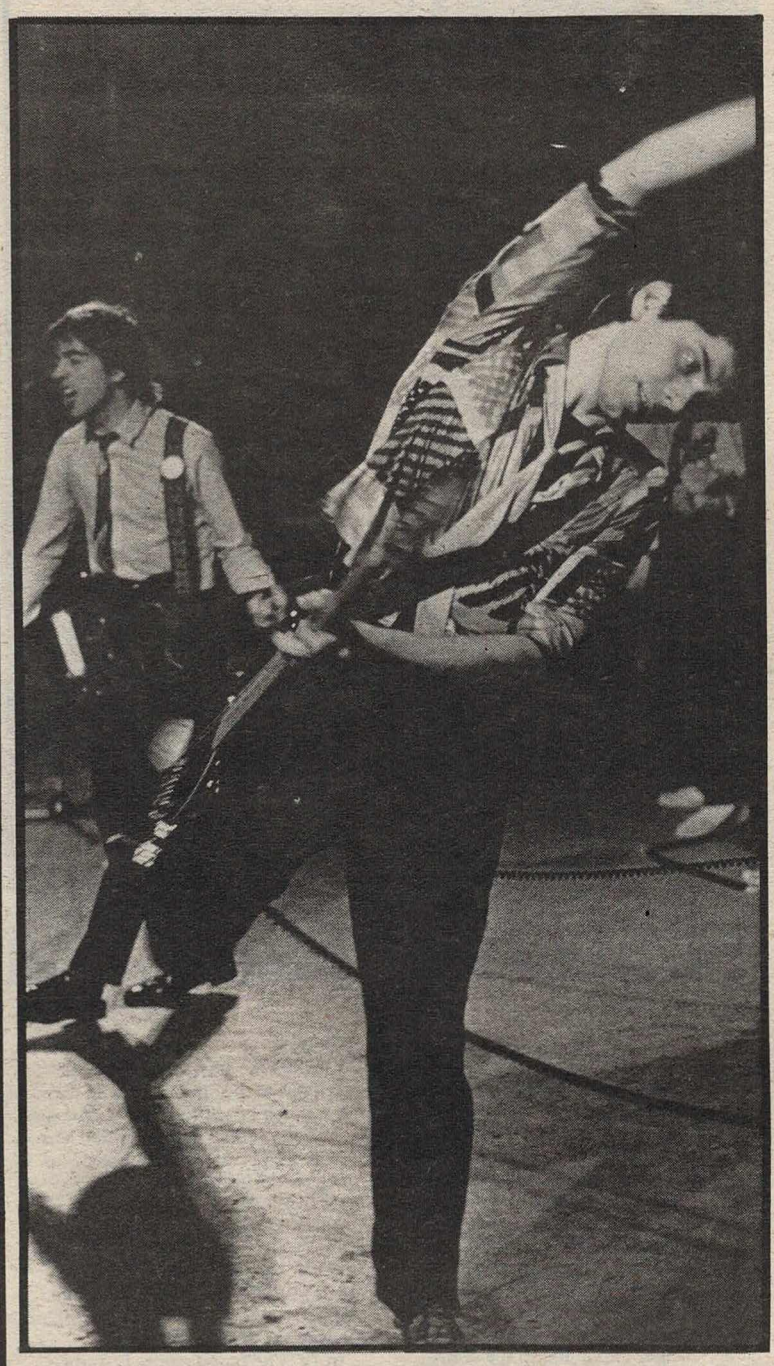
When asked about the Stones' reaction to the verdict, he said: "They were very ticked off I didn't get put away for 30 years. I'm going to use the bail money to bribe the rest of the band to do the benefit."

Of the judge's comment that some Stones' songs glorified drug use, he said: "I think that is a misconception. There are drug overtones in about one per cent of the band's material and Mick wrote them, not me."

So Richards is out once more. Meanwhile Vicious spends time in Belle Vue psychiatric hospital after a suicide attempt. Another week in the history of rock and roll.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS



I LOVE THE SOUND OF TRASHING AMPS. . .

THE BUZZCOCKS concert before a capacity audience of 1,950 people at Brighton's Top Rank last Wednesday November 8 ended in all-out riot when fans invaded the stage, trashing John Maher's drum kit, damaging a bass amp, making off with Pete Shelley's amp and chucking two other amps off stage, one of them hitting someone. Mike Nolan, Buzzcocks' stage mixer took a full beer can below the belt and was rushed to hospital. Fortunately he was not seriously hurt.

The riot began midway through Buzzcocks' hour set, when a hail of plastic beakers and bottles landed on the boards. According to the band's label United Artists *(The Artists United will never be defeated! — Ed)* the fighting that ensued was inflamed by sections of the crowd. However, two *NME* readers' eye-witness accounts suggested that the group's now legendary "couldn't care less" stance aggravated the tension. Steve Diggle refused to play an encore — a seemingly misguided decision in this instance as it might have mollified the baying Brightonians. No member of the band's entourage explained it and the house lights were left off.

Total damage amounts to around £1,500. This doesn't take into account the repair bill for the house P.A. cabinets, which were toppled from the balcony, destroying one of them. The cabinets narrowly missed departing fans and Buzzcocks' own P.A.

Later that night police apprehended four people carrying pieces of stolen equipment. They may bring charges of criminal damages and theft. At present it isn't known whether Buzzcocks will ever perform in Brighton — or a Top Rank venue — again. Diggle suggested they wouldn't, while John Maher's tearful countenance at the sight of his kit told its own story.

The stage manager at Brighton Top Rank, Tony Buck, told *Thrills:* "Insurance between the promoter and us has been settled. We'll have to replace one of the P.A. cabinets. I wouldn't book the hall out to the Buzzcocks twice within a year as a general policy. We'd review our position in the future."

New wave (ahem) gigs are not immediately threatened as a result of last Wednesday's disturbances. XTC are next on the bill.

RANKING TOPPER

THRILLS

HOW TO KEEP TRACK OF A ONE TRACK MIND

If you know someone whose thoughts keep returning to the same subject the **1979 Sex Maniacs Diary** could be just what you've been looking for.

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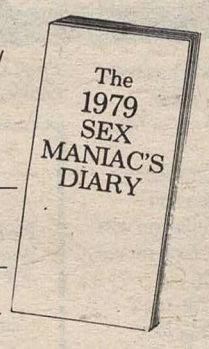
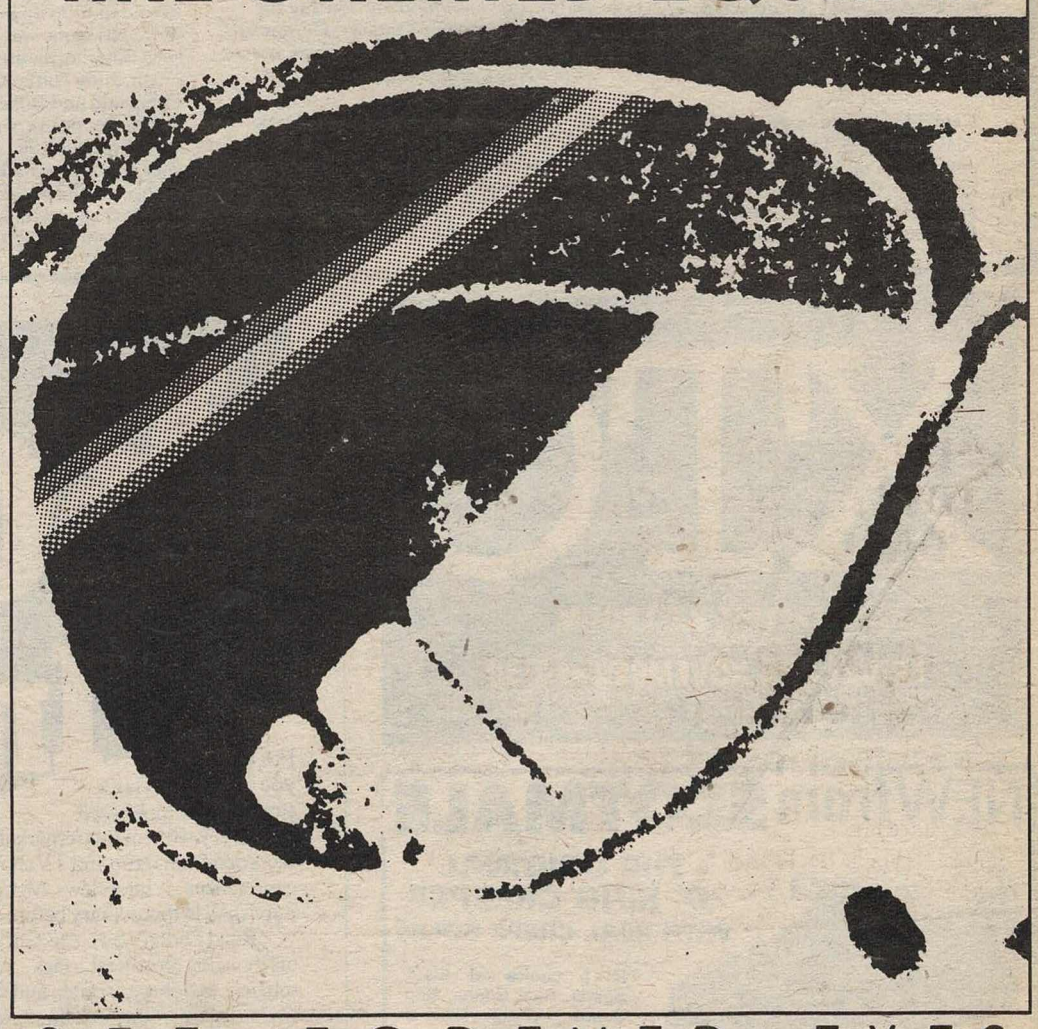


NOT ALL ALBUMS ARE CREATED EQUAL ...



SEE FOREVER EYES

PRISM

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arola RECORDS & TAPES

ROCK AGAINST SECTARIANISM — NEW ANGLES

FOLLOWING last week's *Thrills* article on the newly formed Ulster organisation Rock Against Sectarianism And Repression, there have been some new developments which require a renewed perspective on the subject.

Firstly, we have learnt that the organisation's debut gig was cancelled by the actual owners of the Harp Bar, as distinct from The Punk Workshop, run by Terri Hooley, who merely have a lease for the venue on Friday and Saturday nights. And secondly, Protex, one of the bands who RASAR planned to feature at the gig, have decided not to align themselves with the organisation.

As their drummer explained: "We're against sectarianism but don't want to become trapped by politics."

The Ruefrex, another group who were going to play the gig, have also voiced their reservations. "The organisation's concept is OK but we don't trust organisations," says guitarist Jackie Forgie. "Although we may play one or two gigs for RASAR that doesn't mean we agree with everything they say. It's organisations like RASAR that tend to be open to leftist dogma."

They are at pains to stress however that it is not a question of stepping down or 'chickening out'. "We've been tackling sectarianism for the last year on a purely music against sectarianism level."

They illustrate this and their reluctance to put themselves behind RASAR by referring to their song "Political Wings": *"Ideology and partydom are meaningless bluff / When the people you are fighting for have died for you enough."*

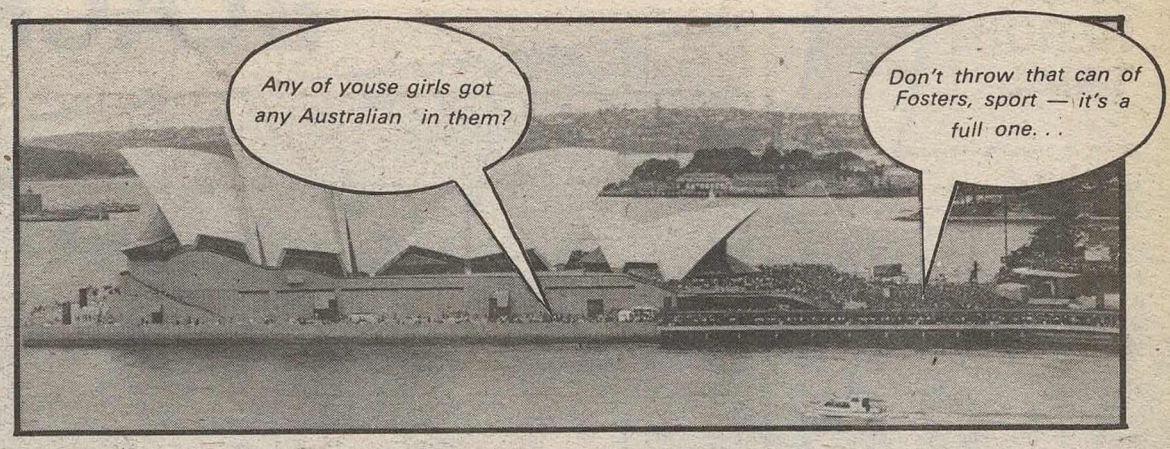
Our article last week mentioned Terri Hooley's opposition to the RASAR benefit without giving his reasons for this opposition. It should be made clear that Hooley's involvement in Belfast's alternative music scene has been vital in the nurturing of a culture which by its very democratic nature is anti-sectarian, and that his opposition to RASAR was the product of due consideration and careful thought. The Punk Workshop will be issuing a statement on the matter next week.

The Punk Workshop's circumspection is understandable. Some of the views expressed by the participants in RASAR already give cause for concern, and it may eventually transpire that the organisation is submerged too deeply in the quagmire of complex Irish politics for it ever to achieve the fullest support of much of the Belfast rock populace.

At the time of going to press, RASAR were looking for an alternative venue for their gig, still planned for November 29.

GAVIN MARTIN

THRILLS



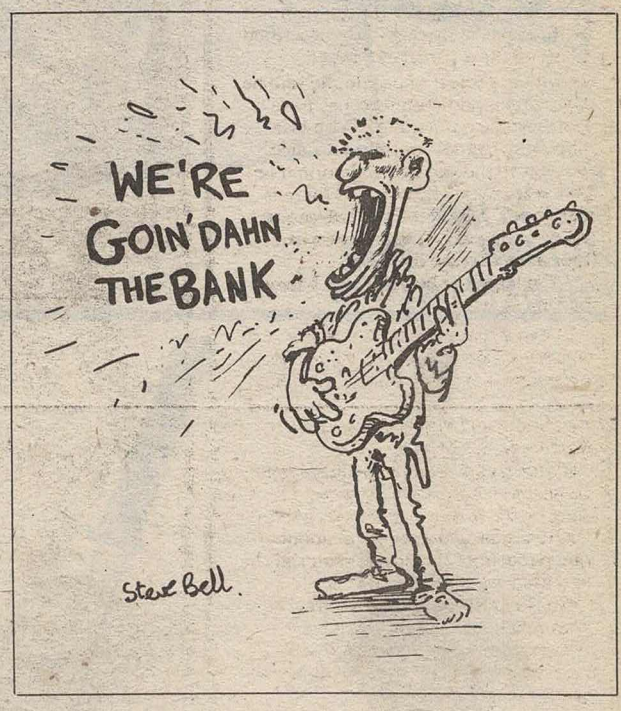
AROUND THE WORLD IN TWENTY DAYS

NO, THAT'S not a queue of eager culture vultures waiting to view the interior precincts of Australia's Only Building. The mass of bodies on the dexter side of the pic, punters, is a wodge of Sydney yoof *actually in the process* of experiencing Thin Lizzy. You'll remember that the freebie took place a coupla weeks ago. Well, the 'person' who took the pic, a certain CHALKIE DAVIES, is now back in the Land of Pom Agitators, having completed a round-the-world jaunt which maketh the 80-day saga of Phineas Fogg (A Jules Verne production) look like a Giant African Land Snail in indecisive mood.

In fact the Phearless Photog circumnavigated the terrestrial globe in something like 20 days. His itinerary included Bombay (that's in India), Singapore, Sydney, Brisbane, Newcastle (the Australian one), Melbourne, Auckland, Fiji, Honolulu, Los Angeles, Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, London (Ontario), New York and London, England. He even backtracked a few times: following Lizzy in Oz, and hunting Elvis the C. in Canada.

While in Fiji the Rich One stayed in the same hotel frequently graced by the presence of Her Royal Highness What's-Her-Name (Rod's chumette) — the Yanuca Island resort — and when in Sydney stayed at the same hotel as the World's Tallest Woman (whose name escapes us).

Yes, it was quite a journey. And the poor bastard had the runs the whole time.



THRILLS

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BLACKMAIL CORNER

COP AN EYEFUL of the geezer in the 'tache, grannispex and Charles II barnet in the panoramic pix on our left. You wouldn't by any chance think that the bloke sitting in the park bore even the eensiest, teensiest resemblance to — errhm — Bob Dylan, would you? Obviously not. However, if we told you that the park in question is in Manchester (Clue number one), that the body in question used to be a member of an aggregation known as the Brownsville Jug Band (Clue number two), that Elvis Costello thinks that he's the feline's nightwear (Clue number three) and that he's currently referred to by people who are overpaid to simplify as "The Punk Poet" (Clues number four, five and six), then all you could logically say is:

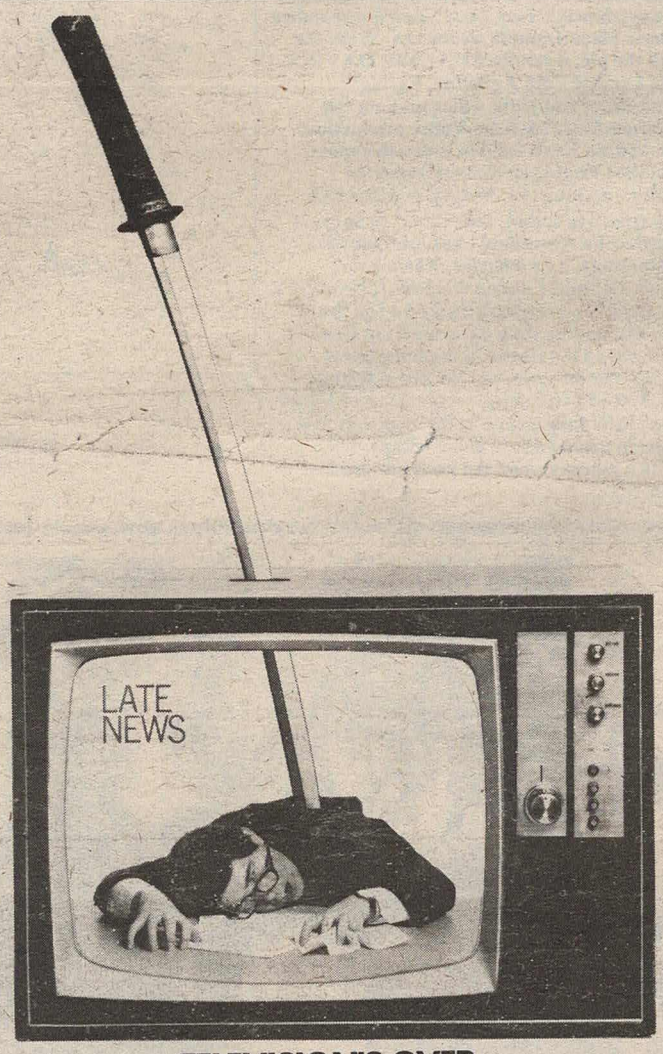
"I certainly look daft sitting there in the park/Exit the facial hair, enter John Cooper Clarke."

So if Rabid Records will be kind enough to hand over a small portion of the transfer fee they received from CBS for the Manchester Mouth's services, we'd be considerate enough to tear up the pix.

And seeing as we've mentioned the oik, perhaps Mr Costello's representatives — be they his lawyers, his psychiatrists or the usual boring old Jake Riviera ma fia — would like to slip us a bob or two before the publication of the next *Blackmail Corner,* which features a provocative picture of Elvis in a no-glasses situation with, gasp, another woman.

W. H. AUDEN (by arrangement with W. H. Smith and *The Sunday People)*

THRILLS



TELEVISION'S OVER

BACK FROM THE DEAD

EAR, EAR— WOT'S ALL THIS DIN, THEN?

CAN'T YOU see what's afoot? Aren't you twigging something here? Don't your shell-likes tell you what's going on? That you're being forced, against you will, to buy Linda Ronstadt albums? Well, almost. Listen.

A mysterious little credit has been popping up recently on albums as diverse as the latest Meatloaf, Tompall Glaser and Boize efforts. The inert recipient of hundreds of namechecks goes by the name of the Aphex Aural Exciter. The Exciter is a mixing gadget as common in the well-equipped studio as the Digital Delay, Harmonizer or Graphic Equalizer. The difference being that at present you can't buy one — you have to hire it from Pink Floyd's production company.

The Aphex patent is owned by its eponymous American makers who designed it as a boon for engineers rather than for implanting subliminal chord sequences into the unsuspecting punter's sub-conscious. The gadget doesn't look anything special — two channels, Notch meters, assorted knobs, encased in a silver and black box — but no one is letting on as to the internal components of this modern hardware.

Ostensibly, the Aphex allows the engineer to obtain correct balance between acoustic and electric signals. Roughly, the finished sound enhances, or makes succinct, those acoustic ingredients, voice, piano, guitar, sax, etc., which are usually muffled at low level playback by electric noise.

The stereo listener won't notice any difference in his reception but if the chart successes of Franki Valli, Bee Gees and Andrew Gold (to name but ninety) are indicative of the Aphex magic then any radio-conscious band/engineer is going to consider using the thing.

Of course, the cost might put them off. The Floyd are sole licensees to the American mother company and presumably reap a share in the enormous profits that must accrue with a loan rate of £15 per minute of track (roughly £100 an hour). That puts it beyond the reach of all but the most financially solvent outfit if unused takes, re-mixes et al are taken into account.

The engineer records the mileage and returns his form to the licensees for corroboration. A curious set up but if the makers claims are correct then the Aphex will make Dolby redundant, particularly if it can be applied to live environments.

So, next time you're jiving along to "Grease" or Andy Gibb's current fab waxing let your clapped out wireless relax as you sample the pleasures of ear massage. Aurally exciting isn't it?

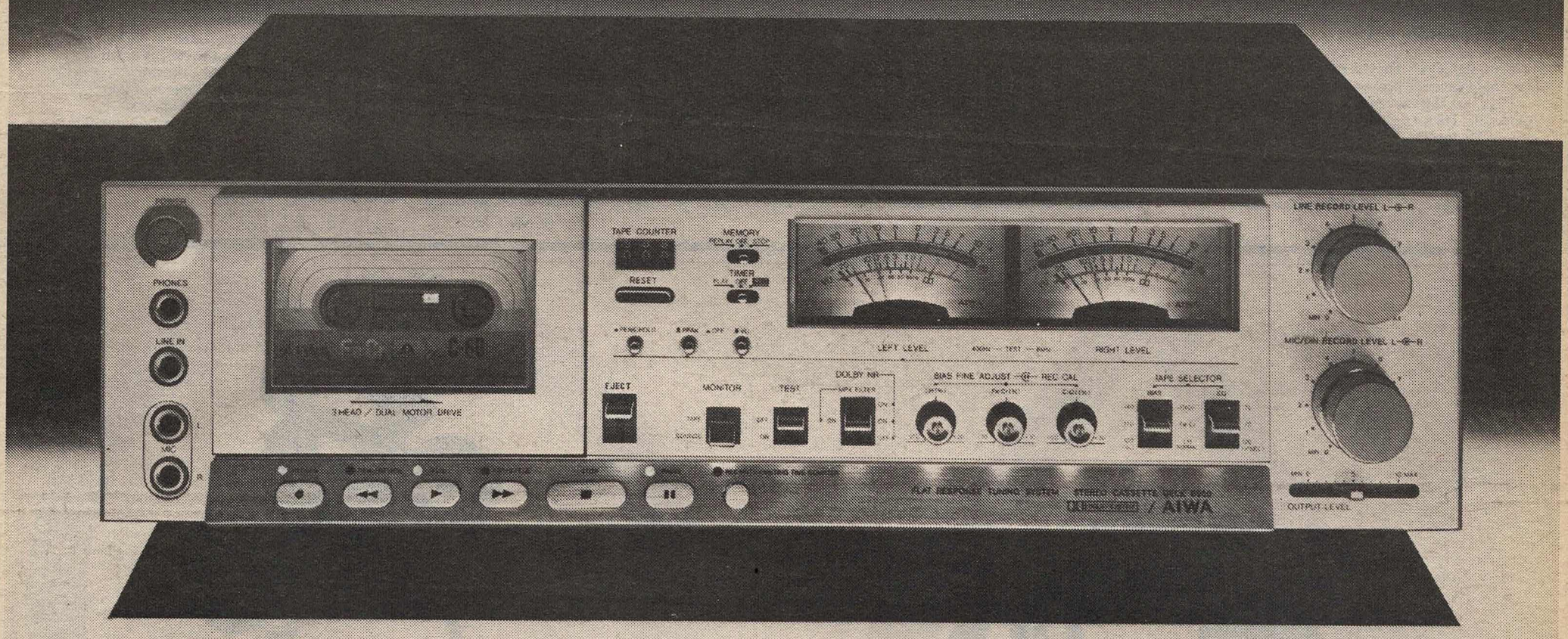
MAX BELL

THRILLS

You too can have a body like mine — The James Pursey Guide To Health And Happiness, illustrated by PENNIE SMITH.

ADVERTS' NEW SINGLE · TELEVISION'S OVER · B/W · BACK FROM THE DEAD
COLOUR BAG · PB 5128
RCA

If it was any more advanced, you'd need to go to night school.



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SEDITIONARIES T-SHIRT RAID

WHILE MALCY'S away, the police will play . . . As Malcolm McLaren tirelessly toils on behalf of the Sidney Vicious Defence Fund in far-flung corners of the globe, so Chelsea Porn Squad detectives decide to raid the Seditionaries boutique in King's Road, London.

Even men in uniform like their jollies, you may think, but these chaps mean business. And this time it's Section Three of the Obscene Publications Act which has allowed the police to confiscate bundles of T-shirts from the shop.

One of the shirt designs involved depicts two, er, well-hung cowboys.

Two years ago, co-owner of Seditionaries Vivienne Westwood was charged under our old friend the Vagrancy Act — an obscure law dating from the Napoleonic War, forbidding destitutes to display their wounds for profit — for displaying these shirts in the shop, thereby holding an 'indecent' exhibition.

Sex Pistols album sleeves ("Never Mind The Bollocks") were later confiscated under the same ruling.

The T-shirts were deemed to be obscene on three counts: that the cowboys were obviously homosexual; that their appendages were out of proportion; and that they were standing too close together, one fixing the other's necktie.

Ms Westwood was fined, but was not directed against selling the shirts. And she continued to do so — until last week.

The police took four other types of T-shirt: Marilyn Monroe's face with 'Piss' written over it; Snow White in Ugandan situations with punky dwarves; a nude 12-year old boy smoking, on a Sex Pistols logo; and two obviously gay leather boys, with the lettering 'Fuck your mother' and 'Don't run away punk'.

Ms Westwood sees the confication as part of a general police harassment policy against punks.

"People should be allowed to wear what they want," she says.

"I see myself as just one person in a long line of people who've campaigned, if you like, against these absurd laws. "On a basic level, I'm trying to de-mystify these silly taboos."

Does she not find it odd that the police should confiscate these daft T-shirts, yet leave her with a shop full of the distasteful Sid and Nancy jobs, "She's dead, I'm alive — I'm yours"?

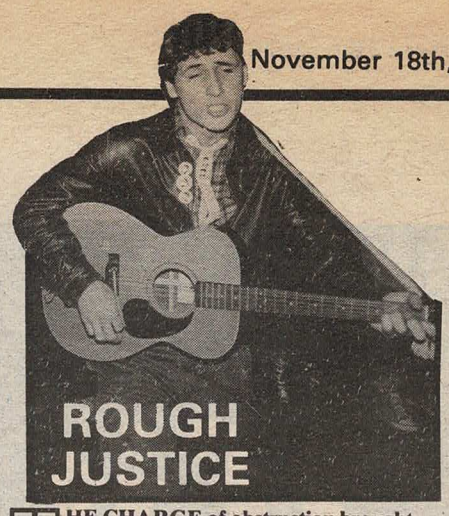
"No", she says. "They're not pornographic, and they could never be proved so.

"I like that shirt because it reflects that Sid is vulnerable. He's a product of our times and we feel responsible for him, as he would for us — a sort of 'what's ours is yours' set-up.

"Anyway, you don't make people think unless you upset them emotionally."

No charge has yet been made against Ms Westwood or Seditionaries.

Young SID is one of Viv Westwood's creations. *Pic: DENNIS MORRIS.*



ROUGH JUSTICE

THE CHARGE of obstruction brought against Simon Milner, lead guitarist of The Smirks, during the demonstration at the premiere of *Grease* which was part of the band's Rock Against Travolta (RAT) campaign, was dismissed at Bow Street magistrates' court last Friday when the arresting officer failed to show.

Good news? Sure — but . . .

Despite the fact that the whole episode had been a complete waste of everyone's time, the magistrates refused to award costs ("No blame can be laid at the door of the police").

The issue of costs in British court cases — highlighted last week in the Vanessa Redgrave/WRP v. The Observer libel case (and we still don't know who won that) — is becoming an increasingly exasperating one; proving one's innocence can be an expensive business.

Milner said afterwards that he was "disillusioned with British justice". The costs of his legal aid — unnecessary, as it turned out — came to over £100, and yet no prosecution evidence in the case was ever heard.

Furthermore, Milner had originally been refused legal aid (even though his income of £25 a week was sufficiently small for him to have qualified for it) on the grounds that the case was too trivial. The authorities assumed that, innocent or not, he should just plead guilty.

There is not even any question of Beserkley (The Smirks' record company) coughing up.

They are now distributed by Polydor — who also lease the rights of RSO Records, the company which has perpetrated all the horrors indirectly responsible for the closing down of live venues, cretinisation of an entire generation, economic enslavement of the western world — which Milner alleges.

He hopes to be able to find the money within the next 30 days, else he could be back in court again. If you want to help, you could always buy a "Smirks Against Travolta" badge.

BOB WOFFINDEN

THRILLS

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The new album from Tradition
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Nov. 20.....Tiffany's, Edinburgh
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RCA

PINK FLOYD GO CAMPING

KEEN to maintain their hard working image of an album and tour every other year or so, the Pink Floyd have plans afoot to take a travelling concert hall on tour with them at the end of 1979 — and blimey O'Rourkley, it's a tent.

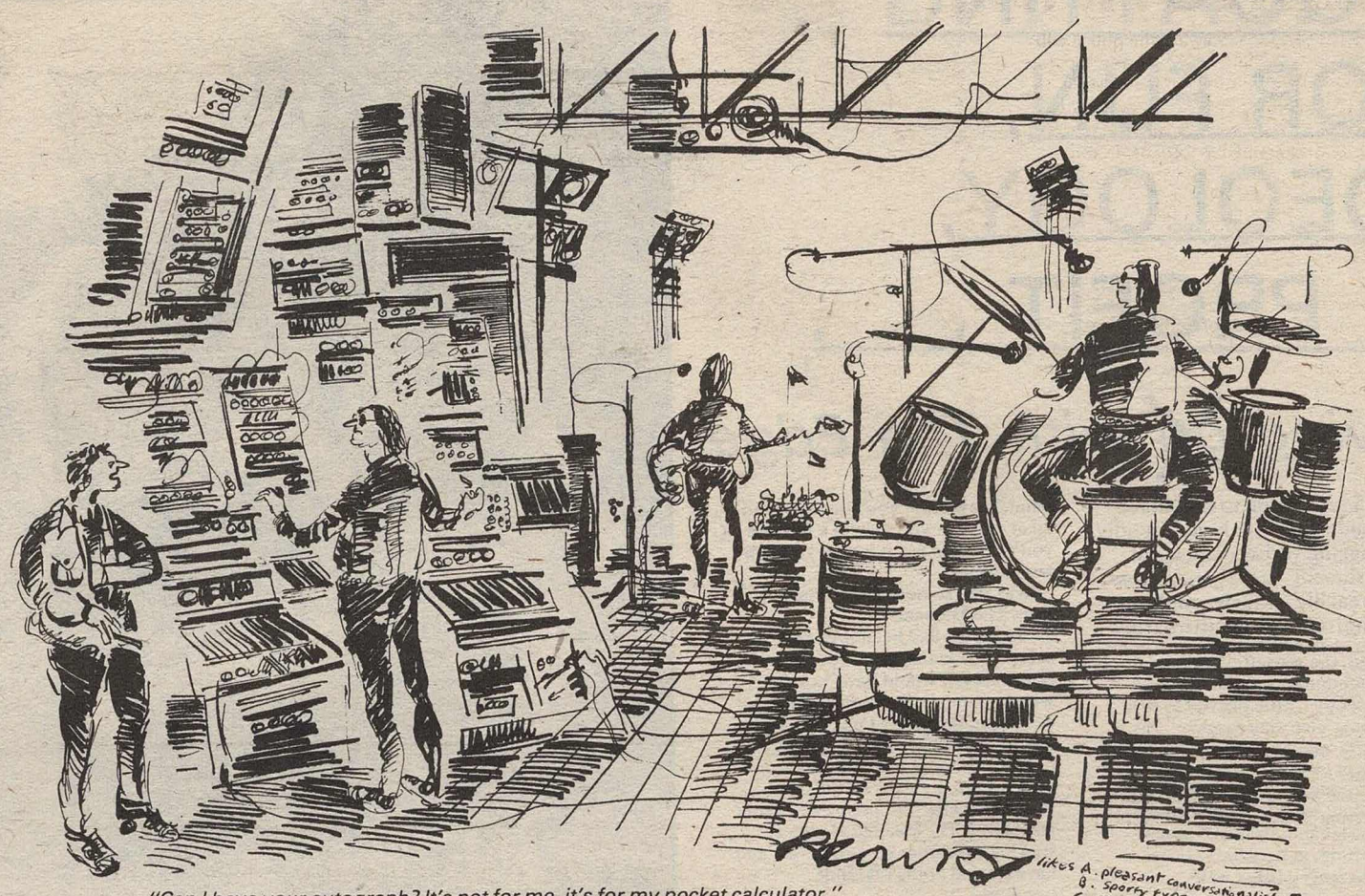
According to Floyd's manager Steve O'Rourke: "The halls in Britain just cannot take the band's 45 tons of equipment and 45,000 watt PA system. The only way we can play to audiences in Glasgow, for example, is by taking our own hall on the road."

The 'hall' is a massive inflatable canvas tent with room for 5,000 fans and stage, it packs away into a handy, portable pocket size envelope and can be transported to each location by carrier pigeon or boy scout. Says Steve: "It will take about a day to set up the tent in each city, but it should be worth it." Quite.

The Floyd enter their studios soon to start work on the new album tentatively entitled "The Wall" — as reported in last week's Thrills — due for June release. Betcha can't wait. But that's not all, campers. Hard on the heels of "The Wall" comes a film, called, wait for it, "The Wall" and gasp, swoon, cop a lughole full of this, it actually features the band playing live — in their tent!

SIDI BARANI

THRILLS



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Looks like Bowie was serious about breaking into the film business . . . And as for J. C. Clarke & Sons, bet their eulogies have puzzled quite a few bereaved relatives.

Sent in by readers I. Gardler and Phil N. Groovey, from the Runcorn Weekly News and Hastings & St Leonards Observer.

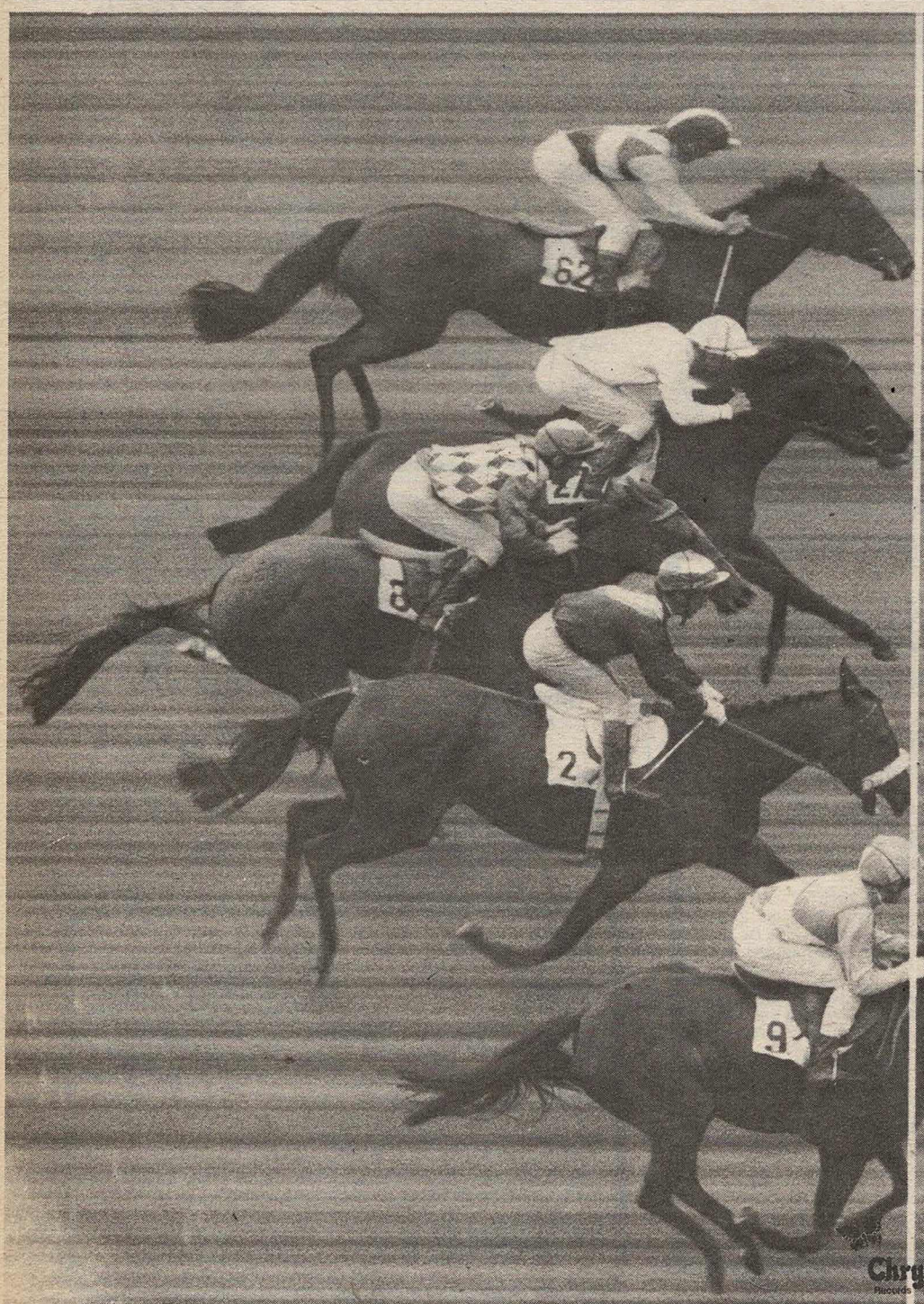

PHOTO-FINISH
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SQUATTING FOR FUN, IDEOLOGY, & PROFIT . . .

Living ~~on~~ with The Edge

IT'S reassuring to find that a band who write lyrics roundly slagging various aspects of establishment, power and excess, are in real life actively employed in driving the bourgeoisie barmy.

Indeed, the jet-setting occupants of North London's most palatial pads were recently a little peeved to hear that a local Victorian mansion was being infiltrated by aliens. There were rumours of clapped-out cars, of weird-looking people, of pigeons getting shot, soon to be followed by the unmistakable strains of a rock band drifting, at sizeable volume, over their leafy garden walls.

The truth was out — the Edge were moving in.

Their musical talents matched only by their skill at legally squatting exclusive property, I met the band in their west wing rehearsal room.

They were originally formed by ex-Damned members Lu and Jon Moss, when The Damned "officially" folded in February, turned down Captain Sensible's offers to be their new guitarist, and set about writing a bunch of new, and very different, material. They sat through auditions with no less than forty duff bass players before singling out Glyn Havard as the man for the job. "He's thirty," says Lu disparagingly, "but he's still got a lot of life in him."

Next, almost an errand of mercy, they salvaged Gavin Povey from the Mecca Ballroom circuit, where he'd suffered too long playing keyboards with such notaries as Tom Jones and Gilbert O'Sullivan.

Working as a "co-operative," they rehearsed for a few months, fusing their varied musical backgrounds into a hard-driving set of sharp lyrics and uncommonly tight, structured instrumentals. There's even a distinct jazz feel about much of Lu's guitar work, something that he attributes to a past of being force-fed Coltrane and Charlie Mingus albums, claiming "you don't have to like something to be influenced by it."

Over the last five months, they've played very few of the prestigious dates that would have reached the ears of the music papers. Was that a deliberate move?

"There's two ways of starting a band," says Lu, "you either go mad all at once, or you just let it happen. If you get hyped up, it means you don't last as long."

Was that something he'd learnt from The Damned?

"If people had been prepared to accept The Damned on completely new terms, it would have worked. It was the punters themselves that destroyed the band. Punk was always meant to develop, but once they'd got over the three-chord wonder thing, they wouldn't go any further. It's happening now 'cos people are using jazz. Even The Stranglers aren't sticking to regular rock patterns, and have started doing odd time signatures."

The Edge's debut single "Macho Man", that slags the karate/biker/stud image of "a local Tarzan", has been interpreted as a direct hit against The Stranglers' JJ Burnel, which Lu hotly denies.

"It's just about macho men," he explains, "and the whole ritual they go through — who's done the most jobs, who's the toughest and who's got the most shotguns. It's about an attitude, and I don't have to go and see The Stranglers to see that attitude."

"It's about blockheads in cars with Ted and Bertha written on the windscreen," adds Jon.

Did they want to use their lyrics just to make a statement?

Lu: "If you go to a gig and you don't really hear the lyrics, then the music's meaningless. The music and the lyrics have to tie in to an essential theme. Like 'Downhill' was written on a descending sequence, and 'Winning Streak' is actually meant to *sound* like it's a race. Everything's got to tie in to give the audience a bigger impression of what you're trying to get across."

Did any of their anti-establishment sentiments extend to the rock business?

"I think it's very threatened by Stigwood," says Jon, "I mean he's got the power and money to push out other forms of music."

Then did he think large-scale entrepeneurs were taking away their potential audience?

"You could say that if people didn't want "Grease", then they wouldn't listen to it. But nowadays taste has been pushed out of the window, and it's more hype, and how you can *persuade* people. It's not so much the merit of the actual thing, it's the way that it's presented. The class has been taken out of music, and it's just been made so it's accessible."

But weren't rock promoters trying to do exactly the same as Stigwood, but with less money, and therefore less influence?

Lu: "If you really want to play five nights a week, and make records, which is the reason I'm in this business, then I think you've got to have packaging, and you've got to get hyped up. So I guess I'll have to brainwash myself."

MARK ELLEN

The Edge hide from their neighbours

Rob Hall

Mobs of anti-Shah demonstrators stormed the building after breaking through a cordon of Iranian troops.

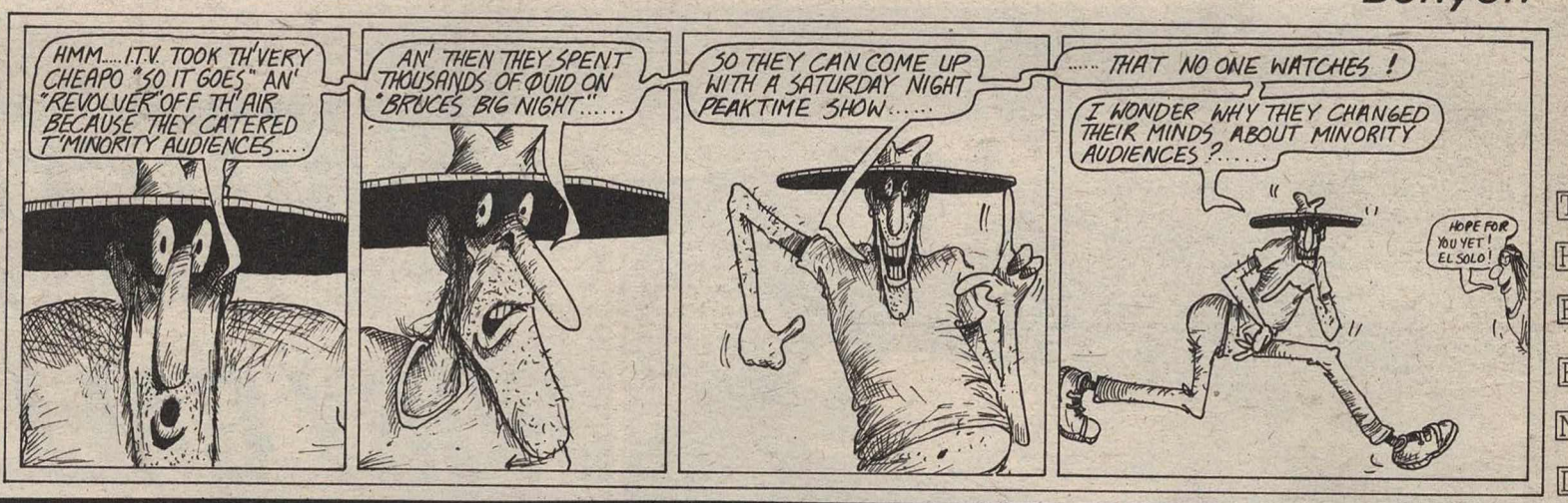
The embassy's twenty-seven staff, led by ambassador Sir Anthony Parsons, were later reported to be unharmed.

Today's birthdays include: Mr. Robin Day (15); Brig. Sir John Smyth, V.C. (85); the Earl of Cromartie (74); Lord Elwyn-Jones (69); the Marquess of Salisbury (62); the Earl of Gainsborough (55).

Congratulations to TP for finally making it onto the Foreign Office payroll, and belated birthday greetings to Panorama's sprightly link-man, who seems to wear his age better than he wears his bow-ties. Spotted in the Mirror and Yorkshire Evening Post by reader Peter Simons (45) of no fixed abode.

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — *Benyon*


HMM.....I.T.V. TOOK TH'VERY CHEAPO "SO IT GOES" AN' "REVOLVER'OFF TH' AIR BECAUSE THEY CATERED T'MINORITY AUDIENCES.....
AN' THEN THEY SPENT THOUSANDS OF QUID ON "BRUCES BIG NIGHT".....
SO THEY CAN COME UP WITH A SATURDAY NIGHT PEAKTIME SHOW.....
..... THAT NO ONE WATCHES !
I WONDER WHY THEY CHANGED THEIR MINDS ABOUT MINORITY AUDIENCES ?.....
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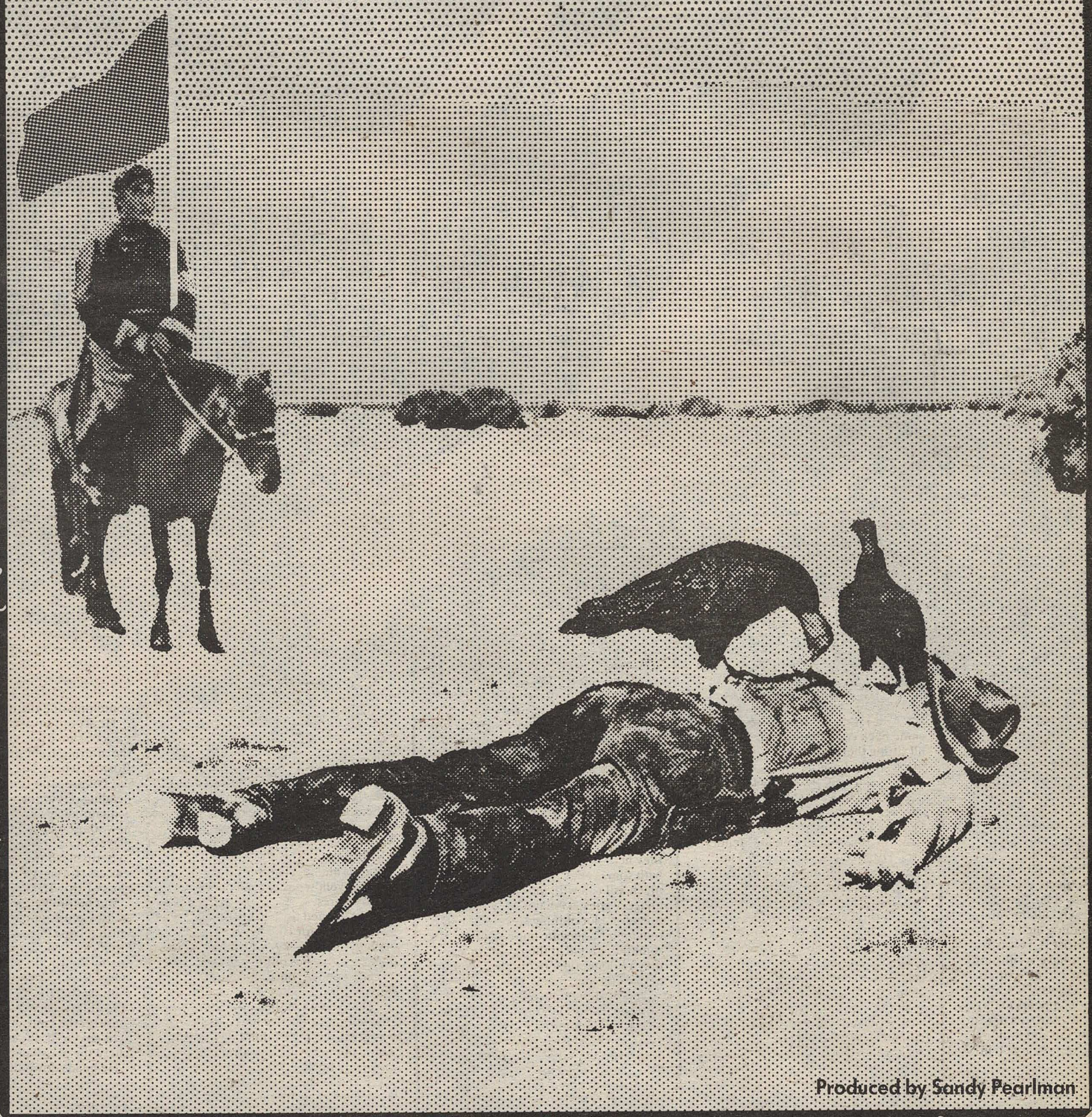

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Ebet Roberts

THE CARS: (from left) Elliot Easton, Ben Orr, David Robinson, Greg Hawkes, Ric Ocasek.

***THE CARS** have picked up speed in America. Will they pick up here? **TOBY GOLDSTEIN** sends a few hand signals from New York.*

I WILL always hold on to one memory which defines what American cars must represent to Britons. In the midst of a sea of neat little vehicles parked row upon row at Heathrow Airport could be spotted a monstrous black Cadillac, its bulk extending over one and a half parking spaces, its beacon yellow New York state license plates an embarrassing reminder of my status as a citizen in the land of conspicuous consumption.

Fortunately, Boston, Massachusetts' Cars in no way resemble such gross symbols. They are compact machinery, efficient purveyors of pop closer to quirkiness than chaos, which has certainly made their New-wavish image less forbidding to the chart arbiters, the radio programmers.

In less than six months The Cars have won a Top 20 single, "Just What I Needed," a gold (almost platinum) debut album, "The Cars", and are well along the way to duplicate success for their follow-up single, "My Best Friend's Girl."

It's the kind of attention that leads to a band being subjected to rivers of hype, enough pats on the back to knock them over, and all the other show-biz trivia about which Cars writer/singer/guitarist Ric Ocasek calmly declares, "I have no illusions about this business . . . all written words are fiction anyway."

Onstage, Ocasek appears to have been dropped by wire from a distant planet, impossibly tall and thin, hooded by sunglasses, wrapped in vinyl.

In morning light, perched in a room of a midtown skyscraper hotel, he takes on far more human dimensions, revealing blue eyes, relaxed features and a ready laugh.

He also drops off into unexpected mumblings, typing him as an absent-minded professor of rockology who'd rather be at home in New England with his Silver Apples disc (1968-vintage experimental) than a constant participant in airport life.

Home is where the mini-studio is, a modest facility, but sufficient to have given birth to countless demo's, including the prototype for "Just What I Needed."

"I don't have the time to do that anymore," Ocasek laments. "You know, I went home last week and the stuff was covered with dust. It's just funny to go down there and see, it's like a scene from a movie; there's all these books lying around open to a certain page and there's half songs and the last chord I played.

"And I took off somewhere and came back two months later and it's all sitting there covered with dust, the place where I was."

The Cars were named by their drummer, David Robinson, who quit another Boston landmark, The Modern Lovers, when his kit grew too large for Jonathan Richman's tender ears. He sounds just fine with The Cars, as do longtime Ocasek friend and collaborator, blond vocalist / bassist Ben Orr, lead guitarist Elliott Easton and keyboard man Greg Hawkes.

Given their blend of rhythmic constancy topped by crisp harmonies, The Cars should've been around sooner, to play gigs with The Motors — vehicles on parade!

"We played in Boston with a couple of bands just for the name," counters Ocasek. "When we played at The Rat (to Boston's scene what CBGBs and Max's are to the Apple) we played with The Mechanics, and there was actually another car-oriented bill.

"I remember at first not knowing if I liked the name or not. But then, riding around in cars and talking about it made it seem better. We were saying, look at that, we could just take that sign off the road and put it onstage, or we oughta put up a traffic light. Or here's a thing that says, Cars Enter Here.

"And you're outta gas, and all the puns, and the fact that it's so easy to spell, doesn't have Z on the end. Real authentic, it's pop art in a sense. It's America. You ride around, get in it and turn on the radio.

"Cars are great; they go through all the changes that musicians do, too. They all wear out, they get broken parts and some are better than others, and some go in the junkyard . . ."

DESPITE OCASEK'S facility at describing wheely ways, there are no songs about cars on "The Cars." What there are, in abundance, are bouncy little numbers that toss off the absurdities of love and desire as effectively as the recorded car crash announces the group's show.

"I don't care if people think I'm perverse," he smiles, as he considers the lyrics which, in part, comment *"when you bite your lip/it's some reaction to love"* or *"I guess you're just what I needed/I needed someone to bleed."*

Under their varnished exterior, The Cars are talking about appetites whetted by fascination, exactly what mom and dad fear as junior borrows the keys for his hot date.

"They forget about the verses when they hear the chorus," Ocasek smiles with some relief. "See, I like to do as much as I can with the words as far as imagery goes, so that it's really left open for a lot of things, even though I remember a specific impression of something I had at the time. Once they're done, they're out there, in public domain."

The Boston public wanted what it could get from The Cars, even before they had a proper release. Local deejays played Ric's home-made demo of "Just What I Needed" and "You're All I've Got Tonight," luring the record company spotters to Boston, 500 miles northeast of New York, so that "they come in once a year, take one band and leave, that's about it."

The Cars were picked off the assembly line as this year's model.

To reinforce their love for magical sounding (and preferably British) pop, the group selected the production God of Clean, Roy Thomas Baker, to do the album honours.

Baker was chosen for two reasons, neither of which had anything to do with his reputation at making hit, if sometimes sterile, albums.

"We figured he would know which frequencies wouldn't conflict with each other. And how to mix for radio — more so than us, 'cause we're used to mixing it the way it feels.

"Most of the producers we were looking at, like Chris Thomas and Tony Visconti, were also English. We liked how English pop music is usually more eccentric than American pop music. Even the stuff that doesn't make it on the radio and that's not commercially viable is still corny in a funny way.

"Like when I was at A.I.R. (cutting the album) and I heard other bands trying to turn out singles, some of it was like a mixture of Abba and hard rock and some chord changes that go off into funny European places."

Bet you never thought of home quite like that . . . so much for mystique.

THE CARS knew they had a good disc and an alluring show. Nonetheless, they didn't expect to hear themselves on teenybopper transistor radios quite so soon. Nor were they exactly prepared to leave a comforting routine of frustrations, attempts and local heroism for setting out on a yellow-brick road paved with ampitheatres.

They opened for Cheap Trick. They opened for Bob Seger. They opened for Styx—Ocasek admits it so painfully it comes out in a breath.

They opened, once, for Dickie Betts.

"That was good, because the Dickie Betts audience hated us, which was great, because I don't need them. Those 60s leftovers . . . afraid to move any further."

Given the sludge that dominates America's mainstream, it is a relief to hear aggro from a 27-year-old potential star.

"I think our audiences are a little bit awed, especially when we play with a band like Foreigner, who are real flamboyantly dressed in Jumping Jack Flash stuff. But nice guys," he hastens to add. "We're not like them, we don't come out and go (he mimes handclaps and sky high split trouser leaps,) so it's very strange. It's getting weird.

"We just went from clubs to arena rock, which I can't stand anyway. The adjustments are like — well, in Boston, you're home and then you go to your gig and you come home and eat doughnuts and see what's on *Five All Night* on TV. But now the schedule's tight that you're up and you're gone and you're out all day and looking for time for yourself. At least an hour if you can find it. And it's not like you can go write a song when you want, you just have to wait. And the gigs are all big. There are 20,000 at each concert and they're . . . screaming drunks."

OCASEK PEERS out the terrace of the hotel room, some 20-odd floors above Central Park, and hastens to reassure the onlooker that, although he adores Suicide, the band, he's not contemplating the final solution.

He scoops up a sheaf of papers, packs a slim case, thinks longingly of the afternoon shuttle flight back to Boston, where The Cars will have five days of precious freedom before heading out to renew their acquaintance with the Top Ten. Some new songs for the second album, played in unfinished form on a cheap cassette machine, still sound like success stories, with or without the gloss of Roy Baker.

But before he can catch that plane, Ocasek must report to his label, to finish mixing Cars concert tapes for a broadcast. With one hand on the mixing board, the other writing free verse, Ric Ocasek parallels a curious contrast that marks the city of Boston. "the oldest place settled in this country, the land of Paul Revere, and right next to it, the Hancock Building, where the glass falls out in the wind."

He heads down the pavement, hesitating when he thinks he's left something important behind.

Derek and Clive
BRING A LUMP TO THE THROAT

Proving the opposite: AC/DC's ANGUS YOUNG

Denis O'Regan

Part 76 of an occasional series in which NME generously allows distinguished columnists to air valid if unfashionable opinions. This week: JOHN HAMBLETT

These Ozos are no Bozos

"I'M SICK OF reading shit. You will print the truth," says AC/DC's hirsute rhythm guitarist Malcolm Young, taking a massive hit on his bottle of scotch.

I execute what I hope is a sage nod and squint over at vocalist Bon Scott, who for some reason appears to be laughing like a maniac.

The quantity of scotch consumed is causing problems all round. I've had the odd half bottle myself.

But it's time to sort out an intelligent, searching question.

Okay fellas, why do you think you are so popular with the public — AC/DC sold out two nights at the Hammersmith Odeon three months in advance — yet so consistently ignored by the rock press?

"Because the music press is totally out of touch with what the kids actually want to listen to," replies Scott.

"We've done six tours of this country and we *know*.

"These kids might be working in a shitty factory all week, or they might be on the dole — come the weekend, they just want to go out and have a good time, get drunk and go wild. We give them the opportunity to do that."

Thinking back over the scenes in the hall a couple of hours earlier, I feel in no positition to argue the point.

THE GIG. Yeah . . . We're in Sheffield, and I can't recall ever having seen so many bodies packed so tightly into such a comparatively small area; the crazy ones and the deliriously drunken ones jumping up and down, and shaking themselves like mad wet dogs, holding up the frailer ones.

Later, when things get really hog wild, this built-in safety mechanism falls short of requirements and bodies are frequently hauled out over the stage apron into the safety of the backstage area.

The crowd cheer anything and everything, setting up a big football type chant of "ANGUS! ANGUS!", riding on each other's shoulders, waving their shirts in wild salty arcs over their heads, already sweating and steamy.

They're kids mostly, a neat cross-section of counter cultures: long haired bairns with flarey jeans and distant vagueness in their eyes, and the washed-out tail feathers of the punk scene with boutique-type leather jackets and school shirts and school ties.

All young, post-hippy, post-acid, post-love and peace, Big Beat Niks, all hungry for a two-hour slice of the sex and drugs and rock'n'roll dream cake.

Not one of them looks like he or she gives a solitary damn about any pie-in-the-sky abstract questions of social relevance or contemporariness.

Hell, why should they? They've got real problems crowding up their heads, like what the heck to do with Saturday night to make the rest of the week bearable?

Eno, Kraftwerk, Devo? Dogs, man, high falutin' dogs. I mean, where's the fun in that? Where for Christ's sake is the spiky rolling -tank-track straight-thru-brick-walls howling-at-the-moon BIGBEAT in that?

You ever tried getting drunk as a skunk with a robot?

AC/DC, the outrageous Aussies, get into the only type of music that could conceivably gell with this outsize, desperate goodtime atmosphere; blistering and warping electric waves of hard nose music, a mishmash of the most unholy influences imaginable.

Where the music is coming from is obvious. Where it ends I have not the foggiest notion.

It emanates, quite obviously, from the five young men on the stage — huge heavy slabs of metallic sound that should hang in the air like steel webbed clouds, but don't. I feel the music must be absorbed by the bodies in front of me, but no visible signs of transformation are apparent.

Sweat seems to be draining out of my body at an alarming rate, particularly my head; teardrops of warm moisture ping out of my forehead and run into my eyes, making them smart, obscuring my vision. The ceiling is dripping water as though it were attempting to disguise all the leaky plumbing systems in town. And the walls appear to be freshly hosed down.

This, I think, is what rock'n'roll is all about.

long bags at last!

"A NEW DIRECTION? Look what happened to The Rolling Stones. They started looking for a new direction, going off on tangents, and they produced shit. And then the punk bands came along and scared 'em, and now you will notice, they are going back to producing what they've always done best: rock'n'roll. You progress, sure you do, but you move forward in the same direction. You do not shoot off on some tangent."

Bon Scott has abandoned his tea cup of scotch and coke, and now contents himself with taking lethal razor-backed hits straight from the bottle. He's been a drummer, was in prison for two years, became a bubblegum pop star in an Australian sugarpop band called The Valentines, he's painted ships and sung in a country and western type band whose name I can't remember. He used to be serious, but now he tries to be amused.

By this time everybody is ingloriously drunk. I keep imagining I need a piss and stumble off to the toilet every five minutes, only to find I don't.

This state of affairs is totally confusing, because every time I come back they're talking about something fresh. I try and throw my weight into the conversation, but everybody forgets what they're supposed to be saying halfway through each sentence.

"I listen to the best. Ike and TinafuckingTurner, the best of Ike and Tina Turner. THE BEST OF THE BEST. The best of Fats Domino . . . Good music, I just listen to good music . . . The Buzzcocks hahahahaha."

I don't exactly know why Malcolm Young is laughing, but by this time I am perfectly willing to go along with everything.

"We ought to release an album. The Best of Angus Young's Guitar Solos."

Hahahahahahahaha . . . I am not precisely sure that I am supposed to laugh at this, but I do anyway. Angus Young, Last of the Guitar Heroes . . .

Angus Young, of course, is the lead guitarist all decked out in schoolboy drag, shaking and jitterbugging all around the stage like a drink-crazed Pinocchio on the lam from the toymaker's. Solos seem to appear despite his manic efforts to screw the life out of his guitar. Generally speaking, guitar solos bore me to sleep, drunk or sober, but I'm forced to tip my hat to this mildly mad little person.

Ah, AC/DC, proud and unashamed utilitarian, obvious and guileless perpetrators of the BigBeat. Their saving grace is that they have no pretensions — that's their big fat beaming ace-in-the-hole redeeming feature. If you wonder why thousands of kids still get off on music like this, then you're an asshole, because the facts are there for all to see.

It's only rock'n'roll but it's here to stay.

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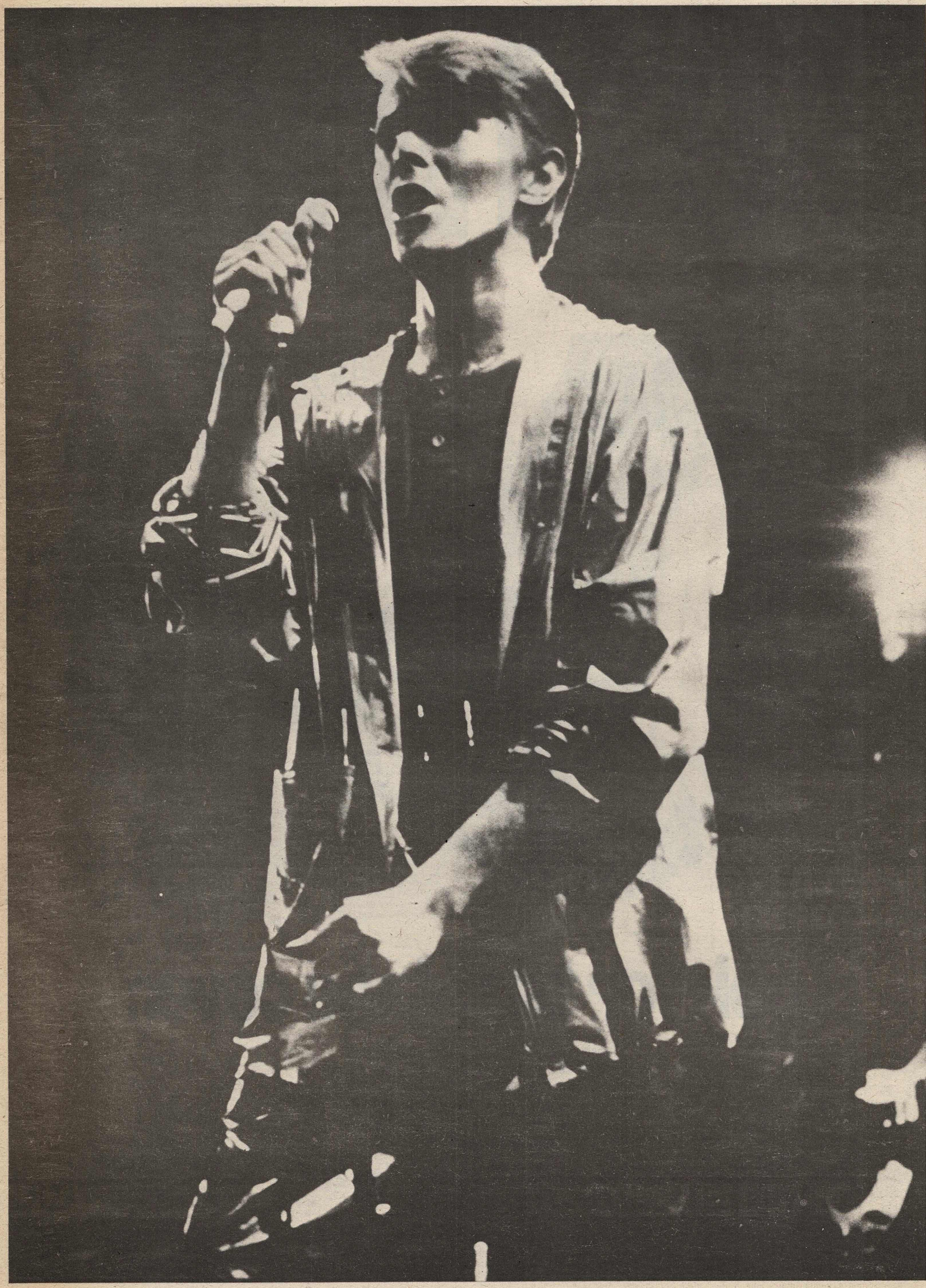

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THE WEST COUNTRY INVASION STARTS HERE

Attitudes, platitudes, beatitudes: the Shams meet the Cims out of town

Hurry up, **PENNY REEL— PENNIE SMITH'S** going down the pub

IT WOULD appear that someone's got it in for Jimmy Pursey and Sham 69. You see they're planting stories in the press to the effect that our James and his cronies have somehow — ho hum — betrayed their public in pursuit of activities both hedonistic and irresponsible.

In recent weeks, and particularly since the release of their compulsive "Hurry Up, Harry" singalonga, Sham have been accused by various writers of encouraging a stance of nihilistic aspect; with Jimmy himself defamed as cretinous, barbarous, simplistic and — according to one effete journalist — as displaying an "ambivalent individualism" that "reeks of a cop-out to me."

Criticism of this adverse tone has been not without its effect on the bouyant Mr. Pursey, and those close to the man speak feelingly of the consternation and hurt he's suffered on account of the more virulent reviewers' remarks.

At present, however, midway through their Guy Fawkes UK tour alongside Cimarons — and with the partisan Sham vanguard demonstrating its loyalty to both group and leader at every venue — Jimmy is in ebullient spirit, giving philosophical reply when I broach the subject.

"The ultimate thing," he states, "is for you to be pleasing yourself and the audience at the same time. Because, and everybody knows this Penny, in ten years' time they're not gonna pick up a Sham record and say, well he said this and he said that, and the band did this and the band did that. They are going to say: 'Hey, this is a bloody good record. You listen to this.' 'Cause it's a bit of plastic, and it's good in their ears, and they like it. They're not gonna remember interviews in the *Melody Maker,* or fucking *NME,* or anything else.

"It's like I say I fucking hate Johnny Rotten, you know, to this kid that's got the thing . . . and I say do you know like what he says? And then I went home the other night and I sat down and I thought — but then, them kids are enjoying that. So what right have I got to turn around and tell them about something that they don't know anything about, when they just enjoying themselves. Even Siouxsie and the Banshees, that I fucking detest."

You're as guilty as the journalists, slagging people off.

"No. Just hold on a minute. You didn't let me finish my statement, did you? Because what I was gonna say was, I then thought to myself, but why should I have a go at Souxsie and the Banshees? They're still doing their thing.

"The way I'm talking in this room right now. I'm very free. I'm very open. There are many reporters I can sit with and I just go *pff,* because I know that I'm getting a negative response from a person that is not really interested in what I believe in, but is doing his job; and is listening to me just because he's been sent to listen to me.

"So I'm sitting there thinking, well what am I trying to achieve with this bloke? All I say will just be put down on a bit of paper with the way the man feels, and not with the mind and body of what I've been saying."

"Anyway, who gives a damn? I'm doing the best I can."

SHAM ARMY is set to invade the market town of Taunton, Devon in considerable force. An advance ensign, led by Jimmy the P, has already arrived by road earlier in the day and is now at work in busy strategic preparation for this coming evening's manoeuvres.

At the front line stands the trio of musicians who maintain the Army's aural flourish: baby-faced guitarist Dave Parsons, co-writer with Pursey of all Sham material; pint-sized bassist Dave Treganna, known to his compatriots as "Kermit"; and bulwark drummer Mark Cain, who sports a newly-acquired ⅛" crop specially for the occasion. These in turn are flanked on either wing by the constant presence of tour manager Tony Newman and chauffer Peter Rush, which latter personage refers to himself as the Sulphate Strangler and informs me that he is presently sueing the manufacturers of Carlsberg Special Brew for permanent brain damage and loss of memory.

Also in close attendance, a motley contingent of Plaistow Clarets skinheads, of whom personal assistant Grant Fleming aka Scarlet O'Harrington and roadies Big Vince and Binsy I form the *corps d'elite.*

These suave disciples of Trevor Brooking have championed the cause of Sham 69 since the group's earliest days playing in front of two dozen people at the late Roxy back in 1977, and remain as essential to the Army's image as does Mr James Pursey himself.

"It's our crowd," explains Binsey with a gremlin-like glint through his spectacles. "Like, we was the same geezers as always hung about together. You'd go and see all of your mates either down the terraces at West Ham or else at a Sham 69 gig. At first we was just supporters sort of thing, then we started going for all the propaganda and stuff, and now we work for them."

Whilst Binsey, Vince and their accompanying road crew set up the stage for Sham's sound-check later that afternoon, the four group members and O'Harrington scour the streets in reconnaissance of Taunton's toyshops. Pursey acquires a cap gun that he spends all one memorable ride firing in time to The Rolling Stones' "High Tides, Green Grass" album, blaring from the cassette player in the Shamobile.

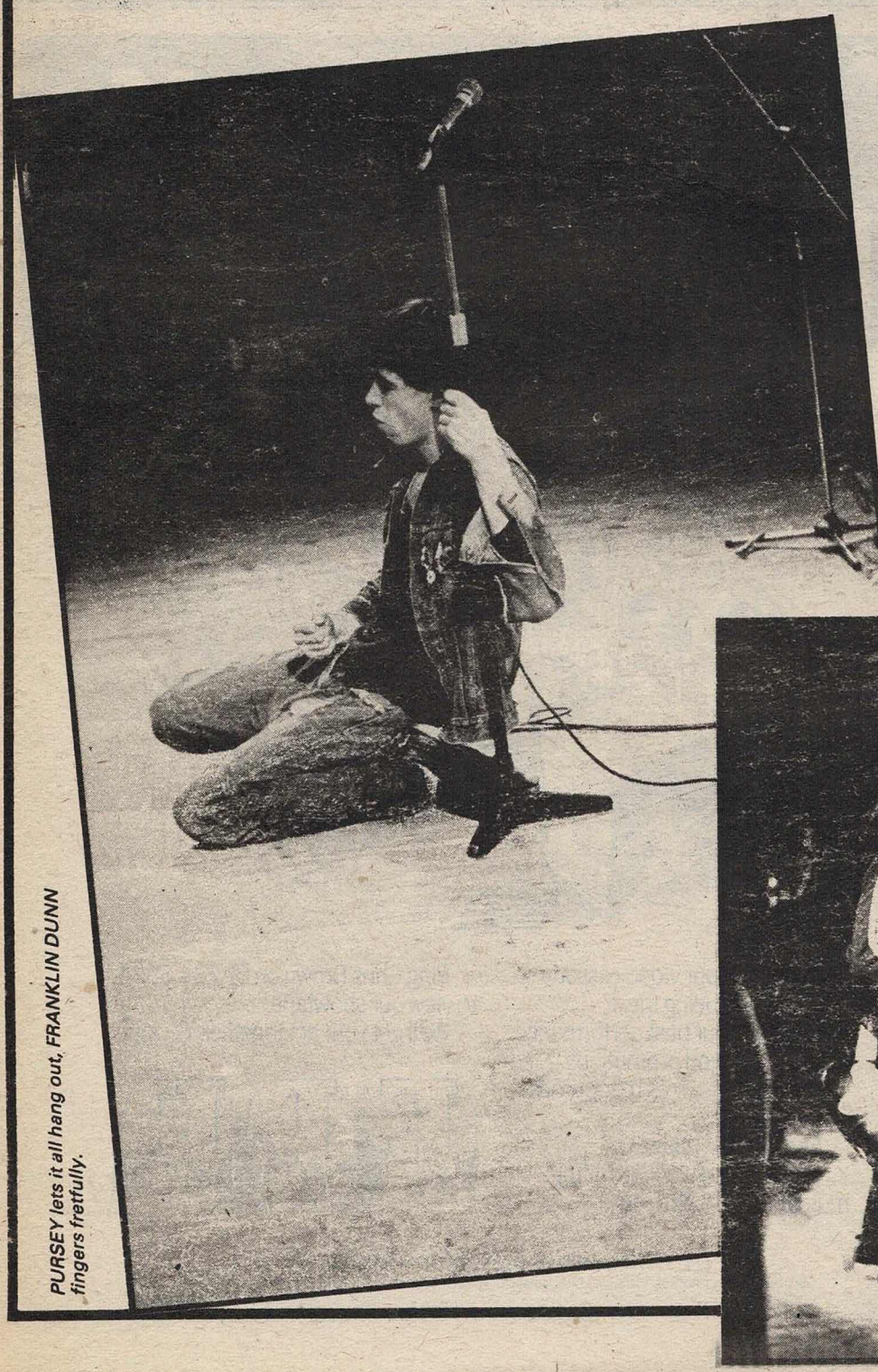
As Pennie Smith observes, 69's fascination with toys is not dissimilar to that of the respective Clash members for sweets and confectionery.

Lacking an equivalent enthusiasm, I make my way back to the hotel for an hour's idle gape at the football results, news, and continuing Forsyth/Grayson ratings war saga.

ONSTAGE AT Taunton Odeon, in the wake of a pleasant and well-applauded Cimarons set, Jimmy Pursey and Sham 69 proceed to demolish their critics with a performance that attracts the entire crowd from its seats and down to the front of the stage.

The band open with the tommy-gun chords of "Red London", followed by "Angels With Dirty Faces" and its "Cockney Kids Are Innocent" B-side, and succeeded in turn by "Leave Me Alone" from the first album, and "I'm A Man, I'm A Boy" from the second.

■ *Continues next page*



PURSEY lets it all hang out, FRANKLIN DUNN fingers fretfully.

INVASION

■ From previous page

Jimmy then introduces "Rip Off" as "a nice song for Mr Malcolm McLaren," which earns him a huge cheer, although the newer "That's Life" and "Who Gives A Damn?" that come next fail to excite the same ecstatic response.

"Ulster Boy" prompts Pursey to speechify. "Listen," he urges, "Stiff Little Fingers said we had no right to sing this song. All the papers keep telling us we have no right to sing this song. Every day I get up and read somewhere that one more kid's been shot in Ulster. And as long as kids are getting killed, and as long as they keep telling us we have no right to sing this song, we'll just keep right on making up our own minds. OK?"

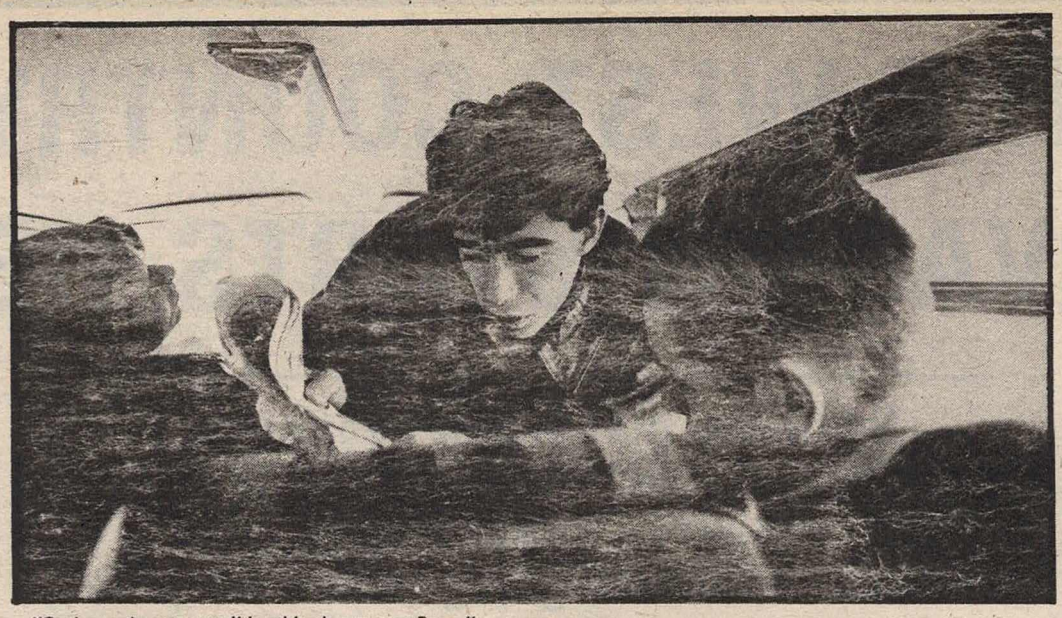
The climax of the show is the proceeding quartet of songs, each of which everyone in the audience deems necessary of accompanying chant: "Borstal Breakout", "Sunday Morning Nightmare", "No Entry" and, most beloved of all, "Hurry Up, Harry".

Charting a passage through "Evil Way" and "If The Kids Are United", Sham bring their set to its close with "I Don't Wanna", reappear for "What Have We Got?" and, in response to the audience's foot-stomping entreaty, return yet again for encore of "United" and "Harry" both.

Later, outside the theatre, Jimmy Pursey courts some hundred-odd loyalists, signs as many autographs, dispenses Taunton Army badges, and finally leads his flock to a nearby public house where, much to its leader's pleasure, the massed congregation break into spontaneous accapella chorus of — what else? — "Hurry Up, Harry", whilst the tipplers inside gaze at the scene in bewilderment.

SATURDAY NIGHT gives way to Sunday morning — however, there is nothing remotely resembling a nightmare taking place at this particular animated moment.

Seated in the congregation of the righteous in my hotel bedroom, a party of worthy citizens are whiling away the small hours in that special



"So how do you spell backlash anyway? . . ."

exchange of relaxed conversation such as descends upon us all at this time of night, and especially in lieu of maka dispensation.

All five Cimarons are present, tams off and locks free, so to is Jimmy Pursey seated upon the television set, and his silent shadow Kermit, myself and Pennie Smith.

Jimmy is doing most of the talking.

"What I believe," he argues, "is that half these kids that are so-called National Front are not National Front. And that's why I'm fighting, that's why I'm talking to 'em, and that's why I want 'em there, to say: hang around a minute, when reggae and Smokey Robinson and the Miracles and all them type of bands were playing, nobody was going 'ah fucking 'ate black men.' They were going dum-de-dum-de-dum. . .down the ol' discos; yet they are the kids that are saying it now. And I tell you why. Because of the *Sun*, the *Daily Mirror, People*, and all that. They're the ones plugging it down the kids' throats."

I demur at the *Mirror*, Jimmy, but I take your point. So you think the press is to blame.

"No," comes the reply, "not just the press. A system. A barrier. The biggest thing in this world is a barrier. No man can understand a majority, so therefore no man can ever judge millions.

"That is why National Front and Rock Against Racism; that is why Liberal and Conservative; because everybody has a mind, but what happens is a flock, another flock. . .

"If a kid likes disco, there is automatically another person that doesn't want to agree because he's got his own mind, so he says 'Well, I like rock'n'roll.' So a kid says I'm anti-Nazi, so the next kid says I'm NF. That's what it all boils down to, and it's not their fucking fault."

Ism and schism. It's like there are two buttons, one red and one blue. One says left, and the other right. Political thinking invariably relates in terms of black and white.

"What it all boils down to," Jimmy reiterates, "is we all want to be the man in the middle. Mind you, if we *were* all united, it'd be the boringest fucking world. If you've got everything, you've nothing to achieve.

"The other big point is that our generation will never understand the African, the Russian, the Chinese or Japanese, because all these different people don't understand us, the European. The next generation will be just the same, because of the way we're gradually being brought up."

But Jim, all those so-called different men are really the one same man, right?

"Yeah, they are the same. It is only the colour of skin of different environment we are brought up in. If you're from, say, Australia in the outback, and all you're doing is fighting for existence and running around with a spear all the time, hunting kangaroos or something, than that is all you know. And if someone plants a television in front of you, you wouldn't even know how to fucking look at it."

"A serious thing," assents Cimaron Carl Levy. "You don't have to check fe television, because you don't need it."

"And I'll tell you something else now," Jimmy turns to Carl, "you've just summed up something else there. What you haven't got, you don't need. And you don't miss it. There's an old statement: the rich man wants to be poor, and the poor man wants to be rich. In fact, everyone wants to be the man in the middle."

No. The man in the middle is invariably fighting to be the man at the top. The middle-classes are always aiming for that.

"I'll tell you something," Jimmy concedes, "the happiest man is that man always fighting to get something. If you can't grab hold of something, you're a happy man. As soon as you've grabbed hold of it, you ain't happy no more."

"Yes I," Carl nods. "That is why perfection is so dangerous. Any time you attain it you have problems."

"WHEN WE GO on stage we never have anything written down." The discussion has shifted focus, and Jimmy is riding another of his hobby horses — spontaneity.

"Y'see," he continues, "rock'n'roll died, and reggae died, and rock died, and anything else died as soon as someone done it. As soon as someone goes like that and starts strumming and it's never been heard before, and someone goes, 'Hang around, this sounds alright. I'll do that'. So they do it," Jimmy clicks his fingers, "commercial. So, it is not soul anymore.

"As soon as you write a song and you put it to music, it's antique. Because, if you reproduce exactly the same thing on stage, you're a robot, the same as a computer."

"You will be late man," Carl takes advantage of the pause. "You must be able to breathe whatever you do creatively."

"And that," adds Jimmy with finality, "is the reason why the only true rock'n'roll is a jam. Is when someone's getting into something they're doing at that certain time."

But part of the essence of rock'n'roll, surely, is like records on a jukebox. Or just sitting at home in your room spinning singles. That's not an antique, that's also a very genuine rock'n'roll feeling.

"Well, yes it is," Jimmy considers for a moment, "but — how can I explain it to you? — it's like the other night when I went off stage, right? I stormed off at Leicester because I felt I was being a robot. I felt that I was just going through the motions. There was me with a terrible headache, all these prats shouting National Front and all this bollocks, and I'm standing here singing away, saying what the fuck you think you're doing? Pack it in. And there's all this bad vibe, everybody tensed up. I just went boink, and I walked off.

"And I thought now you know that

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23rd POOLE Arts Centre
24th OXFORD Poly
25th CARDIFF University
26th (Recording Folk '79 BBC Radio)
28th BIRMINGHAM University
29th LEEDS University

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I'm a fucking human being, and I'm not just going through the motions. I want people out there to understand that I'm me, and I'm gonna continue being me, and not do everything as it's supposed to be written down in a rule book."

Upon the close of these last vehement sentences, there is a general murmur of applause. Several Cimarons speak at once.

Locksley Gichie: "Well said, Jimmy".

Carl: "Ease the pressure and live."

Franklyn Dunn: "Go forward each time. Every day you must just keep moving on."

"That is the same argument what the I see," Carl now adds. "You know Penny, ease the pressure and fucking live. What's the point in putting yourself in chains? Free up, man."

"But when I told that reporter from *Melody Maker* the same thing," Jimmy shrugs, "he said that I was very naive in the type of things that I believed in. Well, maybe I am naive, but in that case I'd rather be naive than live in a reality that is giving you nothing.

"I at least believe that you can *try* and achieve certain things."

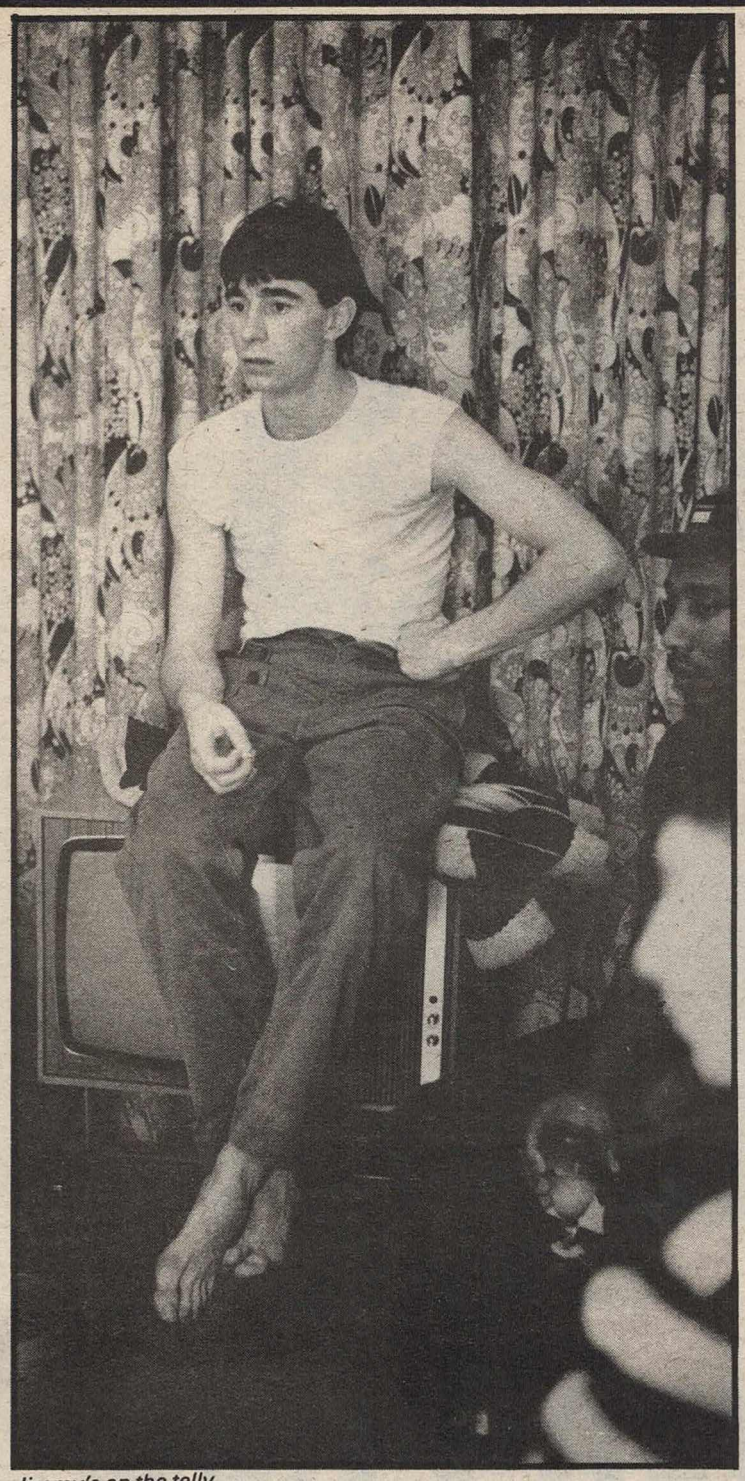
"Even if it's fuckeries," points out Carl.

"It's all to do with emotions," Jimmy picks up another thread. "Which means, if I am sitting in this room now and I feel very upset, I'm gonna cry in front of you, because I feel I wanna cry. Or I wanna laugh. Or I wanna shout.

"That's why anybody gets anywhere, because they're *giving* out from themselves what they feel at that certain time. That is what the blues was all about. I mean, if you're in a cotton field and someone's whipping you on the fucking back, and you're still singing because you wanna sing, and you wanna get it out of your system how you feel. You are showing your emotions.

"And that," he proclaims excitedly, "is the way life should be."

"You know what he just said?" Carl now takes his eyes off Jimmy, who he had been studying at some length during the latter's speech, and turns to me. "You know what he just said?" he repeats. "He just brought out the essential argument in British culture, European culture to a point. Because it has gone out of its way during the past few centuries to show all emotion as fuckeries; and that you must move emotion out of your system."



Jimmy's on the telly . . .

Manners.

"See't deh! My argument is this, the heavy manners is to fuck."

"If an Englishman sees a dirty fork," Jimmy makes a parable, "he will do one of two things. He will either say nothing at all, or else he will say, 'Waiter, I have got a dirty fork', Whereas, he won't go to the person next to him, 'Look, a dirty fork', and clean it up and just carry on with it in front of somebody else, because he feels he shouldn't be like that. He has got to act the part out."

AND HOW DO you two groups feel about being on tour together?

Locksley and Winston Reid, in unison: "Great".

Franklyn: "I love the idea".

Jimmy: "This is another thing, right . . ."

Carl: "Hol' on a minute. Before you go into this argument, I just want to answer 'im 'pon this one. Me a reason why I come on through and do this tour with Sham. 'Cause I listen to what you are saying, Jimmy, and I personally believe that. If you anytime believe in a something, you go outside and fucking *do it*. That's me a deal with."

"Yes", from Franklyn. "I believe that fully. We *should* play together, and plenty situations like this should be. It should be a natural cause and thing, right here now. England 1978, '79. Now! Today! We shouldn't be *thinking* about doing these things, it should be just a natural occurrence."

"You see," points out Jimmy, "the people they think are mad are the people that actually do it. They are the madmen of this world. The person who wants to lie on the grass in the nude is a madman. But is he a madman?"

Every man do his thing a little way different.

"And he's doing what he wants to do. Therefore, in front of someone who's walking around in a flash suit on, to him he's mad. But to the bloke in the nude, the bloke going to work eight-to-five is mad.

"Okay," Jimmy adds. "Now this is why I get annoyed about Rock Against Racism. It's gotta be a congregal thing. To me, every time I play a gig it's rock against racism."

"Yes I," puts in Carl. "It's one constant thing. A living thing."

"That's why I put my foot down," Jimmy demonstrates as much. "Another reason I got annoyed was ninety per cent of the people were white, and only ten per cent black. I thought why go out there and shout my mind off about black and white being together when ninety per cent of the audience is white?"

"Listen now," says Carl, "when we say watcha now, we're going to tour with Sham 69, the amount of negative vibration we come up against. Nine out of ten person I-man met them say, 'You tour with Sham 69?' I said yes. True that now, any time the argument come round them say 'Watcha now, how serious you wan' deal with the white man now?'

"And you no fe really take it serious, because it just a natural thing. You don't come so to I and I, you go out there, go play with them because wha'? This is what I's talking about. This is what the I know. This is what the I believe. This is what the I doing. I been doing it for years.

"But them *bombah-claat!* Cimarons been doing this constantly. The place where we play reggae music, people never dream of going there to *blood-clit.*"

"Truly," says Franklyn, "from 1968 that's what Cimarons been doing. Yes I. That way there now. We were rocking against racism before them even start call it that way there."

"Do I have to wear this label saying I only like punk rock?" Jimmy asks. "Oh yes, I've got a lovely rule book and I follow that rule book and don't do anything else. I just walk around with a light bulb hanging from me earhole, couple of swastikas on each side, not knowing what the fuck's going on. Walking in Seditionaries and buying a Destroyers T-shirt, out trotting down the road like a peacock. Is that what it's all about?"

To some people.

"And that's what I'm fighting against. Listen, this country is so lucky. We got rock'n'roll, reggae, jazz, blues, anything you want. In London, you can go to the Palladium, to the Roxy, from opera to punk. That's fucking marvellous. And people are moaning they've got nothing to do, nowhere to go."

But you say: "What have we got? Fuck all."

"Because everybody's got fuck all. From the rich to the poor, we're all fighting to achieve something."

On tour with FRANKIE MILLER:
November 8 University of East Anglia, Norwich
November 10 Newcastle Mayfair
November 11 Rochdale Champness Club
November 12 Redcar Coatham Bowl
November 13 Nottingham Trent Poly
November 15 Aberdeen Ruffles Club
November 16 Glasgow City Hall
November 17 Edinburgh University
November 18 Dundee University
November 19 Dumfries Stagecoach
November 21 Sheffield University
November 22 Keele University
November 23 Hull University
November 24 Huddersfield Poly
November 25 Birmingham University
November 29 Malvern Winter Gardens
December 1 Salford University
December 2 Bircotes Leisure Centre
December 3 Blackburn King Georges Hall
December 5 Plymouth Fiesta
December 6 Cardiff University
December 7 Swansea Nutz
December 8 Leicester Poly
December 9 Slough College
December 11 Weymouth Tech
December 13 Canterbury
December 14 Bristol Brunel Tech
December 15 Birmingham Barbarellas
December 16 West Runton Pavilion
December 17 Croydon Greyhound
Darling
`LOOKIN' KINDA ROCK `N' ROLLED'
c/w `Dead End Kids' CB 326
CHARISMA

MAGAZINE
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Tuesday 21st November **Portsmouth** Locarno
Thursday 23rd November **London** The Venue
Friday 24th November **London** The Venue
Saturday 25th November **Manchester** University
Monday 27th November **Plymouth** Metro
Tuesday 28th November **Bristol** Locarno
Wednesday 29th November **Liverpool** Mountford Hall, University
Thursday 30th November **Lancaster** University

Friday 1st December **Newcastle** University
Saturday 2nd December **Derby** King's Hall
Sunday 3rd December **Middlesborough** Town Hall
Monday 4th December **Sheffield** University
Tuesday 5th December **Leeds** Polytechnic
Wednesday 6th December **Birmingham** Barbarellas
Thursday 7th December **Coventry** Locarno
Friday 8th December **West Runton** Pavillion
Saturday 9th December **Aylesbury** Friars
Sunday 10th December **Cardiff** Top Rank

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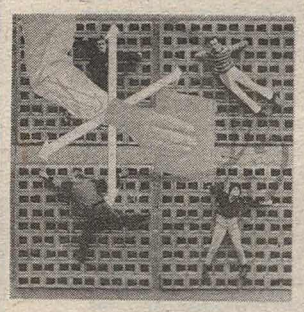

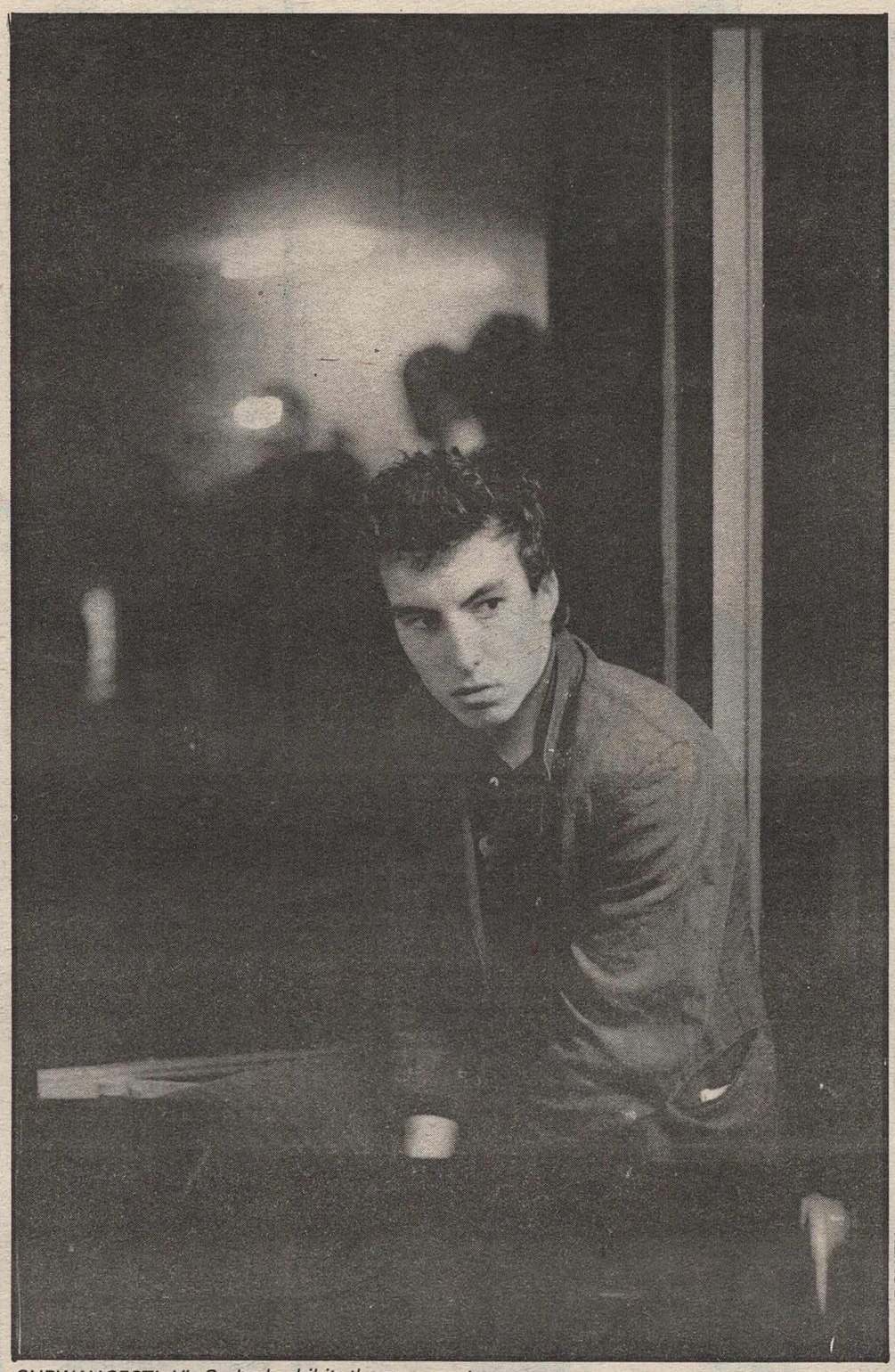

PENNIE SMITH

SUBWAY SECT's Vic Godard exhibits the new angst.

WAITING FOR GODARD

AND OTHER YOUNG INTELLECTUALS

● IN FULL COMMAND
SUBWAY SECT: Ambition *(Rough Trade)*
ALTERNATIVE T.V.: Life *(Deptford Fun City)*

Pop music discovers Vic Godard and has a definite Hit on its hands, the satirical stain of which will not wash off at all easily. If we accept that Tom Verlaine is the missing link between Bob Dylan and Vic Godard then 'Ambition" is no surprise. Or maybe just slightly — who'd have thought it'd be this good? We all knew Subway Sect would hop onto a Pop spot, but with such confidence?

With a refreshed formation, Sect's dancey-jumpy, light-77 machine snickers somewhere between "What Do I Get?" and "Love You More", a grinning Rock Star Godard arranging a tense, elliptical score for dinky-toy organ, furrowing and folded power-guitar, bubbly background squeeks at odds with the skimming, self-mocking rhythm and perfectly kept-secret percussion.

Don't wait to be told how Important Godard is — (definitely one of the People: Lydon, Devoto, Perry, Shelley) — just marvel at his mixture of Peter Noone and Kafka. Come on, hurry up!

Only briefly hint at the connections . . . Perry and Godard make 'clever' music without recourse to any reptillian sophistry or smugness, and who knows where either will move? They both take conventions and well-worn frameworks and adjust, with passion, vision, and the key: *Humour.*

A.T.V.'s "Life" dates from the time when Alex Fergusson was still working in the band — "it was going to be our Xmas single but Alex and I parted company before we could re-record it with the full choir and string accompaniment that it so fully deserves"— R.I.P. Mark Perry.

And "Life" is as about as wonderful as Xmas singles get, jokey, catch-singalong-meaningful: *"Life's about as wonderful as no electricity/I don't like acoustics and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young/Life's about as wonderful as no electricity/I'll make out it's poetry, that's why I'm screaming at yer!"*

The bonus is "Love Lies Limp", the floppy free-disc once given away with *Sniffin' Glue* — pale, peeling-bedroom-reggae, nostalgia which clips in noiselessly, and maybe purposefully, maybe not. Look forward to now.

● OPTIMISM AND PUBLIC LANGUAGE (NO BO DIDDLEY RIFFS AT ALL)
prag VEC: Existential EP *(Spec)*
SCRITTI POLITTI: Skank Bloc Bologna/Is And Ought The Western World/28-8-78 *(St Pancras).*

Two self-financed, self-designed records which make us all want to crack jokes about "Complete Control" and EMI financed revolutionary statements. Our subversive - popular - populist - rock units never even attempted to make these records, and haven't begun to achieve this calm, clear synthesis between commitment, information, and interest.

Two records for useful unrest — that necessary balance between function and heart, political abstracts and personal alienation, past and potential, 'messages' and 'art'. This is a contribution. This is education. With co-operation and co-ordination it might well bring about the right manner of public aggravation.

prag VEC is non-aligned and 'noisy', a 'rock' machine derailed, railing and hesitant, alarming, bitty, brainy. A grainy, grey collage, uncertainty presented as tight and finished, scruffy and untrustworthy. Do you take all that in? What do you expect? *(Can you dance to it? — Ed).*

Scritti Politti are a course between sections and stutters of recent Jamaican music, toy-jazz and Wyatt. Slack and piercing, they don't have to try to have to sound difficult, and would hate to be called 'peculiar' or 'political'. They investigate what Robinson, Clash, China Street, Steel Pulse, Henry Cow etc couldn't or didn't want to investigate or introduce — relationships, alternatives and spaces in a 'political' framework. Saying: this fact isn't separate from this one that political abstracts are not to be lovelessly embraced, quickly, with a fist, a pamphlet. Intuitive, accessible, provocative: the (any) 'revolution' cannot be externalised, sloganized, trivialised, or simplified. And what a prickly, perfectly downbeat dance . . .

Come on.

THE FALL: It's The New Thing *(Step Forward)*

This is going to be "Single Of The Week" everywhere. "Single of The Week" — a convenient cage for it, a container — but then isn't A Single? Flash! There goes The Single — own it, attitude . . . whizwhizwhiz: people stare for a minute: a pic sleeve fading in the window, watching the detectives, watching the men put the fire out? A Thrill.

Poor Fall. To enclose (in other) explanatory words: certain of us here in the corridor (black coffee machines behind our ears) are strongly attached to or something nice to go with the paint in your bedrooms, something NEW. It's a nice game (monopoly?). You're a nice coffee table. Make it yourself?

Whizwhizwhiz . . . but what, Fall, what? What are you aiming for (every one *aims* in the music business?) "It's The New Things" . . . oh, I want to cry, The Fall's naive pessimism. "It's The New Things" — a single about singles . . . the attitude inherent in The Press's engrossed and/or baffled by The Fall. We know, as they do, that they "deserve success", Perhaps they're doomed to be successful. Perhaps they're doomed to abuse friends . . . opportunities . . .

My previous words on The Fall were awkwardly misinterpreted: that The Fall aren't 'street-chic', that comparisons with certain Pop Stars were superficially 'unfavourable', all the incendiary cliches . . . all were aimed to knock The Fall's hesitation into the realities (sic) of Our Leisure Industry. Don't crack, somebody may take?

This is so good . . . but so chummilly fascistic: if you don't agree with The Fall, that's it . . . you're just another digit in the mass conspiracy against The Fall.

"It's The New Thing" you can guess.

"Various Times" is as massive a song as "Ambition" . . . all previous spokesmen redundant (you like that?) Godard (see above) and Smith are admitting things no one has ever liked to touch upon: ignorance, hatred, fear, ambition, impotence, innocence . . . and they are not masked behind the usual communicative methods (intrigue, mystery, cool, peotry, pedantry, decadence, selfpity, romanticism).

We have to own up to these things . . . do we have to own them? Such important messages . . .

TELL ME MARK! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY?

(This single is ultimate, buy it, make The Fall Popular)?

Killing Time With This Week's Singles:
IAN PENMAN

● KANT ASKS ABOUT 'SOUL' BUT CAN'T GET DOWN

FUNKADELIC: One Nation Under A Groove *Warner Brothers)*
EMOTIONS: Whole Lot Of Shakin' *(CBS)*

Undeniable, irresistible. Illogic magic — without and within, helix-twitch tweat beat and blat, a dangerous, perfectly balanced moral bounce — and like all the above rock releases, there's nothing "modern" (yeeuugh) in either of these records beyond their force and usefulness, a radius between feet and flight. You'd be foolish to avoid either. I've no idea which part of the cartoon show Funkadelic are, but the handclaps alone are worth an album, as I'm sure David Cunningham (Flying Lizards) would agree.

The Emotions record is something to restore faith, as in: *I Remember when Soul Music was . . .* Best timing - of - diverse - activities - to - a - conventional - sequence of the week. A sensual dislocation. Yes, fun *can* be intense. Are these Disco records?

● PLAIN CHAPS AND CHANTEUSES

PHIL MANZANERA: Remote Control *(Polydor).*
RACHEL SWEET: B-A-B-Y *(Stiff).*

Manzanera underestimates himself further into a cosier corner of the Plain Chaps market, pretending to be a) exotic b) futuristic c) in control. The promises of the "Diamond Head" expedition were never fulfilled and an idiosyncratic but collapsed-introvert guitarist seems doomed to wander, precisely and perfectly engineered in a wilderness of plastic palm trees and lazy Concepts For The Campus . . . with McKay, Eno, Pursey, and all the other Plain Chaps under fancy dress and duress.

Rachel Sweet seems to be a Dolly Button without the shiny partons; twee, nasal, a song - sung - Pinky - and - Perky over a clownish, loutish, boorish Stiff-stiff-staff riff-rash trash-thrash, migrained geetar solo and all. If Rachel is such a good girl then why's she let herself be moved like a pawn between MALE songwriter, MALE backup band, and MALE record company? Plain, plain, plain.

● TEACH ME FOREIGN LANGUAGES

MARIE ET LES GARCONS: Attitudes/Re Bop *(Spy Import)*

A French band, this the second single to be made available through import channels, and much more definite than the first, massively more definite and separate than any of the newer French rock music. John Cale is involved so it's credible to believe that "Attitudes" recycles old limits and lines without any cloying camp, clamp or crush . . . a full, detached structure of chorus, chant, and instrument filling. Responsibility? Hanging pop, can't nail it . . .

B.B. KING: Hold On (I Feel Our Love Is Changing) *(ABC).*

A perfectly produced record — i.e. you wouldn't know it. The Crusaders are involved — but wait, don't fall asleep, it works, King is the archetypal seen-it-all entertainer whose cuts cut 'cos of what's left out and been left behind. Get the

■ *Continued over page*

DTEO VU OR

Special Guest's Doll by Doll

NOV		
26	EDINBURGH	Odeon
27	GLASGOW	Apollo
29	NEWCASTLE	City Hall
30	SHEFFIELD	City Hall
DEC		
1	BIRMINGHAM	Odeon
2/3	LONDON	Hammersmith Odeon
4	MANCHESTER	Free Trade Hall
6	LIVERPOOL	Empire
7	BRISTOL	Colston Hall

■ *From previous page*

soft-sharp coaxed drum and shark bass, the gospel-hold, the sparse, sweet, swimming guitar. Reminds of Bobby Bland's "Ain't No Love (In The Heart Of The City)". That's class(y). Is this a blues record.

THE MOTORS: Today *(Virgin).*

One strum and pullover nearer a Batchelor's Special Chirstmas Edition takeover. (A joke for your cracker is that both The Motors and The Batchelors are souped up! ha! ha.).

THE COMMODORES: Just To Be Close To You *(Motown).*

Definitely the missing link between The Beatles and Paul McCartney.

YACHTS: Yachting Types *(Radar).*

How we'd all love to see what Andrew Lauder's list to Santa is made up of! Are the Yachts a New Year's Resolution? Is Mike Yarwood involved? Who's slaying the guide?

THE SKIDS: Wide Open *(Virgin).*

Is Deke Leonard the missing link between Black Sabbath and The Skids? Four tracks in red vinyl, which is too near Christmas to be a coincidence. Thump thum thump tum. Is it too late to say mistletoe?

BUZZCOCKS: Lipstick/Promises *(United Artists)*

Howard's choice was right. The lunatic moodiness of the riff . . . oh, gosh, you don't know? This is that partnership which should have been endured: Devoto/Shelley: Intellect/Romance? Pauline/Siouxsie?: Forced naivety/defensive pessimism.

Howard didn't like being out of breath. Went home to the settee and watched "Civilisation". Or so it seems.

"Lipstick"/"Shot By Both Sides" — a twilight song. Both songs use the same riff but it goes a little further than 'riffs' doesn't it?

This is a history, a real romance, a nostalgia which didn't materialise. Play "Lipstick", then play "Shot By Both Sides". Isn't it too obvious? Don't you want to lose control?

Remember "Orgasm Addict".

In other words. 'Rock' music never came this close before *(or alternatively never this far away. What is life? etc — Ed).*

ROCKERS TIME

Don't be put out by sections, name-dropping, the Trend, or the jungle of jumbled elites and erratic mystic exploitative masters.

Reggae, and more essentially *Dub* is as necessary as a toothbrush; no house is at home without it to wake up the walls. If you live outside London and cant get any of the following you should either pester a mail order or start your own shop . . .

TRAMMIE AND MARQUIS: I.M.F. *(Germain Revol. Sounds)*

DEAN: It Takes A Magic *(Phase One)*

Two instrumentals. "I.M.F." is straight-in comical, conical, crackly pop dub, the nearest thing to a vocal being a warm and whacky trombone smoothing and clicking against the bass/drum roof, pushing between the bites and chops of a guillotine-edited guitar. The cowbells solo is Cklii/cwbll/llii great!

The "Dean" drama is similar, with sax instead of trombone: The sax is perculiarly sad actually, pushing up hints and flecks of older, more 'innocent' versions, the pre-Trend plane. Everybody should have records like these.

ALTON ELLIS: Rhodesia *(Joint International)*

First side a song, Ellis puritanical, forthright and believable. Second side producer Keith Hudson plaits one of his Brand name backing tracks (goes from 'Rhodesia' to 'Red Sea') into a subtle, skewery, bony puzzledub, very fine and deceptive — like, look closer and none of the furniture has any legs (is Hudson the Magritte of the mixing console?).

Meanwhile Back At The JA Connexion

THE MYSTIC: Forward With The Orthodox *(Upsetter)*

From sparse to Scratch, and the dub's important again. Producer Lee Perry has the guile to call it 'Orthodox Dub' — this the usual Perry inner ear hollow bubble of cluttered traffic light jabs and jams — just like putting your ear to a seashell (if seashells dropped acid, I-maaaa as a aaan!) The daffy chorus runs throughout: *"Forward with Jah orthodox/And get freeeeedom from the h'income tax."* I'm converted.

HUGH MUNDELL: Book Of Life *(Rockers)*

"Produced by A Pablo" . . . *the* Pablo actually. But this is one occasion when artist is more than equal to producer. Hugh Mundell is approximately the Tim Buckley of this sort of thing, and *that* good a voice over an Augustus Pablo construction is a real swoon.

DENNIS BROWN: A True *(Joe Gibbs)*

Neither the stoned-James Galway flute nor the T'ree Degree backup vocal can diminish the poignancy and pitch of Brown's vocal. Considered as an overall sound, the disc's a success, though Plain Chap(ter) J. Gibbs tries his hardest to stamp t'artiste out in a sea of FX. Surreal thing? Nah.

THE MEDITATIONS: Think So *(Black Ark)*

In terms of sound, like the Everly Brothers trapped inside Nightshift at the Cannery. Very jagged but too long; only harmful in patches.

DELROY WILSON: Consider Yourself *(Cactus)*

I always think of "I'm Still Waiting", Delroy's 1977 Big Hit, and "Consider Yourself" seems an appropriate title as regards decline in performance. A lethargic pop song.

CORNWELL CAMPBELL: My Country *(Cactus)*

In which Cornell triumphs over want of spectacular producer in fine, measured style. Plain, but as emotive a popular music hit as anyone could desire. Easily obtainable.

LEROY SMART AND RANKING JOE: Miserable Woman *(Cactus 12")*

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PERE UBU

UNIQUE IDEAS LEAD TO PRISON

By PAUL RAMBALI

CHRIS GABRIN

L to R: David Thomas, Allen Ravenstine, Scott Krauss, Tony Maimone, Tom Herman

"WE'S home, Huck!". The large, bulky frame squashed into the seat next to me delivers his quote from Mark Twain's fables of a more naive age with that strange mixture of affection and apology that in these post-Watergate times many Americans seem to hold for their birthplace.

The four other Ubu's are not slow to laugh at the underlying irony, as the skyline of the Buffalo metropolis rises over the long arc of the Peace bridge, separating Canada from the U.S. Grey to the eastward horizon, flecked by ore boats carrying crude cargo to the Flats' voracious mills, lies Lake Ontario. Vanishing to the west and still as murky is Lake Erie.

It is a big country. A seven hour drive from Toronto on Ontario's northern shoreline to Cleveland on Erie's southern covers a mere twentieth of the continent's breadth when seen from a map. Seen from the truck's windows the vista hardly alters: arable land, wheat and vine crops soon to be fallow, bright wood-frame houses, thin forests, gleaming new cars. It's homogenous because it's tidy and opulent — unlike Canada, which is unkempt and seems to have a less even distribution of spare change — but above all because there's so much *space*, space enough to be drowned in.

Radio offers a different perspective. The stifling monotony of the rock stations leaves six people, all of whom profess a healthy and positive interest in things musical, blankly dial spinning. Country stations afford a chuckle, but the needle comes to rest on an ethnic broadcast, a station devoted to the large Indian population of the Toronto area. Ragas make reasonable, if unlikely, driving music.

What amuses the passengers, though, are the ad slots: where to get the best deal in used cars, which supermarket has Wheeties on special offer . . . The usual litany of Madison Avenue consumer goading mutated by the ethnic accent and strange penchant for heavy reverb into a most bizarre parody.

"These people," cracks David Thomas, joking up to a point, "ought to be protected from American culture."

Not two minutes over the border, however, and he dives for the dial again, twiddling it to a stop at the football game between the Cleveland Browns and the Buffalo Bills, where it stays through Pennsylvania, through Ohio, down into Cleveland. Thomas hoots occasionally at ploys of a game whose finer points escape me. He looks absorbed, anxious, but happy. The Browns won.

SIGNS of life in Toronto are thin on the ground. The skyscrapers light up through the night, but the streets — bar one Saturday morning shopping drag — are windswept clean and eerie and empty.

There's more happening on TV and in the newspapers. Keith Richards is getting a halo, his habits written off to the strain of art, like Billy Holliday or Janis Joplin, as Pierre Trudeau proves, like he did when granting amnesty to Vietnam dissenters, to be well aware of the youth vote. The Mounties have been accused of corruption, Trudeau promises an investigation. The citizens, meanwhile, seem to be marking time.

No more or less so than in the Horseshoe Tavern, a C&W lounge gone downhill in the middle of an area marked by successive waves of immigration. But the old Chinese street signs have given way to the trendy preserve of the antiques and health food crowd, and inside the Tavern, to the anger of the old American-Indian whose food counter trade has shown a marked decline, Pere Ubu play.

I had no idea they were *that* good.

I knew they were good, of course. Hours, now years, of listening to their records had taught me so. But seeing them live brought home the fact with a stunned certainty.

"Heart Of Darkness", wildly different from its incarnation on the b-side of their first single, blows streamlined gusts of sound into the big, dark room. The force of performance is such that people hardly have time to draw their breaths before it's over and the gleam in Thomas' eye says "take *that*!" rightly proud. Any trace of the coarse bluster of the original which, though appealing, sometimes made me wonder why I liked what could have been just a hipper Hawkwind, is after two years' growth inevitably gone. Replaced by a cooler, tighter sensitivity, no less potent.

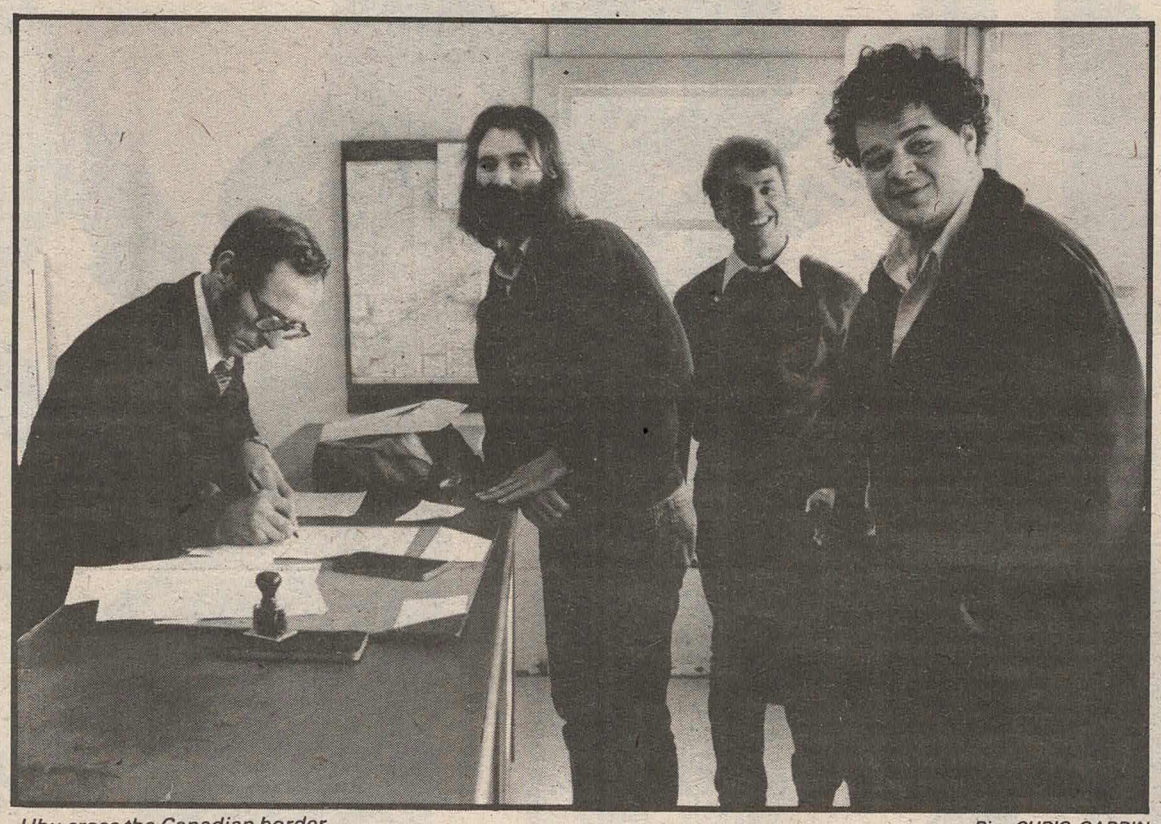
Just as in the wake of those four prized Hearthan singles that staved off the emptier months of '77 — "30 Seconds Over Tokyo", "Final Solution", "Street Waves" and "The Modern Dance" — their "Modern Dance" album seemed at first to be an under-achievement, or the wrong achievement, so there has been a further refinement. Thomas says the band took leaps and bounds in the studio for "Dub Housing", not all of them comfortable, some of them positive upheavals, but the results are plainly glimpsed on record and on stage.

Even Ubu's older songs refuse to take on the tired taint of 'back catalogue' in the light of this. They don't seem, as many bands do, eager to get the old news out of the way and get into the new. Each and every song lives.

This has a lot to do with the band-as-unit ethos that Thomas will later expound. Everybody contributes, but the glory is the band's. Scott Krauss' crisp, propulsive drums would not mean a thing.

■ Continued over page

I've been listening to this music for almost two years now, and I still find more depth, more inspiration, more surprises every time. There's an intensity of vision here that rock only throws up once in a blue moon.



Ubu cross the Canadian border *Pic: CHRIS GABRIN*

From previous page

without the rhythmic flesh of Tony Maimone's bass, which could only work with Tom Herman's splintered, spidery guitar, which has to counterpoint Thomas' broken, fretful vocals, which are atmospherically charged by Allen Ravenstine's static bursts ...

Though the real centre of this circle is the band, there's visually a more compelling fulcrum. David Thomas' presence lends an air of the surreal wherever he goes: the shopping centre, the gas station, the stage — the effect of this big, overcoated figure is the same. People become unsettled, ever so slightly.

When Thomas sings, his screwed-up features resemble the Orson Welles of *Citizen Kane*, his manner equally tense and intense. When he jokes and small-talks between songs, he looks like the rotund half of the Abbot & Costello team, shuffling his weight from foot to foot as would a baby elephant.

The Tavern crowd sit at long tables drinking beer dispassionately. An odd quietness — not quite awaiting the band because there's no eagerness or tension, more just a marking of time — and the fact that it seems to be very cool to look like a member of Kansas combine to make the British visitor, used to a bit more uproar and bustle on these occasions, somewhat uneasy.

To his surprise though, they warm to the bundle of open nerve ends — as Thomas was once fairly accurately described — with curiosity and amusement. They seem to thrill to the band too. But Thomas has to work to break their ice, being garrulous and friendly, an onstage role he doesn't seem quite comfortable with.

"Yeah," he agrees, "I know that the singer is the frontman, and his job is to be the interface between the band and the audience, but that is not related to singing. I sing during the song and then during the breaks my job more specifically is to prepare the audience in various ways; to clear their brains out from the last song, to get them ready for the next, to entertain them even.

"We want to eliminate the us vs. them thing," he declares, adding in mock neanderthal tones; "we artists, you audience. That's bullshit. I'm so tired of that stuff. A performance is a social event. It's like when you come over to someone's house you don't just sit there an stare at them."

I relate the culture shock I experienced at the first gig I ever saw in America — how an attitude of "come on, I paid my five bucks, entertain me" seemed stiflingly pervasive.

"That reduces things to the level of whoredom: you play, get your money, and leave. I don't want to be a whore. And I resent it when I'm forced into that position.

"There's always this thing about bands thinking that the audience should rave about them all the time, that the audience is their tool. That's bullshit too. Musicians tend to expect from audiences as much as audiences expect from musicians; so while the audience is sitting there expecting the band to entertain them, the band is up there expecting the audience to love them.

"It's the whole worship of personality cult that, for instance, this interview, any interview is contributing towards. All that stuff is pretty irrelevant."

Which doesn't mean that Pere Ubu don't like to play live, just the opposite in fact: "I like live music more than recorded music," says Thomas, "that's when a band is actually a band. That's when it counts."

It's just a syndrome which leads to certain inevitable contradictions between Thomas' role as frontman and central visual presence, and his job as singer.

"The band is a unit. Because I attract a lot of the attention doesn't mean that isn't so. But, oh, I hate performing," he cheerfully admits. "It's real hard to get up there. Obviously I have to take a lot of shit because of my size and all that and because of the way I act. But part of the discipline is that you get up there and you do it."

NOTHING much happens in Cleveland. Nothing at all, in fact. I'm struck by people who look like the grotesque caricatures of Ralph Steadman's American nightmare. Only he wasn't exaggerating — those people really do exist.

An unspoken curfew falls at dusk, and the streets are morbidly empty except for maybe a group of teenage stragglers walking to and from their cars, or perhaps the odd trace of night-time vermin.

Like the hookers soliciting passing cars down on Prospect Avenue, a tenderloin of seedy hotels and run-down bars amidst which, like a black hole time warp surrounded by neon signs, stands a fine example of American Gothic architecture called the Plaza, where all the members of Pere Ubu except David Thomas live.

The Plaza was built to house the mistresses of the financial barons who controlled the city's industrial wealth during its heyday, the latter part of the last century. At the start of that century Cleveland was the frontier, the wild west, a prime settlement because of its position on Ohio's Cuyahoga river delta. At the end of that century the influential Rockefeller family moved east to New York, because the city councillors had hassled their plans to erect a huge corporate centre building, trying to prove that Rockefeller didn't really run the town.

That was the turning point. The vitality started to dissipate and after the '40s things really went downhill, though decades of American post-war prosperity hid the fact till now. For example the extensive city parks system, a product of times of more benevolent government, has festered. The sprawling Liberty Park has become a lawless zone, its gardens deteriorating into swamp.

"There are lots of things like that all over the city," bemoans Thomas, "not just parks. The housing projects have become ghettos, and the newer estates in the suburbs will too when the money runs out. Neglect is basically the problem. The city has been left to die."

And what do you do in a dying city where there's nothing to do except drive around, coasting the street waves, with the radio on. Thomas is loyal to the city's once great FM station — the station that broke Bowie in the States, as the jargon goes — though it's now indistiguishable from any other, awaiting the onset of aural computerisation, because that's what the most amount of listeners find the least offensive, the least likely to surprise them.

You might drive around the Flats, the dark sprawl of heavy industry on the Cuyahoga river beds, watching the steam bursts from the safety valves of a gleaming tangle of pipes that run for square miles, between the stockyards and diesels and giant foundries that smelt the raw materials for Detroit's motor vehicle conveyor belts, a few hundred miles further up the Great lakes.

Everybody drives in America. They drive their cars to the shopping malls, the "new centre of urban community" according to an article in *New Times* recently. People meet in the enclosed environmental womb of shops and cinemas and fountains and benches — maybe that's why the streets are so desolate — and there are different malls for different spending groups, evinced by the type of fast food snack on sale.

Up-market malls sell waffles, but down-market malls sell Dog-on-a-stick. Thomas's favourite is Randall Park Mall, where you can buy your batter-dipped hot dog from a place lined with behind-the-counter mirrors, so when the mini-skirted waitress bends down to get your dog out of the fat, you get a flash. Not for nothing did Americans invent the term "gross".

"PEOPLE outside Cleveland have all these illusions about what it must be like here. They're all wrong. They have no idea of the desperation that is actually here. They haven't gone through the things that people go through here. People go through the same things everywhere else, but there's outlets.

"New York, for instance is big. You can get lost, or find diversions. In Cleveland there's not that many things to do, so you're stuck with the desperation all the time. You can run away and have the illusion that it's better but it's the same in most places. All the trappings are removed in Cleveland and there's no way you can escape it except by giving up. Not sinking into it, but finding your place in it and trying to do the best you can."

Place in what? In a system that allows, on one level, the worst kind of bumbling bureaucratic self-interest. The local gas company, for example, came close to destroying the city last year when they created a gas shortage so as to raise prices. An exceptionally cold winter meant the already artificially low levels fell further, and there was imminent danger of a catastrophic blow-back explosion.

And on a more specific level, in a system that ignores one of the most creative and important new bands in the whole of America in favour of the imported sanitized output of the country's rock megalith. Pere Ubu played their first gig in Cleveland since touring Europe and recording their new album. An event of sorts. Local band makes good etc ... They were lucky to get a mention in he gig lists.

People prefer their muzak from the bar bands, where most Cleveland musicians end up if they want their daily bread, playing copies of popular songs in what must be a soul-crushing impersonation of a mobile juke-box.

"All Cleveland bands keep talking about 'going original'," explains Thomas, "but they put it off year after year, and after about five or six years they become shellshocked. They've been playing the game so long they become real bitter and cynical. They've been machines so long they reach the point where all they can do is reproduce other people's sounds. They do it real well too. They're *excellent* musicians.

"It's probably the same around the country but it's pretty intense here. Cleveland is a closed world, so everything is real underground, real insulated. There's been excellent underground bands playing since at least '71, and it's still the same. There's been no money put into it, nobody taking any chances."

But surely people get tired of hearing bland copies of a kind of music that is already so vacuous it's a wonder it doesn't simply vanish away into the ozone. Surely if you eat hamburgers all the time there'll come a day when you crave a piece of steak? It transpires that I'm knocking my head against a wall that Thomas long ago tested the thickness of.

"We've been going for almost four years now. I gave up trying to beat the system at least 18 months ago. The only thing we can do about it is to keep playing the places where all the underground bands play, and try to support it as much as possible.

"Johnny does a lot, and he gets a lot of grief for it" — that's John Thompson, who runs the city's only real record shop, the Drome, and who shares a house with Thomas in the quiet tree-lined suburbia of Cleveland Heights, where we are now ensconced — "the record companies think he has a bad attitude, the radio stations won't run his ads, and now the customs department is on his back."

The Drome recently acquired an old cinema where, as Thomas puts it, "Johnny keeps organising these special entertainment events, and hardly anybody shows up."

All of which helps explain why when Allen Ravenstine says "we've never really felt appreciated until we played England." His gratitude is genuine. And why when Thomas tells me they recently sold out four nights in a Chicago club — a modest feat in these stadium-scale days of US rock gigs — and is justifiably proud. And why when Tom Herman laughs at the suggestion that Pere Ubu are now famous, saying: "when people in Cleveland ask me what band I'm in and don't say 'pear *what?*' when I tell them ..."

Cleveland, like Thomas says, is a heartbreaking city.

PERE Ubu made their first record at the beginning of '76 — an oscilloscope trace of the in-flight tension during a wartime bombing run, still very scarey to hear — for the absolute simplest of reasons.

"We wanted to have the record and hold it in our hands and look at it and play it," says Thomas with unconscious innocence.

"I was tired of all these bands just disappearing without trace. That was why all those early records were made — because we wanted to leave something behind before we disappeared — 'cause that was expected at any moment.

"Then it wasn't a band as such, the name Pere Ubu was just put on the

Main pic: PAUL SLATTERY Others: CHRIS GABRIN

label. There was a connection between what I wanted to next and the concept of the Ubu character, but that has still changed. I still see a connection. It would take a long time for me to explain, but it's becoming less and less important. What it acts as is a colouring. It colours everything a certain way, shades it, tints it . . . "

As did, for instance, Steve Taylor's brilliant cover illustration for "The Modern Dance." The Red Guard implications of the cover and of songs like "Chinese Radiation" and "Humour Me" were not explicit statements so much as broad sketches, to be read into if desired, nowhere near as didactic and therefore in a rock context as facile as The Clash's latest turns.

Thomas himself seems to mistrust the word politics and doesn't subscribe to any political solutions. And a lot of the words to the songs just tumble out anyway . . .

" 'Heart Of Darkness' was actually the first Ubu song, which fits in because it's also the most primitive. It was real loose because we'd only been together about four times, most of which effort was put into translating 'Tokyo' from what it had been to something new. Between recording it and putting it out various efforts were made to get the band working as a band. Then the band was broken up and reformed because of various personal things. Other

"Most rock music is wallowing in sexuality!"

members . . . problems they were having . . ."

"30 Seconds Over Tokyo" was originally a Rocket From The Tombs song, as was "Final Solution" — *not* a song about the holocaust, I hasten to add, but a simple trivial and comic story. Rocket From The Tombs also featured two members of the Dead Boys and the late Peter Laughner, a member of Pere Ubu for a short time, who died through drug abuse. It's a cloudy side of their past, that Thomas is loathe to recall.

Vainly searching for some kind of credibility on their last album, The Dead Boys added Laughner's voice saying over and over "I'm dead" behind one of the tracks. Here's a more enlightened perspective from Thomas:

"Peter was a very talented musician; he was also a very talented artist. He was also a fool, and the fool killed him."

Allen Ravenstine, whom Thomas once said was at the core of the band's music, came in and out of the band at that time. He used to be a painter, but showed interest in electronic music when a friend showed him how to convert a fuzz box into a tone generator.

Finally someone told him he could get all the gadgets he was playing around with in one box — called a synthesiser. So he bought an EML model, which are mostly used for sound effects and teaching. Weather Report's Joe Zawinul is the only other musician who uses one.

Ravenstine's decision that he could indeed play live brought the band to the verge of solidarity. When Tony Maimone — who also plays the uncredited piano on some of Ubu's songs — replaced Tim Wright in July of '76 they solidified.

Thomas had then been singing for nearly two years, after an aborted spell at college and a stint as music writer for a local paper called *The Scene*.

"I originally wanted to be a guitar player, but my fingers are horribly stubby and worthless for that stuff," he admits, holding his hand up in evidence. "So the next thing was singing. I could just start singing. I was real horrible, *real* bad for a long time. I still can't understand how people can put up with my singing. But I know I get better and if they want to put up with it while I get better . . .

"But I'm surprised. I've learned that a lot of this other singing, this rock'n'roll singing, is absurdly simple! That's why I like singers like Beefheart and Roy Orbison and all those others that transmit some sort of *character.*"

THEY'RE a hard band to define, this Pere Ubu. If you think they're playing weird industrial robomusic for this year's fetish then you're probably the kind of person who tends to believe what you read without bothering to verify the truth of the matter and this will cause you no end of problems in later life.

What can I say? I've been listening to this music for almost two years now, and still find more depth, more inspiration, more surprises every time. There's an intensity of vision here that rock only throws up once in a blue moon — like, say, "Astral Weeks".

Ubu's songs aren't about one thing or another, nor do they toe to any underlying attitude. They mostly just experience things. And they communicate feeling with an amazing unconscious eloquence. Like after seeing a really good film you feel like you've just borrowed somebody else's eyes to look at somebody else's world for however long it was . . .

"Well," says Thomas, because Pere Ubu are as hard to explain as they are to define. "When you make a film you try to make it real, or most film-makers do. Most music is not. It does not attempt to deal with creating something that's real, that has as many facets as real things do, real situations, whatever. Most rock'n'roll music is dealing with fantasy, with the old macho sexuality. Most rock music is wallowing in sexuality!

"And then a lot of just deals with the horror aspects of things. A lot of art bands get involved with how bad it all is and the nightmare of it, or the comedy, or the terror, and that's also limited. That's not real either.

"The point is to try as much as possible to reproduce, or try to create, a reality. And to try to appeal on as broad and full and deep a dimensional level as possible. Rather than just" — and here he makes a noise that sounds uncannily like Thin Lizzy — "that sort of thing.

"So my job in the unit is to try to be the talking that goes on inside your brains, okay? Everybody in the band has various jobs related to that. Obviously the words inside your head are all about the same thing: the world and you. So what I write is all about the same thing although I couldn't say 'that thing is such and such . . .' We just try to create a reality, a human reality."

This kind of thing comes hard to Thomas. His eyes shift nervously and his speech stumbles, aware that he might sound pretentious, but finding no other way to express it. So, I offer, you're reflecting this environment?

"That's a real problem. Because obviously you reflect something, but it's difficult to talk about that stuff when you get into a situation like the band, which is a unit. Everybody is equal and contributes as much, and a lot of times come from real opposite directions on the same issues, but all perceive the same thing, all perceive the unit. So it's not a simple mirror, more a synthesis. The unit directs everything. The direction of the band, since a long time ago . . . We go with what the band is saying. The unit is in control, so we tend to let everything else sort of happen.

"For instance, at a certain point the critics will start turning against us. *Fine.* I have nothing to do with that. Our job is to create the unit and the music and the performance. The only time we exist is when we're on stage, and the most important thing is performance.

"But, yeah, the studio is a great place. It's the ideal performance place because you get the best sound there, and it's a challenge. It's like a football game: you have to perform within a set period and you have to do the best you possibly can.

"We got stronger in the studio while we were making 'Dub Housing', as people, as musicians, everything. It was a major transition. I mean, we all had to have jobs until late this summer. The last person stopped his outside job in September. It's a whole other world now. To be able to do this, to just do music, is an amazing achievement. We've worked so long, it's very important to us to be able to do this. Scott has a family, he has two kids. Allen has a kid. Tom has a kid coming. I'm the youngest person in the band and I'm twenty-five.

"I'm deliriously happy that I'm now getting paid to do music and proud too because everybody has been working at getting to this point for a long time. It is a transition period."

THEY are, no two ways around it, a strange band. Just as their music is at times utterly without light, so there is at times a bitterness about them that can't be dispelled. But then reality isn't always bright and jolly, and life would only get depressing if it was.

They are, in other ways, a very remarkable band. Most of their music stems from seeds of ideas from any particular member improvised and shaped into songs. They record at Cleveland's Suma studio with Ken Hamann — who's been a recording engineer since the '40s — cutting virtually live.

It's a traumatic way to work. There's a huge hole in one of the walls of the Plaza made by Tom putting his fist through it in a fit of exasperation.

That it's a volatile mixture of people can be sensed in the tenseness in the air when they get together that, even in trivial moments, is equally hard to dispell.

David Thomas says he feels that he will never be in a band like this again.

I say that's because there won't be a band like this again.

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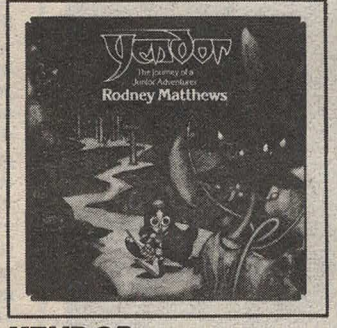

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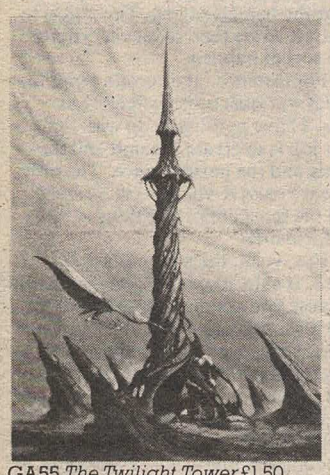

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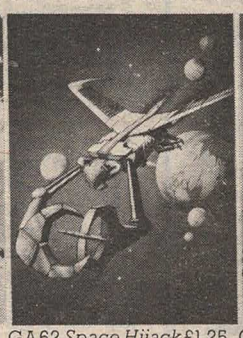

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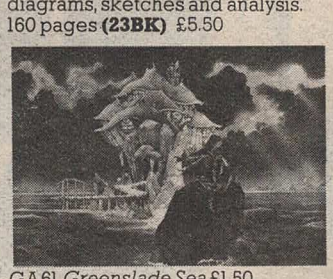

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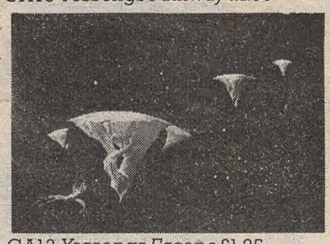

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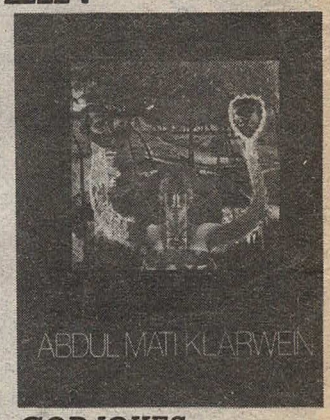

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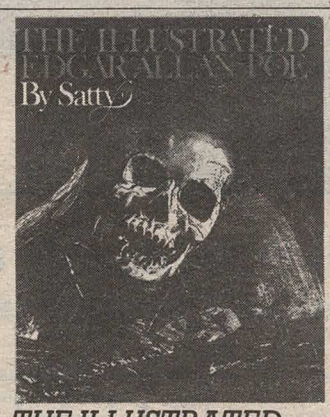

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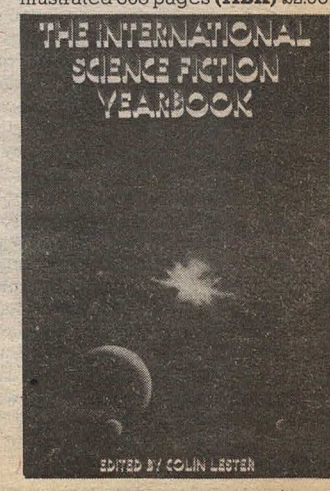

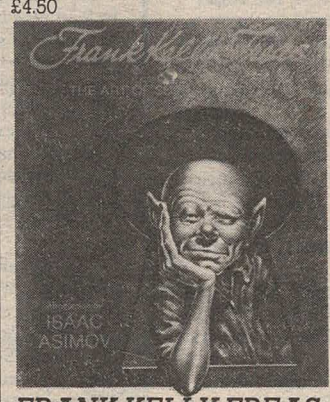

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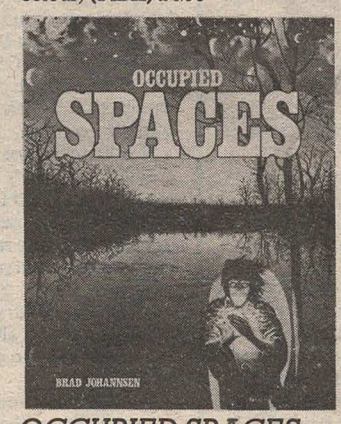

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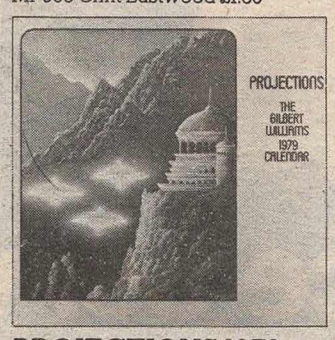

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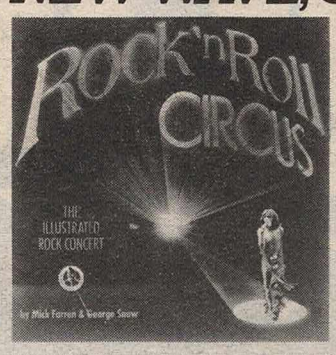

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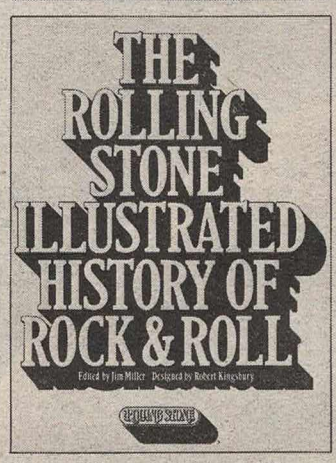

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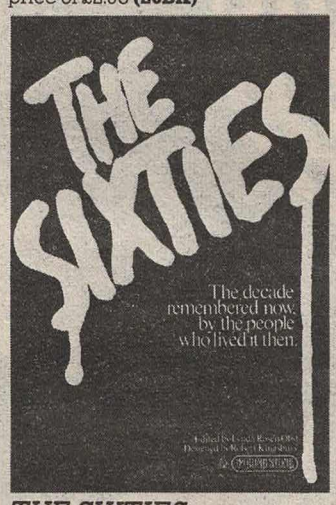

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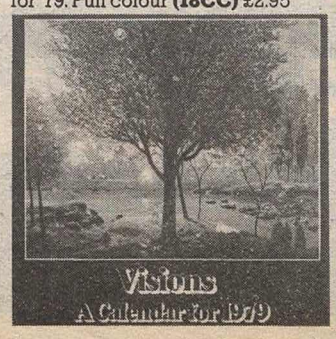

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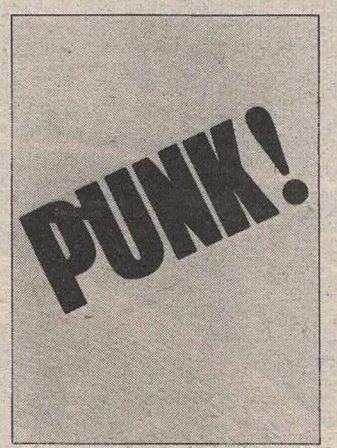

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NOW THAT WE'VE FOUND A HIT . . .

. . . we're not deserting our roots. At least, that's what THIRD WORLD tell CHRIS SALEWICZ, who is too smashed to disagree.

BY JAMAICAN standards, Third World are pretty unique. Going against the run of the studio-dominated JA music scene, founder members guitarist Stephen "Cat" Coore and keyboardsman Michael "Ibo" Cooper conceived the group as both a recording unit and a working road band.

There are, in fact, only something like ten bands in Jamaica that actually work together with any kind of consistent line-up.

Third World bassist Richie Daley dumps the blame for this situation on the notoriously corrupt Jamaican music business set-up.

In the Gloucester Road service flat the six-piece band are renting for their first European dates since supporting Bob Marley at the Lyceum in 1975 he sits on a couch next to this rhythm partner drummer Willy Stewart and peers through his aviator shades.

"When you find musicians in Jamaica constantly moving in different directions and playing with other people," he tells me, "it's not because they're seeking new musical experiences but because the business is not right.

"They're constantly trying to find their corner. If the business was more honest you wouldn't come across that situation because it's to your advantage to have a group that's really tight both spiritually and musically so that you can have a consistent growth."

Playing throughout the island as a dance band after forming in 1973, Third World's gruelling gigging carries echoes of the intensive care treatment that the Fab Foursome put their music through during their Hamburg days.

"Jamaica," says Willy Stewart, "must be one of the hardest places in the world to play if you're a dance band. You start a gig at nine o'clock and at four the next morning you're just finishing.

"So you just better have enough repertoire because most of the time you just can't repeat anything at all — just maybe three or four of the most popular songs."

However, in contrast to Willy's claim that "in Jamaica you couldn't go on a trip of playing your own exclusive stuff because you just wouldn't eat", Richie maintains that what initially got Jamaicans into the band was that they didn't simply provide aural clones of the JA Top Ten numbers but also severely re-interpreted them.

He himself introduced Third World to an embryonic re-arrangement of the Gamble/Huff-penned O'Jays album cut "Now That We Found Love" used by his previous outfit, Tomorrow's Children. But the same two Philly songwriters were already providing a considerable percentage of the band's repertoire in the form of covers of other Philly acts that would get played back to back with Motown classics and Santana cuts.

Anyway, this apprenticeship lasted two years.

Early in 1975 Third World as it then was (Willy Stewart replaced Cornell Marshall as drummer after "Third World", the outfit's first album) journeyed to Blighty, signed a contract with Island Records, and played the Marley-supporting dates.

In 1977 they put out the rather lacklustre "96 Degrees In The Shade" as the successor to 75's highly promising first album — and had little contact with the UK.

The story is brought up to date by the current sizable success of the excellent "Now That We Found Love" and the sell-out show that Third World are toting round British concert halls.

All that seems necessary to solidify the group's new status is for "Journey To Addis", the eminently listenable third LP, to enter the album charts — which seems on the cards considering the likelihood of a second hit single in the tastefully-arranged harmonies of "Cool Meditation", the follow-up to the Gamble and Huff hit.

Of course, this almost surprising breakthrough by the band is hardly down just to the new acceptability of reggae the New Wave brought in its wake — though that's helped.

In retrospect, it should have been quite obvious that Third World would happen: they've put themselves through it on the JA danceband circuit; dug even deeper foundations in 1976 with a four-month States tour which no doubt helped the first two albums break into the Top 100; and last-year was spent closer to home touring the Caribbean, Guyana and Surinam, and writing both material for "Journey To Addis" and the music, words and choreography for "Explanitations", a celebration the group put on at Kingston's Little Theatre to resounding Jamaican critical and popular acclaim at the beginning of this year.

A lot of experience and upward motion . . .

PERHAPS IT was coincidence, or maybe a little bit Jah-ordained, but "Explanitations" coincided with The Peace in Jamaica, an occurrence emphasised in the show's closing number, "Now That We Found Love".

In detailing this series of events to me Richie puts stress on the number's 'in mental parentheses' title — "Now That We Found Love (What Are We Going To Do With It)".

(Shortly prior to that Third World had experienced a large Jamaican singles hit with "Street Fighting", a cut unissued in this county but featured in the current stage set.)

Shortly after "Explanitations" closed in March all six members crossed the island from Kingston and journeyed the 60 miles or so to the sumptuous greenery of Port Antonio on the north coast.

There, in the equable climate that the county of Portland offers, they psyched themselves up for the making of "Journey To Addis" at Compass Point Studio in Nassau . . . by spending three weeks rehearsing and exercising their bodies in the sea and in the hills and, no doubt, by meditating with herb stalks.

"Journey To Addis" lists Alex Sadkin as producer.

But Daley claims that Sadkin, whose reputation lies in his work with US disco/funk acts like KC And The Sunshine Band, actually worked in the capacity of engineer while the band themselves attended to the actual creative end.

Had Island Records insisted on his use in an attempt to score a hit record?

"Island introduced him to us but they didn't insist we work with him," says Willy Stewart. "It was just' 'Well, here's Alex Sadkin' and the vibe was right."

Of course, their recording with such a non-reggae producer/engineer highlights the stock criticism levelled at Third World; that they are hardly a *Roots* act.

And of course this is correct — at least in terms of the humid, soul-connecting sound pictures of an Augustus Pablo or a Winston Rodney, a man in whose visual stance alone you can almost see the psychic presence of Jamaican music.

It should hardly detract, though, from the gracious, clear-headed beauty of the sounds, harmonies and funky edge of "Journey To Addis". And if the success of "Now That We Found Love" draws record buyers into checking "Man In The Hills" or "Garvey's Ghost" then Third World will have fulfilled their lickle end of the JA/reggae/Rasta deal.

And then again — the cool black Youths strutting their boss dance steps throughout the Oxford Polytechnic gig I attended didn't seem to be feeling much need to genuflect to the criticisms of a handful of white rock writers.

Willy sees the criticism as a question of missed focus and incorrect definition on the part of the critics:

"That's so stupid. Roots is within yourself. The roots is not the music. *We* are the roots. It's *our* naturality, so how can they say that? And the joke is," he raised his voice, "that this album will probably be number one on the chart in a roots country, selling in large quantities *in the ghetto*. So this is all foolishness. Music is music."

"For so many people," continues Richie, "if you play them a song then they'll feel they have to classify it before they can tell you whether they like it. But when we do a song like 'Now That We've Found Love' we don't consciously consider whether it's funk or whether it's reggae. We just play it as it's felt. We don't think, 'Let's head for the soul charts'."

AT THIS point Cat enters the room. Stephen "Cat" Coore of the Tribe of Reuben, lead guitarist and one-third of a three-way songwriting team completed by lead vocalist Bunny "Rugs" Clarke and Ibo Cooper.

What is his opinion of this business of roots?

Cat picks up some skins and sits down. He starts to roll a spliff.

"*Everything* is roots, y'know," his soft voice tells me. "Everything must have a root, so really I don't think that the argument has any weight at all. People in Jamaica are very free. They're into all sorts of things . . . About the only thing" — he laughs — "that they can't get into is somebody like Dolly Parton.

"Let me tell you: on the week I left Jamaica there were 14 foreign records on the Top 20 — O'Jays, Billy Joel, Floaters . . . And, y'know, the whole trip of roots is just . . . roots. Where you're coming from.

"But basically," he continues, "God gives every man a work to do. And my work happens to be this. And God — *Jah* — was the one who gave me this work so I couldn't let a man who God created spoil it."

There is much more of the evangelist in Cat Coore than in either member of the rhythm section — apart from the fact that the old herb's probably doing its bit in driving along the lateral logic, fundamentalist politics are certainly in his blood.

Another point of interest: his father was until recently Prime Minister Michael Manley's Minister of Finance, and he and Manley have apparently been friends since schooldays.

When he was still a child, says Cat, his father was a lawyer while his Trinidadian mother was a music teacher. But though his parents were middleclass the nature of the Jamaican social structure meant that he wasn't isolated from children from less fortunate backgrounds.

Personally I'm inclined to feel that it was the nature of his attitudes and those of his family that ensured he wasn't cut off from other kids. Though no doubt they'd side more with the right-wing PNR than Manley's leftish JLP there are still quite a lot of anachronistically role-playing middle-class Jamaican citizens.

"Sure," he agrees, "I was Mr So-and-so's son from across the gully but it didn't make no difference to them. We used to fly the same kite, eat the same food, smoke the same herb. All talk the same way. And when the police came and raided us they took *all* of us to jail. That's something the English should dig. I doubt that Mr Callaghan is friends with many poor kids.

"But in Jamaica now it's different. People have got a bit of a different outlook now".

One may assume that Third World's rigorous US work has contributed to their adeptness at easing out of Jamaican dialect into CBS EngSpeak.

They have an American management company and have toured with the likes of Boz Scaggs.

Just as their stage show is paced like a white rock band's, Third World go about the business of being interviewed with almost sophisticated professionalism.

America, Willy and Richie feel, is, despite its entrenchment in a blue tradition, slowly giving way to the force of reggae. But, ironically, it seems to be black Americans who are the most reggae-resistant.

Cat is contemptuous of militant black Americans: "They're a joke. I've never met a true militant black American yet."

Unfortunately, he tells me, he has to compare such Americans with men "like Bobby Vincent, the dread from whom I got my grounation."

Fot the last 30 years, since he made his exit from organised colonial (as it then was) society in his Mid-20s, Bobby Vincent has lived out on the beach:

"He just lives out on the beach with a boat and about 70 or 80 other dreads who are just *incredible* people. When some of them speak it's just like listening to a history book. They're about 86 or 87 and look about 50.

"I've never got such a strong feeling from anyone outside of that. I really *love* those people."

MAYBE THE sound of fireworks in the street reminds him of trigger-happy Jamaican cops ("They all think they're Starsky and Hutch these days") but Cat's thought processes leave the beach.

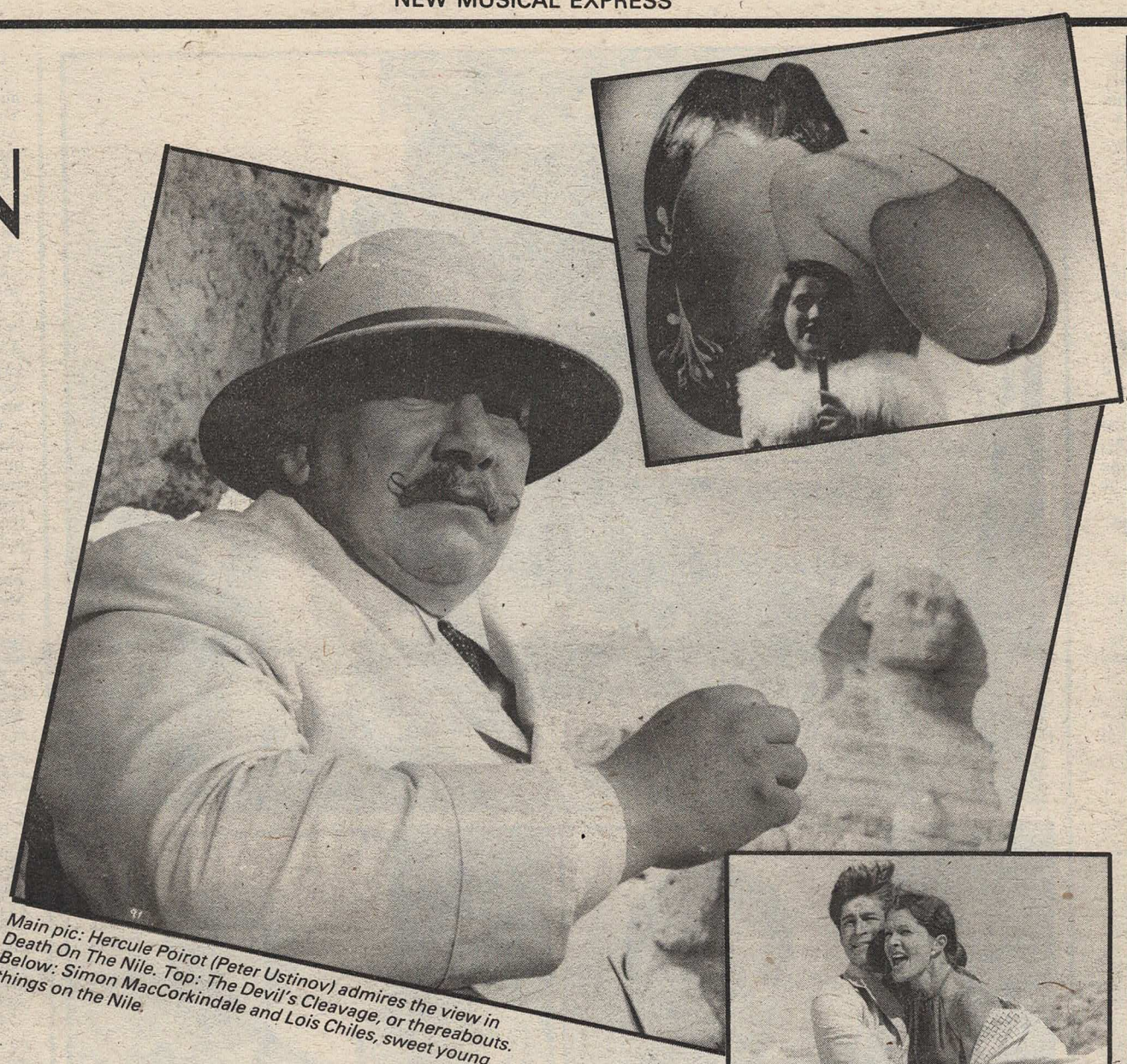
"Babylon is a state of mind that usually manages to exist in big cities like New York," he announces. "It's all a complete illusion, though, because when you close your eyes you don't see it at all."

It's very logical, I say, that New York should have such a flourishing cocaine culture. It is rather a wired up place.

"Yeahmon," he nods. "Coke like they take it in the States really wires

■ *Continues page 61*

SILVER SCREEN



Main pic: Hercule Poirot (Peter Ustinov) admires the view in Death On The Nile. Top: The Devil's Cleavage, or thereabouts. Below: Simon MacCorkindale and Lois Chiles, sweet young things on the Nile.

The Agatha and the ecstacy

Death On The Nile

Directed by John Guillermin
Starring Peter Ustinov
(EMI)

Inevitable, I suppose, that after the handsome success of *Murder On The Orient Express* EMI should opt for a virtual carbon copy with this, the second of their big budget Agatha Christie adaptations. And the third in the series, *Evil Under The Sun*, is already underway.

About the most you can hope for *that* is that Peter Ustinov retains the role of Hercule Poirot, Miss Christie's engagingly egocentric Belgian detective. By far preferable to Albert Finney's previous Poirot — all smarmy, studied affectation — Ustinov's natural eccentricity is the one stabilising factor on this ship of fools.

His obsessive clinging to routine and barely-suppressed tetchiness seem positively endearing qualities when set against the sweet and sour, young and old dahlings on board the luxury steamboat Karnak, cruising the Nile in the '30s.

And it is Ustinov's peculiarly effective comic timing which helps dampen any disappointment in discovering that John Guillermin has copied the *Orient Express* blueprint with a dedication that is not so much cautious as slavish — but wheras Sidney Lumet's direction was sweeping and stylish, Guillermin's is static and stylised.

Even the cocktail's ingredients, more set than stirred, are similar, swapping Bette Davis for Lauren Bacall, Jane Birkin for Jacqueline Bisset, Jack Warner for Richard Widmark, etbloodycetera, fourteen star parts in all. And the story — granted, succintly adapted by *Sleuth*-author Anthony Shaffer — just isn't as sinisterly atmospheric as the late Paul Dehn's elegant script for *Orient Express*.

That the boat is populated by as unlikely, and unlikeable, a bunch as a teasing writer could dream up is, of course, three parts of the enjoyment and the accomplished players (particularly the delightfully inebriated Angela Lansbury and the frightfully constipated Maggie Smith) revel in the occasional bitchiness of Shaffer's one-liners.

But the whodunnit bit is curiously easy to guess, and I'm the sort of bloke who can't usually figure out where the next round is coming from. Fortunately, it's the 'howdunnits', unfurled in *Petrocelli*-like flash-backs, which throw you every time.

Monty Smith

The Devil's Cleavage

Directed by George Kuchar
(Scala)

Quite what determines the avant garde's periodic rediscovery of excrement I cannot say, but this season's vogue is dogshit and I advise all high steppers everywhere to get in on the ground floor while significance lasts.

Pink Flamingos fed some to a fat lady, while the latest New York underground import, *The Devil's Cleavage*, features such generous footage in tandem with a romantic soundtrack that one wondered if director Kuchar hadn't got hold of the wrong end of Pavlov altogether.

Maybe I'm being doomy, but it seems to me that if you offer a chap a chocolate and then kick him up the bum, he is more likely to get browned off than he is to turn his eyes inwards. Kuchar plainly disagrees, and bombards the screen with the narrative cinema's manipulative devices to cheat against his own rigmarole of random happenings. Pointless to demand the point of this exercise since deadpan — like dogshit — is tops in the credo, and stasis the Holy Ghost.

All the women wear George Robey eyebrows and lipstick that misses, and tear at all the men's T-shirts in a travesty of lust. A misty lense and fruity strings accompany close-ups of meals and dogshit without regard to race, colour or religion, and everybody's prose is uniformly overblown.

"My eyes have been temporarly blinded by that star out there on the Western horizon. Venus? Is that who you are?" I prefer my *Now Voyagers* neat, no guide.

Brian Case

The Greek Tycoon

Directed by J. Lee Thompson
Starring Anthony Quinn and Jacqueline Bisset
(CIC)

There's something naggingly familiar about stories of Greek shipping magnates, fiery prima donnas and assassinated president's widows. Unable to decide between The Casting Of Maggie and The Real Barnes Wallis, I finally gave up and let *The Greek Tycoon* exist in its own right as a sloppy, sentimental, snob-pandering piece of crap, and wistfully wished the makers had been as diligent as their legal consultants.

Jacqueline Bisset, US President Cassidy's widow, finds true love and dolmades aboard tycoon Tomasis' yacht. She's never met anyone like this before — coarse, boisterous, animal, hell on crockery - which suggests that she hasn't seen any Anthony Quinn movies and the luck, she eez running out.

A demure actress, she almost disinfects one of the great script department gaffs when, modelling a series of revealing gowns, she remarks, "I shall wear this at the Opera — can't you picture my entrance?"

Mighty Quinn rates his mistresses on their life-affirming kicks at his balls — "Wodda woman!" — and fights and fornicates throughout in blue-tint spectacles.

Other screen Greeknesses appear to be vacuous philosophisings, the business ethics of a rodent, and that endearing common touch which needs only tidings of a terminal illness to trigger.

His son and heir — what a part for Demis Roussos! — spends most of the film in reckless speedboats, cars and planes, and, not unexpectedly, dies. "Some people collect paintings and stamps. My father collects people."

No, dust is the word you're looking for, pal.

Brian Case

Watership Down

Directed by Martin Rosen
(CIC)

Why a rabbit? Why not 1001 dalmatians?

This is no ordinary cartoon. It's duller than most.

Martin Rosen knows the problems — character identification, the rabbit/background balance, subtlety in animation — and walks into most of them. The characters *are* largely indistinguishable, their credibility, depth and development zero. Their odyssey in search of Watership Down and the Lost Carrot inevitably assumes less than epic proportions when a supposedly hostile environment appears as a succession of numbingly bland still lifes right out of Beatrix Potter.

The stock cartoon devices Rosen attempts to transcend — "broad comedy, violence or 'magical' transformations" — provide most of the entertainment. Rabbits are shot and snared, but carry on with John Wayne resilience. Rats, cats and dogs fruitlessly put the frighteners on our little friends. Kehaar (a friendly bird) mutters about "big vater" in stage Kraut.

Occasionally, however, the blend of botched naturalism and sub-Disneyland is ditched for something meatier. I actually cared about the little blighters twice. To Fiver, the Nostradamus of the gang, the sunset seems to flood the field with blood in warning. Rosen does the image justice and a chill is felt.

The property developer's Final Solution — destruction by gas and bulldozer — is the second and last time a rabbit's-eye view is effectively achieved.

The more oblique menace of Cowslip (Quentin Crisp revisited by John Hurt) and his warren is merely obscure. Ditto the spiritual and moral pretensions of a bunch of quadrupeds whose aspirations are limited to fodder and peaceful multiplication on Watership Down.

I haven't read the book. If you have, expect the worst.

Harry George

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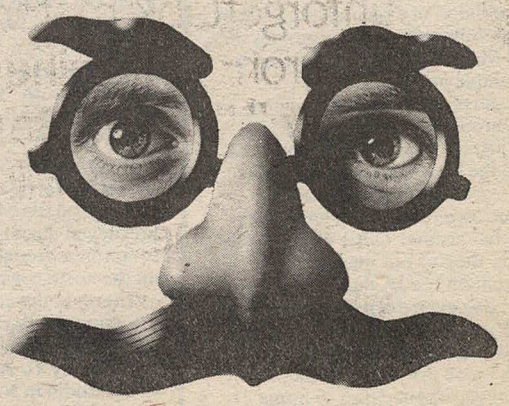

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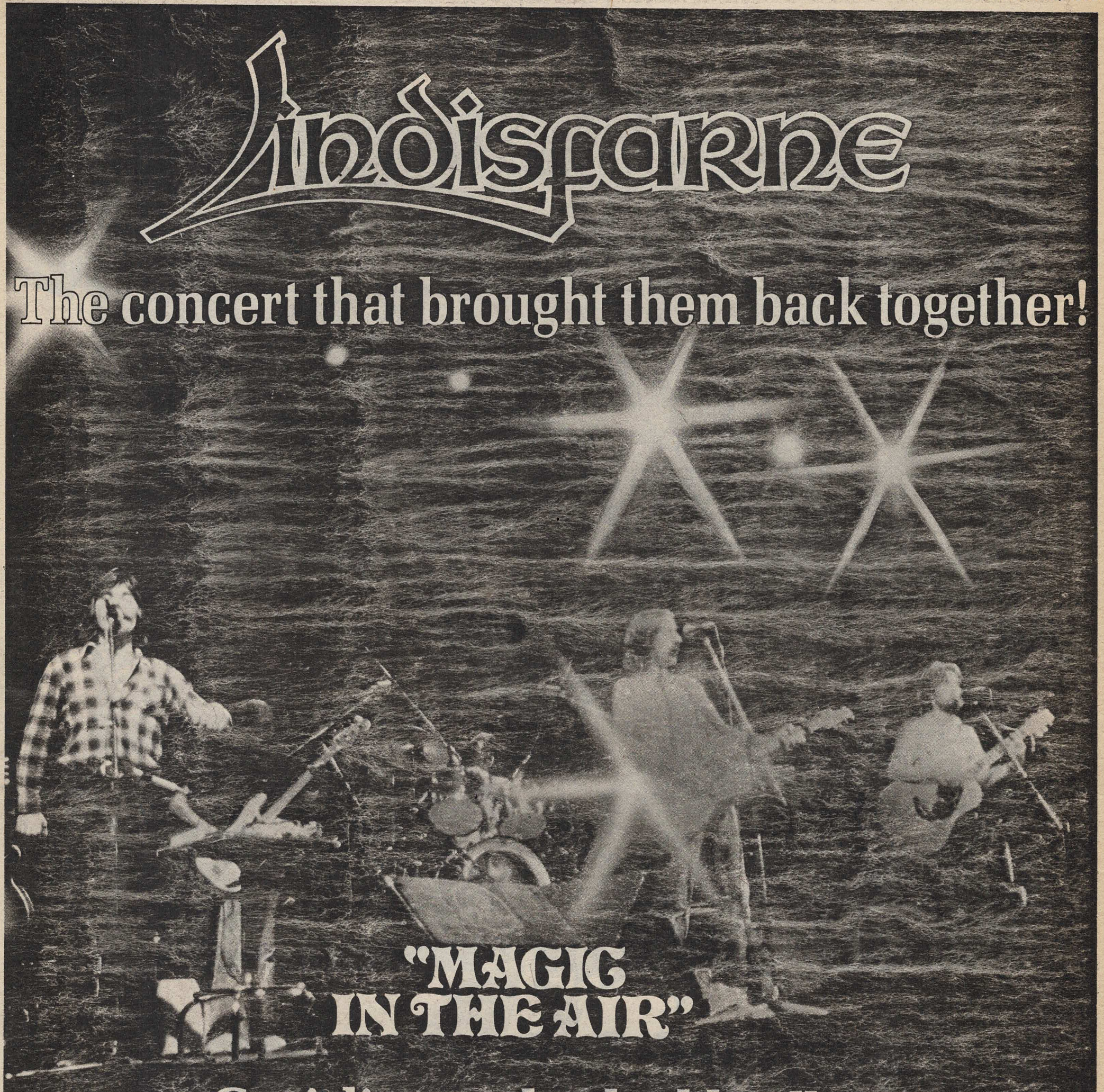

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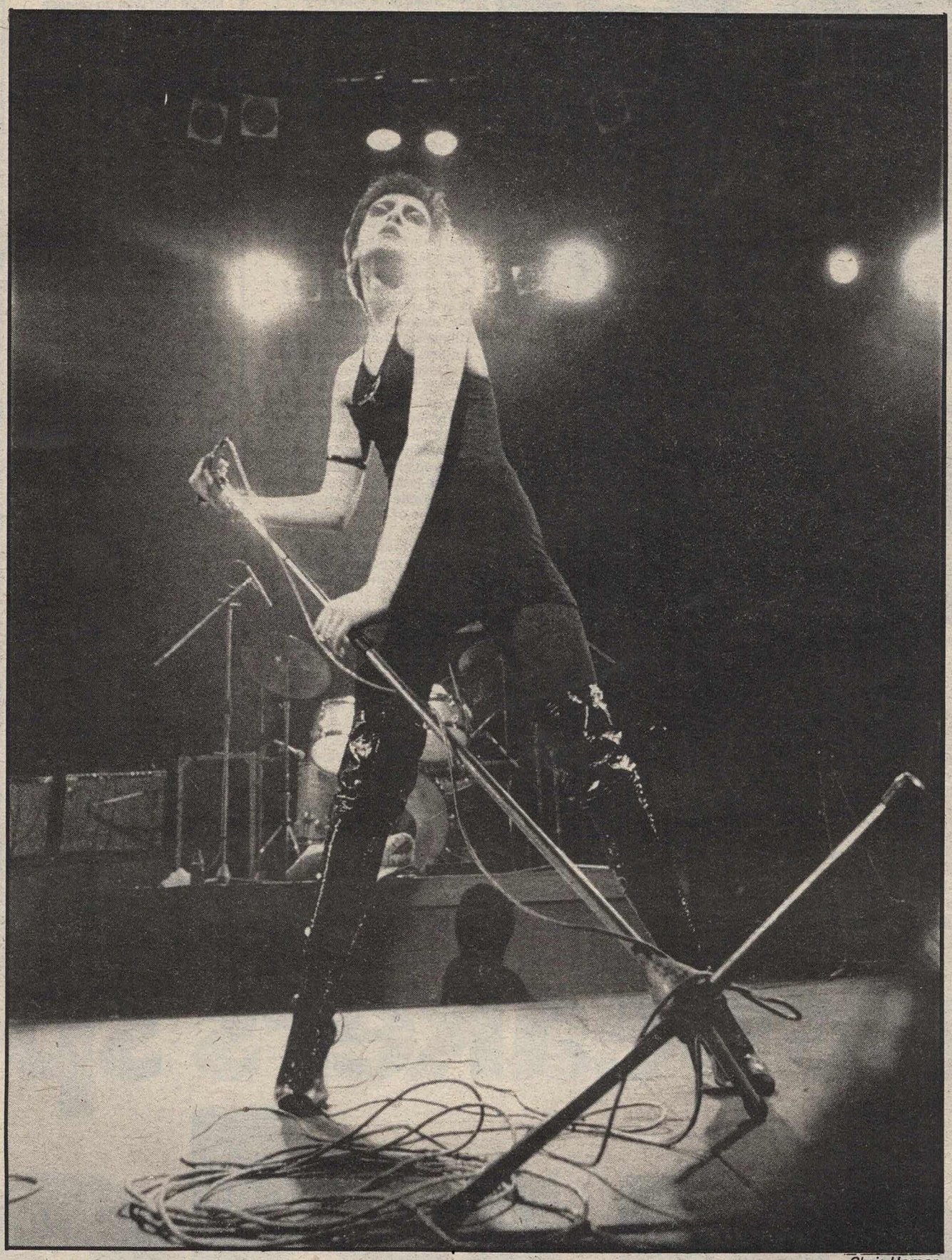


Chris Homer

Well, whatever would Edvard Munch have said?

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
The Scream
(Polydor)

Good-day, second-class of '78!

And now for the last goddam time in my life — I ask you, who wants to be David Bowie when they graduate? Hands up!

Kate — dear, you're too maudlin and pretty and healthy, and the fathers fancy you more than the daughters do. Is that any way for a teen queen to be? Besides, you cover too many markets.

Howard — you don't cover any, and anyhow you're bald and "the kids" can't "dance to it".

Japan and Ultravox! — I will NOT tolerate over-made-up, non-starter gangs in my classroom!

Adam — you have the mark of the loser — sorry, kid, not of exotic Cain — on you, and besides, you're podgy.

Cherie — Cherie, how many times do I have to tell you, you should be in your cabaret class by now. Out, go on, take your twin with you and don't ever let me see you outside of Las Vegas again!

Siouxsie — ah, Siouxsie, come up the front here and show the boys and girls how it should be done.

One: must be skinny, wear a mass of make-up and look asexual enough to accommodate every closet's ambivalent fantasies. Two: blind the critics with words and silence and all but a few ungrateful hack swine with long memories — who don't understand and are NEVER gonna understand — will lick your soles for the privilege of sitting through an interview's worth of verbal contempt from you. Three: flirt with the all-time contraband coquette that is Fascism, however lightly (an armband, a salute, a sentence) and it will still get that ridiculously uncool yet controversial minority going. Four: get out of your depth.

And I have come to hate glamour hangover (Bowie, Eno and Pop). They hang on and on. How I wish they would drop dead and take Miss Banshee with them, just to spare me this task. But what do I care? Because like all mod muse these days, Siouxsie and her Banshees'll only end up being walked down a fashion-catwalk to be Marie Helvin Bailey. You're all just making music for models to walk to, just reward and desserts for all you self-inflated pop stars.

So I don't need my hatchet. Let's bury it and get objective.

Factoid: since the Second World War retreated comfortably back into the realms of imagery, Germanic girls (or otherwise descended girls whom the liberated sicko mind can *twist* into being Teutonic) singing songs about death, doom and decay are very artistically credible.

Things I like about Siouxsie: "Hong Kong Garden"; the way she treats her audience like muck, knowing why the gross majority of them come to gape at her; I even kind of liked the way she danced on *Top Of The Pops*.

Fact: until recently, Siouxsie And The Banshees included in their stage set a song they had written called "Love In A Void". This song featured the line *"Too many Jews for my liking"*. This, says Siouxsie, was a metaphor for too many fat businessmen waiting to pounce, suck the youth from and cast aside new talent.

I do not see the connection. I, self-righteous square that I am, consider *"Too many Jews for my liking"* to be the most disgusting and unforgivable lyric-line ever written, though God knows there has been more appalling filth written withing rockanroll than in every other branch of entertainment taken together.

None of it comes anywhere in sight of Siouxsie, though. She is well into her twenties, so ignorant youth is no excuse, however lame. Therefore she must be either evil or retarded — well, can YOU think of any other way out? To shock? No — the pain and dreadful implications of this sentence could only be justified into a means of outrage by aforementioned retard.

Though I *know* that for a critic to tell the Banshees where to go is as *de trop* as liking, say, The Runways' I am still particularly disgusted by the way Jewish writers (Viv Goldman) and otherwise extremely moral writers (Chris Brazier) have drooled over the silly cow, letting her get away with *that* line as long as she promises "Oh, it *was* an unwise choice, I'll change it as soon as I can think of something better!"

Well, take your shocking song and stick it up your rude white ass, Sioux, because here's a review that don't believe in running with the pack.

Oh daddy please, pretty please, won't you beat up that nasty girl and make her fade away? She hurts my ears and she bores me and the only reason she hasn't been written off yet as a corny 'art-rock' act is that she once used to hang around some, ah, punk band.

Standing alone, the Banshee sound is a self-important threshing machine thrashing all stringed intruments down onto the same low level alongside that draggy sub-voice as it attempts futile eagle and dove swoops around the mono-beat. Their sound is certainly different from the normal guitar-bass-drums-voice consequence. But it's radically *stodgy* as opposed to that light-fantastic Public Image trip on their single (bass-thump almost out of earshot, felt more as a vibration than heard as a sound, guitar getting as high and light as it takes to sound as little like a guitar hero as possible). Imagine that great sound then think of the exact opposite and you have Siouxsie And The Banshees: loud, heavy and levelling, the sound of suet pudding.

Start with an instrumental circa "Warsawza". Instrumentals are pretentious as shit, I don't care who does them. Chuck Berry never felt the need to, so screw you, Sioux. Follow it with moody modern black-and-white ear-horror-films to impress the impressionable. The Banshees unite sub-glam flowering poesie (*"Amorphus jigsaw pieces tra la la"*) with unpleasant but true sociology topics (going mental, self-mutilation, Fascism, cancer): subjects which have only been dealt with in any number by "punk". I am bored by and abhor the way the Banshees mess around with the two greatest genres of the decade and make both forms emerge bloodied, limping and sorely in need of a G.C.E.Eng Lang frame of reference.

I quite enjoyed singing along to "Helter Skelter" (least awful effort here, and even that was written elsewhere), and "Carcass" got me a bit jittery until I saw the joke, giggled and yawned. The rest (barely) struck me as endless plain noise totally bereft of melody.

I just jeard Sioux on *Hullabaloo*, whining away in that horrid Chislehurst-climber accent about how "Summer Nights" being Number One for seven weeks was actually *brain-washing*. Never mind, dear, you can always sleep guilt-free and tight at night in the sound knowledge that none of *your* recordings are ever going to put people in that loathsome position, huh?

I wish they were showing clips from that capitalist, corporation-made, youth-exploitation film *Grease* on the TV right now. I could do with some send-up, affectionate, overground food for thought after sitting through all this *"So I just sit in reverie/Getting on my nerves"* wood-worm brain-rot hen-type-brooding from Siouxsie's boys.

I'll tell you what. I said I would be as objective as 'tis possible for an intelligent person to be. So, against all odds (I hate her voice, her band, her image), I do think that Siouxsie could be quite a smart girl if only she didn't work so hard at being marvellous for fools.

Her words for "Switch" and "Nicotine Stain" (she should write more lyrics alone) contain a certain germ which is rendered totally ineffectual via drone, pretension and conceit. Her words for the stunning "Suburban Relapse" are flawed only in the tune that John McKay sets it to and, naturally, by the singularly awful Banshee sound.

Ah well, kid, take it to yourself and examine your subconscious. Maybe you'll love it. Me, I keep seeing Siouxsie up there in her swastika armband making nothing but a fashion accessory out of the death of millions of people.

And I honestly don't think that a *rilly* sensitive person like myself can ever see beyond that.

Julie Burchill

KATE AND ANNA McGARRIGLE
Pronto Monto
(Warner Brothers)

After a fine debut, the McGarrigles have gone downhill fast. Their second album, "Dancer With Bruised Knees" was disappointing, and "Pronto Monto" is even more so. A lot of the songs are either banal or plain silly, while the arrangements are too studiously clever by half — a fault also of the second album which a change of producer, David Nichtern replacing Joe Boyd, has simply compounded.

The first track, the pleasant but slight "Oh My Heart", is subjected to an unnecessary and slick reggae treatment and "Just Another Broken Heart" would be better without strings. The songs are generally over-produced, too many instruments adding too many fussy touches.

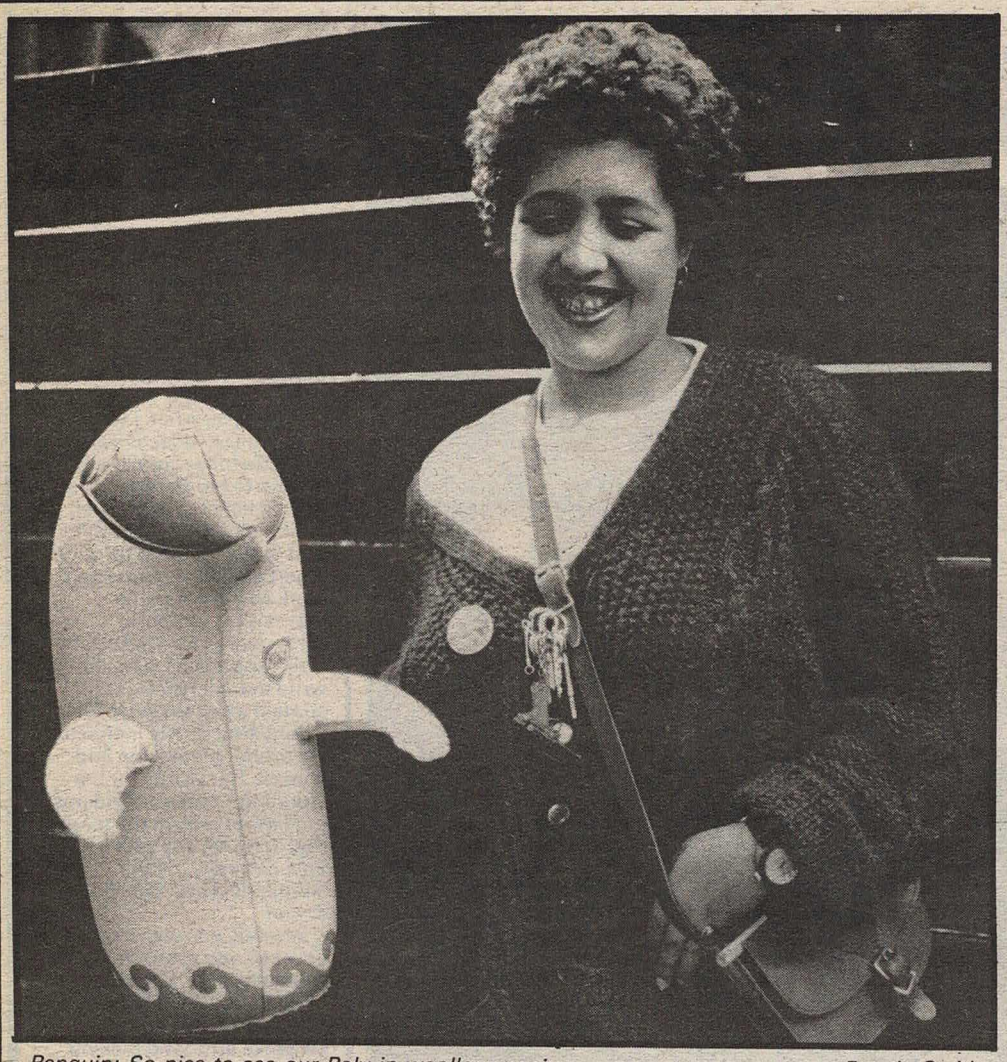
One result is that the sisters' subtle but fragile harmonies tend to get lost; though it's also clear that their voices aren't really suitable for the raunchiness they occasionally attempt — their "Trying To Get To You" ends up merely jaunty.

The silly and banal songs are Kate's responsibility. Her clever "NA CL" describes the production of salt as a love affair between sodium and chlorine; while "Side Of Fries" is just unmitigated nonsense. Side two's "Come Back Baby" begins promisingly, but declines into a list of dumb phrases — *"you're my sun, you're my moon"*, etc. — repeated over and over. Her one success is the quietly intimate "Stella By Artois".

Anna fares slightly better. "Oh My Heart" and "Fixture In The Park" are neither here nor there; but "Dead Weight" is a lively put-down song, and "Bundle Of Sorrow, Bundle Of Joy" has a gorgeous chorus which compensates for the rather literary lyrics.

Still, it's a long way from the successes of the first album. And worrying that two of the most moving songs — "Just Another Broken Heart" and "Cover My Head" — are not by the McGarrigles. If they can recover the pristine quality of their early work, they may yet recover.

Graham Lock



Penguin: So nice to see our Poly in woollens again. *Pennie Smith*

A Kleen Pill Of Health

X-RAY-SPEX
Germ-Free Adolescents
(EMI International)

Smash the barriers and the truth shall make you free (as long as stocks last, anyway): barriers between humans and objects, between the natural (sic) and the Art-i-ficial (sicker).

Theses barriers mark the world which X-Ray-Spex inhabit and the world about which Poly Styrene writes with the sophisticated innocence that gives a tree and a supermarket equal value: never mind how it got here (grew/cloned/came in a box), the fact remains that it's here and what are we going to do about it?

Do you love it/do you hate it/here it is the way you made it/yeah.

"Germ-Free Adolescents" is the first and long-awaited X-Ray-Spex album, temporarily delayed while Poly Styrene recovered from the effects of letting her particular worldview get the better of her, and it neatly avoids the weakness of previous Spex gigs and records (i.e. cacophony, ramshackle playing boosted by road-drill volume) while concentrating on the band's strengths (great lyrics, nifty chewns, energy and a winningly knowing innocence).

A dozen songs (six per side in the grand manner, none too long, none too short) which will make sure that Poly Styrene gets the respect she deserves as a writer of rock songs and amateur social critic, gets more than simple junior-glossy notoriety as that little halfe-caste girl with the teeth-braces and the funny clothes.

The opening vision is of the world as one big supermarket, where everyone has to compete with all the other products. Opening with a shouted "Art-I-Ficial!!!" with a *soupcon* of echo, the sound is like a skinnier Pistols with Rudi Thomson's wheezy saxophone recalling David Bowie and Andy Mackay. In the relative comfort and stillness of the studio, Poly's singing is more like singing and less like an air-raid siren with its tail caught in a mousetrap (can't be bad), and the lyrics are couched in the superficially attractive but ultimately repellent terms beloved of copywriters (like the ice-lolly ad that says "New Nicer Taste" and begs the question of what it was like before).

"Obsessed With You" (usually introduced on stage as "Oo-Oo I'm Obsessed With You-oo/1-2-3-4!") is the song that everybody used to think was about Johnny Rotten, mainly because the way Poly sings, "You are just a concept" sounds uncannily like "You are Johnny Rotten" if you don't check the lyric sheet. It's one of a clutch of songs about the internal and external effects of celebhood, and also touches on Poly's perennial theme of people-as-commodities: *"You are just a symbol/you are just a dream/you are just another figure/for the sales machine."*

As Poly herself now is, of course. She bites far deeper into the same theme in "Identity", which closes the first side. "Identity" was the single that was on release when she had her nervous breakdown, and the lyric was harrowingly appropriate: *"When you look in the mirror/do you smash it quick?/Do you take the glass/and slash your wrists?/Did you do it for fame?/Did you do it in a fit?/Did you do it before/you read about it?"*

Naturally. This Modern World that we've all heard about so much recently is a most unhealthy place, and even grappling with the evil by nailing its colours to your masthead is not necessarily an adequate defence. "Warrior In Woolworths" (a gently, compassionate piece with one of the album's best vocals and a snub-nosed guitar overdub straight out of "Disraeli Gears") makes the same point: *"Warrior In Woolworths/His roots are in today/Doesn't know no history/He threw the past away/He's the rebel on the underground/she's the rebel in the modern town."*

Ah, remember the days when Barry Melton used to inform us that "the subway is not the underground"? He's wrong: it is. Check out "Let's Submerge", a great rock and roll song in the '50s tradition (Dave Edmunds could record it), which presents yer average tube station as a place of glamour and terror, not as a vicious arena *a la* Paul Weller but as something straight out of Cocteau.

"Genetic Engineering", which opens side two sets the theme for the cover: the band in test-tubes. Appropriately enough, Poly counts in the song in German, and there's a faint aftertaste of Bowie's European experiment in the texture, but the lyric is less than penetrating.

Perhaps the album's most endearing piece is "I Can't Do Anything", which begins like The Bishops' "Baby You're Wrong" (really) and goes on to set a softer, warmer variant of a Ramones pinhead song to a melody not a million miles away from "Where Have All The Flowers Gone?"

The brilliance of this album is by no means uniform: "I Live Off You" is routine and "Plastic Bag" is by no means as excellently realised as it was on the original X-Ray-Spex demo tapes of a year or so back (this allusion is not eltism: I just wish you could have heard that version). Plus three A-sides (the title track, "Identity", and the immortal "The Day The World Turned Day-Glo") and one B-side ("I Am A Poseur") on an album makes for poor value in this man's supermarket.

Still, it's nice having the (almost) complete works of X-Ray-Spex in one place. What makes Poly Styrene a more appealing commodity than many of her fellow chroniclers of the urban delusion is the warmth and wit of her writing and singing, and her refusal to capitulate to the Big Freeze by reducing herself to yet another blueprint on a different drawing board.

I hope she wins (just as I hope that we don't get buried in an avalanche of albums with diagrams of washing machines and refrigerators on the inner sleeves), because despite her subject matter — or even *because* of it — her music says that human resources beat mechanical resources every time. And while the difference between the two is till discernible, that's the wonder of Spex.

Charles Shaar Murray

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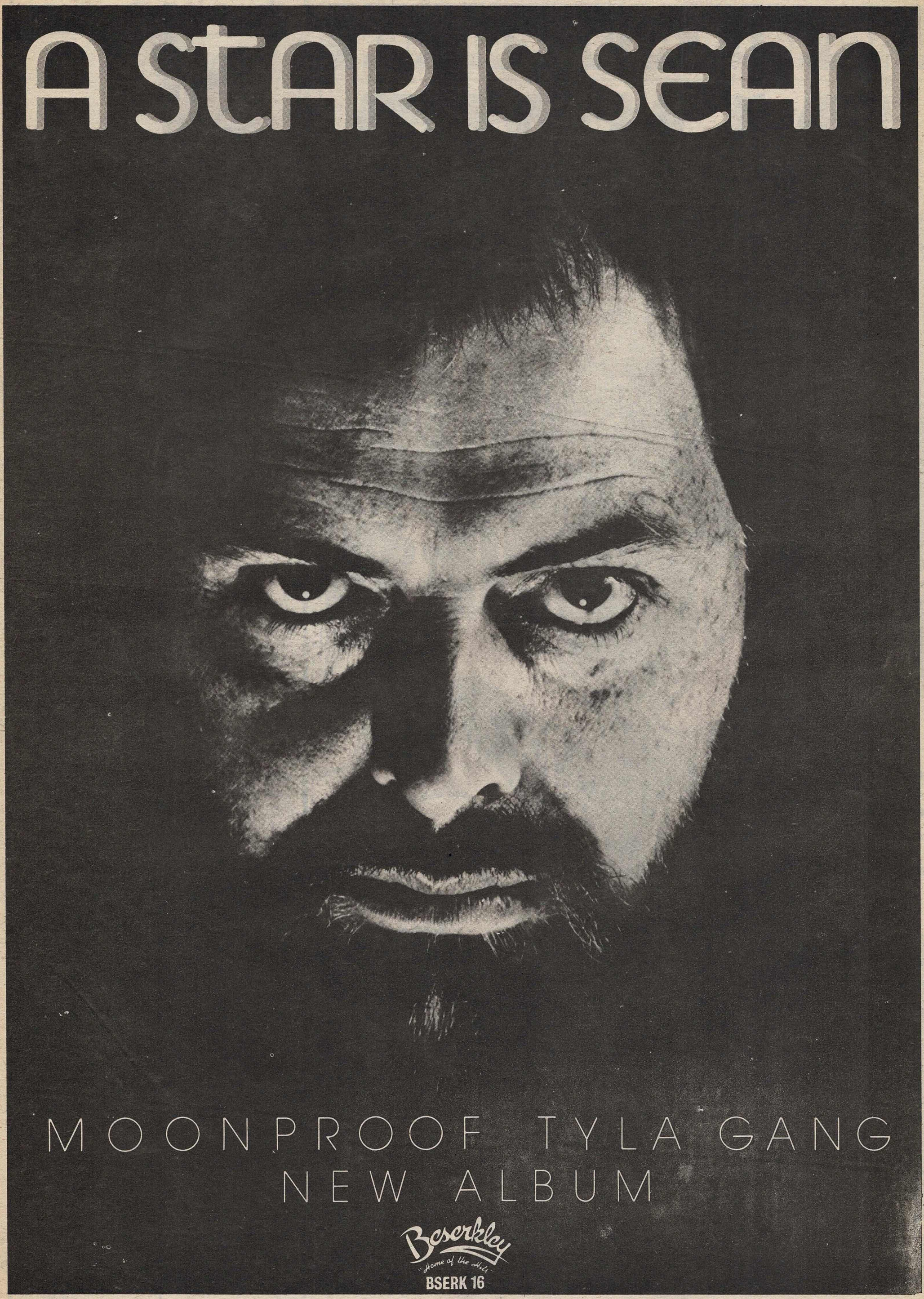

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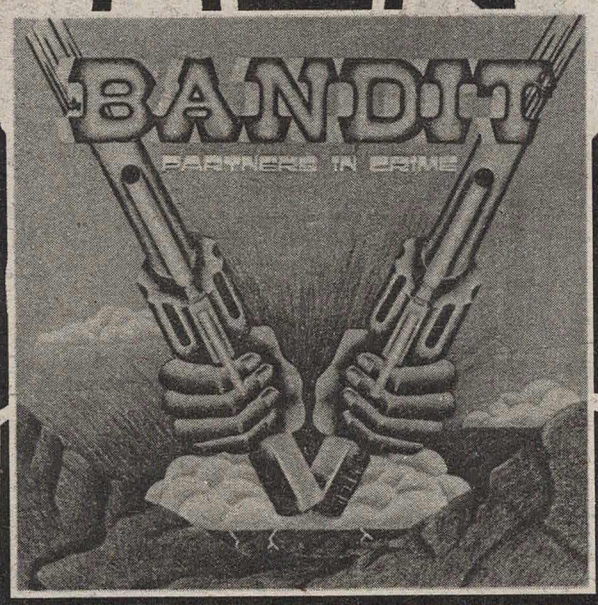

PARTNERS IN CRIME

Routes 5 Roots 2

Melancholy ina Mercedes? *Kate Simon*

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS
Babylon By Bus *(Island)*

All the points are easily made.

You have your join-the-dots special Christmas present package. Bob Marley and The Wailers skank in and out the Western world, taking their message and music to each and every country's capital city.

The points are *too* easily made? Now I'm expected to launch into an attack, a ripe rhetoric: what are The Wailers actually doing in these capital cities which, as we all know, are little more than symbols of the relative country's affluence, decadence and imperialism?

Babylon by bus. A coach tour of capitalism, dancedancedance around the circumference.

Handclaps and Hailie Selassie! The album begins with Marley exhorting Selassie and, one presumes, a mainly white audience responding ecstatically as though Marley were a religious saviour, as though it were an RAR gig.

Were they showered with pamphlets? Was there a red, green and gold rainbow? Who held the rifles? Who had boot polish on their face?

OK. So all the audience had their Rastafarian badges, a lapel rebellion. That's *cool*. That's an inverted-racist attitude. Dem cool rastamen, they can do no wrong. How I wish I could dance like that, wear those hats, drown in the optimistic "Everything's Gonna Be Alright" attitude.

Happy Marxism or too many debilitating drugs? Good drum sound though. What's wrong with Gospel music? Gospel music doesn't have any Che Guevara figureheads. Reggae is the 70s' 60s Political Conscience.

Bob Marley is our Che. Good God! Somebody even tried to assassinate him. The sanitized, consumer-centred, inferiority-complex-motivated white Western (and mainly student) audience need a focal point, a comfortable pinpoint, an envelope . . .

Like Tom Robinson is the Mike Yarwood we all need in the "political" arena. An Everyman.

I don't mind . . .

But. To hear the response Marley gets on this double album of pleasant mumblings, the reassuring response he gets for his token words. Marley is now an entertainer, a poster, an institution, the rebel, the image all these young people need.

And all it really amounts to is the line in "3 O'Clock Road Block": *"I've got to throw away / My little herb stalk"*.

I s it a Kiss concert? Are the CIA giving out cocaine? Why do middle class American kids yell at The Wailers when they could be helping the hillbillies or hiking through Harlem or checking Alabama by bus?

Or, here we are in Great Britain, and RAR, SWP et al have their token reggae acts (nothing Chinese, nothing South Mollucan, nothing from the crofters in Scotland — do you think they're not prejudiced against?).

"Babylon By Bus" is a token. A voucher.

Or, as everyone at The Wailers gig in Munich says: "Hope you like jamming too".

Ian Penman

RAY CHARLES
Love And Peace *(London)*

"Love And Peace" is far from perfect, but it's a huge improvement on the MOR doodling Ray Charles has been immersed in for the past several years.

There's a new vitality and fervour in his voice, a new funky feel to the music. A tight, punchy brass section swings along on most tracks, while on the occasional ballad the strings are sensibly restrained. Nice guitar and piano too, though both are severely understated.

The faults on the album are the (infrequent) interjections of a horribly screechy background chorus, and a load of dreadful lyrics. Charles nearly makes "We Had It All" work through the power of his singing, but "She Knows" is too sentimental and "Take Off That Dress", though superbly done and possibly tongue-in-cheek, is to my mind too preposterously machismo to be anything but a drag.

Side two has some dreary political stuff — earnest, well-meaning but far from incisive. The drab wordiness of the songs is evident in titles like "No Achievement Showing" and "A Peace That We Never Before Could Enjoy." The closing "Give The Poor Man A Break" is a little better, though typically it requests rather than demands. Ah liberals, doncha just love us . . . Nice arrangements on this side, as throughout, and the singing is sometimes magnificent.

If Ray Charles could find a set of songs to match the quality of his performance on this album, the next one would be beautiful.

Graham Lock

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Anton Corbijn

In remembrance of inscrutability

STEELY DAN
Steely Dan's Greatest Hits *(ABC)*
Where do I begin? (Can the Michel Legrand, chief, I'm feeling rough as a bear's arse as it is).

With wittily apposite quote from William Burroughs without whose phantasmagorical dildo this pair of bohe-men might not have found their true niche and gone on to whack out fusion-muzak soundtracks for hip cop shows or the like?

With earnest dissertation about the contention relating Messrs Becker and Fagen to a kind of 70s stoned immaculate and wordly wise Lennon and McCartney?

By berating their often incestuous sense of lyrical obscurantism? By championing their peerless mating of sublime music and cogent, devilishly witty wordplay?

Or even offering some petty jibber-jabber about the pros and cons of Steely Dan, the red hot combo of the first three albums, and the Steely Dan whose name merely acts as a front for svengali big boys Becker and Fagen and 74 (count 'em on the inner sleeve) assorted session men?

Each of those issues is well worth considering at some length, but this is an album review and anyway the *NME* has already presented you with an arguably 'definitive' analysis of the Dan gratis the twinned scrutiny of Max Bell and Steve Clarke.

At times like this though, it's always wise to jump for the facts. This is a double album (natch) with a rather suspect title. Bell, Clarke and myself can count little more than seven out of the 18 cuts as chart successes on either side of the Big Pond — which makes the title somewhat, er, silly.

But the music? Ah, yes, the music. This is a delicious pot-pourri of extracts from six sublime albums, by and large sensibly plucked. It spotlights above all the work of a duo whose corporate inscrutability has often been their ace in this era of rough and ready new wave-raving. In the latter context, when folk like CSM have been claiming recently that The Ramones are more relevant satirists simply because they use minimalist bam-balam whilst the Dan are downright snobbish with all their peerless fusioneering and sly, worldly lyrics, it's as good a time as any to get the wacky pair into perspective.

First, the gripes. The selection of cuts is by and large excellent, the absence of "Barrytown" (a personal fave) is even vaguely forgiveable, but then the non-appearance of "Aja", the Dan's most ambitious and invigorating work from the release of the same name, is verging on the criminal in that it screams for inclusion in order to place the duo's musical advancement into perfect sequence. In place of "Aja" are "Josie" and "Peg" — two hits, sure, but fairly minor items really — whilst the addition of "The Fez" from "The Royal Scam" is just pure tomfoolery. In fact, the fourth side is only salvaged by the genius of "Kid Charlemagne", a stunning tale of a 60's Oswley under heavy manners from the bureaucratic heat of the harsh, hyper-paranoid 70s.

But let's instead return to side one with its four pearls "Do It Again" and "Reeling In The Years" are two immortals from that first masterpiece of an album "Can't Buy A Thrill" which, along with their two companion pieces (the jump-street sardonic obtuseness of "My Old School" and the dervish bop of "Bodhisattva") can't help but force a tear to be shed at the demise of the Baxter-Dias-Hodden Dan and their irrepressible brand of nouveau rock.

Side two zips in with the supreme panache thanks to the mighty "Showbiz Kids", as relevant now to the Seditionaries' chicsters as it was to be the cocaine rich kids it decimated back in the "Countdown To Ecstasy" days. "East St Louis Toodle-Oo" is simply unnecessary considering the absence of "Barry Town" and "Charlie Freak", but "Rikki Don't Lose That Number is as aurally joyous as ever.

Meanwhile the saturnine blues of "Pretzel Logic" is well situated, and "Any Major Dude" — though not an essential in this precinct — still warms the brainplate and packs a chaser of genuine poignancy directly at odds with the facile beef levelled at the Dan, that of impenetrable cynicism.

Side three will be of most interest to the afficionado through the inclusion of the hitherto unreleased "Here At The Western World", a stunning outtake from the — just possibly — "Katy Lied" / "Royal Scam" era. Its incandescent languor, like all primo Dan, is quite irresistable. "Katy Lied" is next for the brush-through with "Black Friday" (unexceptional song, exceptional guitar playing) plus the twin aces of the sweetly batty "Bad Sneakers" and the steamy oriental angst of "Doctor Wu" and his enigmatic medical bag. The fitting closer is another bonafide hit in "Haitian Divorce" from "Royal Scam", although the absence of "Any World That You're Welcome To" from the preceeding album still grates.

So now you know what you're getting — all this along with a fetchingly impressionistic cover design, muted, fiery reds and yellows and two blurred figures of no fixed identity, and a typically inscrutable inside shot of the Dan twins looking unprepossessingly subterranean at some inauspicious lounge replete with middle-aged lounge-bar pianist.

One could of course gripe about the lack of coherent dating for sessions, musicians used, or some personal, laconic touches from the dynamic duo relating to their lyrics in much the same way that dear old Neil Young did for this "Decade" anthology. After all, Fagen, no slouch with a pen, used a *nom de plume* to define the music of "Can't Buy A Thrill". A touch more dilligence boys, and even the tousands who purchased the six albums previously would shell out the seven quid or so for this affair.

In the end though, a trio or more shortcomings aside, this is a respectable collection of Steely Dan's work from 1972 to '78.

These last few years, the Dan have tended to be overshadowerd by alternative movements — movements often directly at odds with their Catholic fetish for finesse (although in the Americas "Aja" was the biggest seller so far).

But when it all gets real again, the four-square brilliance of these two oddballs will be lauded for its total worth — which is plentiful indeed. Any major dude will tell you.

Nick Kent

BILL CONNORS
Of Mist And Melting *(ECM)*
JAN GARBAREK
Places *(ECM)*
EGBERTO GISMONTI
Sol Do Meio Dia *(ECM)*
HOW does Manfred Eicher control his ECM chamber jazz rotation? Why does one album evoke a shaggy dog and shining door, and another Rothko's plain but poignant painting, purposeless yet perfect?

The Connors and Garbarek albums resemble one another, and more. Connors plays on the Garbarek and vice versa, but there's more Garbarek than Connors on "Melting". Both use a similar four piece band, except that Gary Peacock's bass is substituted for John Taylor's keyboards so that "Places" simply sounds like a fuller exposition of "Melting" 's moods and meanders.

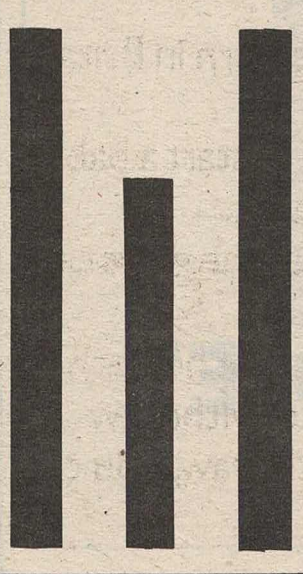
The Garbarek/Connors (ex-RTF, ex-Stanley Cluck) paring proves initially seductive but progressively slight, too nice to turn on. The mist melts. Fed up feeding the ducks.

Prizes poke up out of the plane of momentum — Garbarek's pure, scratchy sax levelling against De Johnette's typewriter speedroll on "Melting", the clear winter constellation of "Face In The Water". But so what, so overall, archetypal?

Gismonti's "Sol Do Meio Dia": bottles and wood-flutes are blown, 8-string guitars plucked, South Americana in general, but not that Amazon at all despite the inclusion of ECM nuts and boffs like Walcott, Towner and (again) Garbarek. Arch and alternative to begin with but you're soon looking about for a basket to weave or a coconut for cornflakes. Every entry of Gismonti's obviously jungle-inspired soundscraping has been struck by the ECM equalise-sterilise malady. You don't *feel* the humidity or restlessness, only maybe the monotony.

What *do* you inject them with, Manfred?

Ian Penman



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WHAT IS DISGUISE RECORD?

Don't cry for me, Elaine Paige

JULIE COVINGTON
Julie Covington *(Virgin)*

Moving back from stage to a studio, Ms Covington neatly avoids the cliches offered by the potentially drear and damaging Solo Album.

Covington has always managed her progress through our general, generally suffocating leisure industry with an admirable singlemindedness, resisting successive attempts to exploit her with stereotype roles or scurrilous press attention.

What emerges here isn't the perhaps expected MOR/rock sound, neither is it leaning either too far either way. Bold but never brassy, it refuses to be consigned to the archetypal qualities — y'know, 'mellow', 'mature', 'sensitive', etc.

This is an attractive but perfectly restrained aggression, a balance between solid Anglicism and smooth Americanism. There are no 'standards', neither the songs nor musicians are obvious and, in certain instances, the combination and matching is exquisitely appropriate.

Joe Boyd's production makes a judicious selection from the musicians at hand: Richard Thompson's guitar, Willie Weeks' bass, Neil Larson's keyboards and Andy Newark's drums are meticulously assigned and assimilated.

It is probably Thompson's presence which accounts more than anything for the bittersweet, clinging texture and phlegmatic poise present throughout.

The first side opens with his "(I Want To See The) Bright Lights" and closes with the Bertolt Brecht/Kurt Weill "Barbara's Song" — a charming framework, illuminating both to Thompson's position and Covington's.

Smoother material such as Sandy Denny's "By The Time It Gets Dark" and Winwood/Capaldi's "Let Me Make Something In Your Life" are sharpened by Plas Johnson's sax, pitched gently alongside the singer. Covington's voice is rather like a more acid Linda Thompson and this, combined with certain arrangements, produces a music close to the more populist numbers of "Pour Down Like Silver" or "First Light".

A very fresh, unassuming statement, not too full, not too fragile. Not at all 'trendy', rest assured.

Ian Penman

OREGON
Out Of The Woods *(Elektra)*

It's good to hear that Oregon's music remains pure and fresh despite the possible clumsy patronage of a large label. Using a number of combinations of apparently mismatched instruments, this democratic quartet make a deliberate music that is always evocative and unusual. Each member plays well in the tradition of their instruments without being academic, simply performing individually and progressively.

Paul McCanless (oboe, English horn and bass clarinet) supplies a rustic, deliciously lyrical quality. He contributes charming lines that are imaginative and modern yet have an inspired Elizabethan madrigal edge: almost archaic in fact, and perhaps an acquired taste. He gives the music its elements of romanticism and refinement.

This alone with the precise, sensitive double bass of Glenn Moore and Ralph Towner's select piano, insistent, tenacious acoustic/classical guitar and fluid flugelhorn would be enough to create an elegant, versatile and unique chamber-classical-jazz fusion. But still further permutations are added by fourth man Colin Walcott, whose restrained command of the subtly random scope of the sitar and tabla complete a moist, impeccable sound that goes beyond the merely fascinating. Oregon's music is genuinely gentle and rich, the patterns of the music full and unrepetitive.

There are nine vivid pieces of music on this album, each one with a melodic and structural contour that is inevitably unique, and a loveliness that only occasionally spills over into the sombre. Everything is effective and economical, solos are original and open.

I think my favourite Oregon record remains the startling "In Concert" on Vanguard (which maybe hints that they've gone as far as they can with this music), and Walcott's personal genius is best tasted on an ECM album "Cloud Dance" (with Dave Holland, Jack DeJohnette and John Abercrombie). Nonetheless, "Out Of The Woods" is a tender, unconventional and beautifully executed record that deserves attention.

Paul Morley

IMPORTS

For Yonks now, **Mike Nesmith** has been up to his neck in country music. Some of his line-ups wouldn't have been out of place on the Grand Ole Opry, while at one time he even formed an ill-fated record label called Countryside in order to promote some of the lesser-known country performers who were hanging around the LA area.

But "Live At The Palais" (Pacific Arts) is hardly your standard ranch stash, for it presents da Nez fronting a tough little rock quartet — Al Perkins (guitar), Dave MacKay (bass), James Trumbo (keyboards) and John Ware (drums) — with all pedal-steeling being pushed distinctly into the background.

Cut at a Melbourne, Australia, concert in late '77, "Live" is a kinda "best of" with knobs on, containing such songs as "Joanne", "Grand Ennui", "Roll With The Flow", "Calico Girlfriend" and the marvellous "Some Of Shelly's Blues", all re-worked, re-vitalised and recorded in high fidelity. Boasting a playing time of 51.06 minutes, "Live" is the kind of import that ought to boast the Good Housekeeping Seal of Guarantee — even though Nez apologies for the sleeve notes ("I know these liner notes are a little mundane by Dylan's standards, but I'm working on it") and for a couple of "repairs" he did to the original concert tape.

I wish I could have liked **Shawn Phillips'** "Transcendence" (RCA) more. And perhaps if it had been 1968 instead of '78, I could have come up with a rave or two. But though Phillips can be, and often is, a lyricist of considerable quality, acoustic guitar strummings, allied to the kind of arrangements Jimmy Webb once provided for Richard Harris, plus such Aldermaston-era titles as "I'm An American Child (on A Nuclear Pile)" have the aroma of moth-balls about them.

The smart thing would be to remark that such an approach is to be expected of a guy who proclaimed on his first album "In Mexico with Donovan, my music began to come out". But as I've stuck with Phillips right from those days at Trident when he hauled Steve Winwood and Glen Campbell into a studio together (really!) I'll duck out on the easy snides and hope for better things to come. In the meantime, "Transcendence" is a case of talent on the way to nowhere.

Past-blasters will probably welcome the re-release of the first six **Creedence Clearwater Revival** albums which have now been re-packaged as doubles by Fantasy. "Creedence Clearwater 1968-69" contains "Creedence Clearwater Revival" and "Bayou County", "1969" is formed by "Willie And The Poor Boys" and "Green River" while "1970" features "Cosmo's Factory" and "Pendulum".

Meanwhile, comes news of a live shot by **Smokey Robinson,** titled "Smokin'" (Motown). Again, it's a "best of" in format, the tracks ranging from "Mickey's Monkey" through to more recent items such as "Vitamin U" and "Baby That's Backatcha". Is "Tears Of A Clown" and "Tracks Of My Tears" in there, you ask? Daft question that.

Fred Dellar

STEELY DAN

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JAZZ

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Pic: DENNIS AUSTIN

BARBARA THOMPSON

By BRIAN CASE

"IN MY BOOZER," says Albert Tolley, guvner of The Bull's Head and patron to the sounds seven nights a week over the past 18 years, "the customer knows what to expect."

I'm standing in the back bar there, leafing through the pub's record collection with Barbara Thompson, and it's a rollcall of every dear departed jazzman who ever took liberties on these licenced premises.

Joe Harriott flips past; Tubby Hayes.

"I can never understand why Tubby wasn't recognized all over the world," says Barbara. "I wish I'd had the chance to play with him."

Well, customers elsewhere might mutter Dr. Johnson's dictum and gawp at the sight of a woman blowing tenor, but not down The Bull's Head at Barnes, SW15. Barbara, like Kathy Stobart, packs the joint, delivers the expected goods.

I deliver the expected question. Had she ever run into any prejudice?

A dogeared and battered album of Phil Seamen surfaces as if summoned.

"I was absolutely petrified out of my mind when I worked down here with Phil. I thought he'd really have a go at me, and it'd be very difficult because he was very witty, could've easily torn me to shreds, and I've got no retaliation. So I came down and I blew. Well, I'm not a namby-pamby player, and Phil was the type of drummer I really like because he's strong. I can't bear drummers that just tick 'em off — it suits me fine if the drummer does things with energy.

"I think Phil knew that, and he was so beautiful to me. It really worked well. It was his birthday and we had a drink together.

"In the early days when I couldn't really play, people could've been nasty to me, but they were very encouraging. Don Rendell helped me along. No one taught me as such, but I learned a lot from Don and Art Themen, and from just listening. I was lucky. I suppose if I'd mixed with some of the more hooray-type musicians, I might've been scared off."

Barbara Thompson started out on recorder, switched to clarinet at 11, and took up saxophone at the Royal College Of Music. "I did a season with Ivy Benson for four months, and then went to Royal College and immediately gave up classical music to take up the saxophone seriously. There isn't much for classical saxophone, and it means playing third clarinet in the orchestra mostly.

"I got bored because I'd been in classical orchestras since the age of 12, toured Germany and had Malcolm Arnold to conduct us and everything. When I got to college and found I was amongst about 80 clarinettists all hoping to get into orchestra number one, I just didn't want to know. I thought, this isn't it.

"I was more interested in expressing myself in improvised music, and accidentally meeting Neil Ardley and Paul Rutherford and these people, I realised that what they were doing was more fun and much more creative than just sitting there and playing parts with an orchestra.

"Outside college, I was playing with bands every night. Jon and I" — Jon Hiseman is her husband — "used to tour the rehearsal bands, Graham Collier one night, Alan Cohen another, for no money. We did that for three years and it was a better grounding then you'd have got in any college.

"They were pleased with me because I was keen and I was always a good reader. All the people from then are still the ones who're going great guns now. It was a marvellous scene."

Neil Ardley's New Jazz Orchestra boasted, beside Barbara and Jon Hiseman, sideman like Ian Carr, Dave Gelly, Paul Rutherford, Trevor Watts, Mike Gibbs, Henry Lowther, Harry Beckett, Jack Bruce, Dick Heckstall-Smith, Chris Spedding, Don Rendell, Jeff Clyne and John Marshall. Hiseman drew from the NJO for the first Colosseum, and later repaid the favour by merging back for a concert in 1970 which drew a mammoth audience.

BARBARA TURNED professional in 1965, playing tenor, soprano, the flute family and adding octave dividers and phase shifters. She heads two outfits, Jubiaba and Paraphernalia, and has written three major works for a 20-piece jazz orchestra in between raising a family.

"I have a housekeeper who looks after them when I'm touring abroad. Anne, who's two, is very musical. She gets a better sound out of the shenai

■ Continues page 61

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Clash tour starts this week

THE CLASH *begin their long-awaited U.K. tour this week, and they'll be on the road for best part of a month, promoting their new album "Give 'Em Enough Rope" and single "Tommy Gun". Initial gigs are at Edinburgh (Thursday), Middlesbrough (Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Sheffield (Sunday), Leicester (Monday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Bournemouth (Wednesday), with plenty more to come. The Slits, now with a new male drummer to bolster the all-girl front line, support on all dates — as do reggae band Pressure Shicks.*

● ***MAGAZINE*** *also go on the road during the next few days, beginning their longest tour to date in Portsmouth on Tuesday. More about Howard Devoto and Co. when their outing gets into full swing.*

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Thursday

Bacup Leisure Centre: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Belfast Whitla Hall: **Racing Cars**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Life Support**
Birmingham Mackadown Hotel: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Ocean Boulevard**
Birmingham Odeon: **Millie Jackson**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Bishopbriggs Memorial Hall: **The Exile / Friction**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Brighton Centre: **Leo Sayer**
Brighton Dome: **Gene Pitney / Co-Co**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **Nicky & The Dots / The Smarties**
Bristol Crockers: **Stranded**
Bristol Granary: **Band Of Joy**
Bristol Polytechnic: **The Cruisers**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Cambridge The Alma: **Scratch**
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **The Soft Centres / Innocents**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Judas Priest**
Carlisle Market Hall: **The Hawklords**
Cheltenham Night Owl: **The Rotavators**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Boys Of The Lough**
Coventry Warwick University: **Hi-Tension**
Coventry Wyken Pippen: **Reno**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Mike Harding**
Dumbarton Neptune Club: **The Fabulous Poodles**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: **Nightrider**
Edinburgh Astoria: **The Jolt / Simple Minds**
Edinburgh Odeon: **The Clash / The Slits**
Galway University: **The Pirates**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Lindisfarne**
Glasgow City Hall: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Underhand Jones**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Late Show**
Huddersfield Peacock Hotel: **Bram Taylor**
Hull University: **The Albion Band**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Dolly Parton**
Lampeter St. David's University: **Andy Desmond / The Actors**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **R.U.1.2.**
Leeds Fan Club: **Penetration**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Dire Straits**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **Gaffa**
Liverpool Eric's: **Crash Course**
London Alexandra Palace: **Richard Digance**
London Camden Brecknock: **Scarecrow**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Charlie Ainley / China Street**
London Camden Music Machine: **Pure Hell**
London City University (lunchtime): **Redbrass**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Tribesman**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **AC/DC**
London Hammersmith The Rutland: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Street Chorus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Straight 8**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Manyana**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Soft Boys**
London Marquee Club: **Gloria Mundi**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Third World**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The Mighty Sparrow**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Barry Richardson Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Wire**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Young Bucks**
Loughborough University: **Chas & Dave**
Manchester Golden Garter: **The Platters (until Saturday)**
Manchester Kelly's: **The Accelerators**
Manchester Russell Club: **The Skids**
Newcastle Newton Park Hotel: **Black Diamond**
Newcastle The Canteen: **The Straits / Deep Freeze**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Speed-O-Metors**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Test Tube Babies**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Nottingham Malibu Club: **The Understains**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **The Chieftains**
Oxford New Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Wreckless Eric / Jona Lewie / Rachel Sweet / Lene Lovich / Mickey Jupp**
Plymouth Metro: **The Rezillos / The Undertones**
Poole Arts Centre: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Siouxsie & The Banshees / Spizz Oil**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Martin Simpson**
Rotherham Dickens Inn: **Vesuvius**
Sheffield City Hall: **Cliff Richard**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Eric Bell Band**
Southampton Holbury Old Mill: **The Piranhas**
Southport New Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **Bethnal**
Sutton-in-Ashfield Golden Diamond: **The Flexible Toys**
Swansea Circles Club: **Dave Lewis Band**
Swansea Nutz Club: **White Horses**
Worthing Balmoral Bar: **The Bats**
York Barge Club: **The Feelies**
York Revolution Club: **The Mekons / Gang of Four**

Friday

Aberdeen University: **The Fabulous Poodles**
Anfield Plain The Plainsman: **The Squad**
Aylesbury Civic Centre: **The Real Thing**
Basildon Double Six: **The Gentry**
Bath Pavilion: **Whitesnake**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **N.W.10**
Birmingham Aston University: **Merger**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Skids / Next**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Italians**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Dillinger**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **Bad Earth**
Birmingham Hippodrome: **Max Boyce**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Spitfire**
Birmingham Town Hall: **Dean Friedman**
Bolton Tonge Ward and Aquarius Clubs: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Bracknell Sports Centre: **Hi-Tension**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **The Mighty Sparrow**
Bradford Queens Hall: **Snoots**
Brighton Alhambra: **Nicky & The Dots**
Brighton Fortune of War: **Airport**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Gene Pitney / Co-Co**
Bristol Crockers: **Stranded**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Dire Straits**
Burton 76 Club: **Dave Lewis Band**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **The Jam / The Dickies / Patrik Fitzgerald**
Cannock Troubador: **Eazie**
Canterbury Odeon: **Wreckless Eric / Rachel Sweet / Lene Lovich / Jona Lewie / Mickey Jupp**
Canterbury The Simon Langton: **The Flobs / The Infested**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Leo Sayer**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Acker Bilk Band**
Cardiff University: **The Rezillos / The Undertones**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **The Executives**
Clacton St. Osyth's College: **Writz**
Cork Arcadia Ballroom: **Racing Cars**
Coventry Hand & Heart: **Neon Hearts**
Coventry Theatre: **Dolly Parton**
Cumbernauld Town Hall: **Lizard / Flat Out**
Doncaster Gaumont Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Dublin Trinity College: **The Pirates**
Dudley J.B's Club: **Rene**
Glasgow Apollo: **Esther Phillips**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Underhand Jones**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **The Piranhas**
Guildford Surrey University: **The Enid**
Hailsham The Crown: **The Whailing Snails**
Guildford Technical College: **Fischer-Z**
Harrow College of Higher Education: **Wire/ Screens**
High Wycombe College: **Scratch**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Inverness Coach House Inn: **The Tools**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Millie Jackson**
Lancing Youth Centre: **Nightrider**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Marseille / Red Eye**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Juggernaut**
Leicester University: **Whirlwind**
Lincoln A.J's Club: **Speed-O-Metors**
Liverpool Eric's: **X-Ray Spex**
Liverpool Mountford Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Debbie Bishop & Rough Edge**
London Camden Brecknock: **Portraits**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Straight 8**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **XTC**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Troggs / Sounder**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Grand Hotel**
London Central Polytechnic: **Here & Now**
London Chelsea School of Art: **Lightning Raiders**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Street Chorus**
London City Polytechnic: **The Boyfriends**
London City University: **Richard Digance**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Deptford The Fountain: **Extro / The Balloons**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Judas Priest**
London Hammersmith Town Hall: **Paul Brady**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Hollywood Killers / Steve Linton Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Jolt**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Edge**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Rednite**
London Marquee Club: **Zaine Griff**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
London North Polytechnic: **Johnny Moped**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **Shake Before Use**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Showaddywaddy**
London Regent's Park Bedford College: **The Young Bucks**
London St. Mary's College: **Gillan**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Swift**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Monos**
London S.W. 1 St. George's Hospital Medical School: **Earthbound**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Night Fever**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Barry Ford / Mat Stagger / Juba**
Manchester Mayflower Club: **Pure Hell**
Manchester The Venue: **Sassafras**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Pere Ubu**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **The Clash / The Slits**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Bethnal**
Newport Village Club: **The Cruisers**
Northampton Angel Hotel: **Prince Far I / Astral Projection**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Chas & Dave**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Slip Hazard & The Blizzards**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Stadium Dogs**
Oxford New Theatre: **Cliff Richard**
Preston Polytechnic: **Squeeze**
Reading University: **The Bishops / Staa Marx**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Lurkers**
Rochester Nags Head: **Scandal**
Rotherham East Herringthorpe Club: **Strange Days**
Salford University: **White Horses**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Penetration**
Sheffield Crucible Theatre: **The Albion Band**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Shirts**
Southend Top Alex: **Live Wire**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
Tipton Brewer & Baker: **Andrew Dwyer**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **John Martyn**
Watford Red Lion: **Harem Scarem**
Weston-super-Mare Playhouse: **The Yetties**
Wolverhampton Rose & Crown: **Nick Fenwick**
York Revolution Club: **The Defendants**
York University: **The Chieftains**

Saturday

Abertillery Six Bells: **Warhead/Witchfynde**
Aberystwyth Arts Centre: **"Salute to Satchmo" with Humphrey Lyttelton/Alex Welsh/George Chisholm**
Birmingham Barbarellas: **David Johansen Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reno**
Birmingham Hippodrome: **Max Boyce**
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Tony Capstick**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Special Clinic**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Split Rivitt**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Showaddywaddy**
Bridlington Spa Royal Hall: **Demis Roussos**
Bridlington Spa Ballroom: **Judas Priest**
Brighton The Centre: **Cliff Richard**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild beasts**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Andy Desmond/The Actors**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Hazard/The Work**
Cannock Troubadour: **Streetlite**
Canterbury Kent University: **Here & Now**
Cardiff Club Mountmerence: **The Soft Centres**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Coast To Coast**
Chelmsford City Tavern: **The Sods**
Cheshunt Football Club: **Chas & Dave**
Colchester Essex University: **John Martyn**
Cork University: **The Pirates**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **The Bishops**
Cuckfield King's Head: **Nightrider**
Dublin Belfield University: **Racing Cars**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Penetration**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Dundee University: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Durham University: **Merger**
Edinburgh Pollock Halls: **Simple Minds**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Boys of The Lough**
Exeter University: **The Fans**
Farnborough Technical College: **White Horses**
Galashiels Privateer: **Charley Browne**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
Glasgow The Maggie: **Underhand Jones**
Goole Station Hotel: **Red Eye**
Gravesend Red Lion: **The Accelerators**
Great Yarmouth ABC Theatre: **The Jam/The Dickies/Patrik Fitzgerald**
Guernsey Carlton Hotel: **Acker Bilk Band**
Guildford Surrey University: **Wreckless Eric/Rachel Sweet/Jona Lewie/Lene Lovich/Mickey Jupp.**
Hanley Rose & Crown: **Any Trouble**
Hitchin College of Education: **Dire Straits**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's International: **The Mighty Sparrow**
Lancaster University: **The Chieftains**
Leeds Pack Horse Inn: **Hedgehog Pie**
Leeds University: **The Clash/The Slits**
Leeds Victoria Hotel: **Anniversary**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **John Hedley Haggett Band**
Leicester University: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club **Bullets**
Lincoln R.A.F. Swinderby: **Strange Days**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Skids/Pure Hell**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Debbie Bishop & Rough Edge**
London Camden Brecknock: **Dandies**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Eric Bell Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Zaine Griff**
London Canning Town Tidal Basin: **Earthbound**
London Chelsea The Wheatsheaf: **Overseas**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rico**
London Edgware Corner House: **Agenda**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Millie Jackson**
London Hammersmith Swan: **Sounder**
London Hampstead Westfield College: **Simon Townshend Band/Jags**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **China Street**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Panties**
London Kingsbury Bandwagon: **Urchin**
London Marquee Club: **Little Bo Bitch-/The Idols**
London N4 The Stapleton: **Rednite**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief with Dick Heckstall-Smith**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Night Fever**
London Wandsworth Town Hall: **Desmond Dekker/Street Chorus**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **Immigrant/Herbman**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Enid**
Loughborough Town Hall: **The Cruisers**
Loughborough University: **The Albion Band**
Manchester Russell Club: **Dillinger**
Manchester UMIST: **Hi-Tension**
Manchester University: **Bethnal**
Manchester The Venue: **The Jolt**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Johnny & The Hurricanes**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Gloria Mundi**
Newark Maple Leaf: **Vesuvius**
Newcastle University: **Pere Ubu**
Nottingham Boat Club: **No Sweat**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Samson**
Oldham Royton Club doubling Bolton Aquarius Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Oxford New Theatre: **Dolly Parton**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **N.W.10**
Peterborough ABC Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Reading Bulmershe College: **The Boyfriends**
Reading Target Club: **Hazzard**
Retford Porterhouse: **Muscles/Jailer**
Rochester Nags Head: **Scandal**
Slough College of Further Education: **Staa Marx**
Slough College of Technology: **Scratch**
Southampton University: **The Rezillos/The Undertones**
St. Austell Riviera Club: **Mud**
Swindon Oasis Centre: **The Real Thing**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **Cryer**
Walsall Pelsall Community Centre: **Mr. Gladstone's Bag/Rosie Hardman**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Whitefire**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
York Barge Club: **Valhalla**
York Linton-on-Ouse RAF Station: **Jet Harris/Vintage**
York Revolution Club: **Speedometors**

Sunday

Barnstaple Chequers Club: **Mud**
Belfast Queen's University: **The Rich Kids**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Bishops Stortford Old Maltings: **Antares (lunchtime)/Swing Street (evening)**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Hawklords**
Bletchley Leisure Centre: **The Real Thing**
Bognor Arun Leisure Centre: **Hi-Tension**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Demis Roussos**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Locarno: **The Rezillos/The Undertones**
Cannock Troubadour: **Edge**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **The Mighty Sparrow**
Chelmsford Football Club: **Here and Now**
Chiddingly Six Bells: **Possum**
Crewe Grand Junction Hotel: **Juggernaut**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Leo Sayer**
Dumfries Stagecoach: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
Fife St Andrew's University: **The Fabulous Poodles**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Galway University: **Racing Cars**
Glasgow Pavilion: **Dean Friedman**
Glossop Playhouse Theatre: **Foggy**
Halifax Bradshaw Tavern: **Strawhead**
Hull Telstar Club: **The Cruisers**
Kelso Cross Keys: **Charley Browne**
Lancaster University: **Third World**
Leeds University: **John Cooper-Clarke**
Lincoln Theatre Royal: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Dolly Parton**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Bishops**
London Chiswick John Bull: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Live Wire**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Fame**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Alan Price**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Finchley Torrington: **The Morrissey-Mullen Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Panties**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Millie Jackson**
London Kingsway Royalty Theatre: **Esther Philips**
London Marquee Club: **The Young Bucks**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Jerry The Ferret**
London Palladium: **Gene Pitney/Co-Co**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Jerry Lee Lewis/Duane Eddy**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Zaine Griff**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Wreckless Eric/Rachel Sweet/Jona Lewie/Lene Lovich/Mickey Jupp**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Albion Band**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **Paz**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Brownsville Banned**
Manchester Mayflower Club: **Merger**
Manchester Northendon British Legion: **Vintage**
Maryport Ellenborough Social Club: **Touch Of Class**
Mold Theatre Clywd: **"Salute to Satchmo" with Humphrey Lyttelton/Alex Welsh/George Chisholm**
Newcastle City Hall: **Judas Priest**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Kyro**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Press**
Oldham Grange Arts Centre: **The Yetties**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Derek Brimstone/Pikestaffe**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Whitesnake**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Richard and Linda Thompson**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Clash/The Slits**
Southend Shrimpers: **John Potter's Clay**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Stratford-on-Avon Ettington Park: **Orphan**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Monday

Altrincham The Check Inn: **Joy Division**
Birmingham Barrell Organ: **Wide Boys**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Orphan**
Birmingham Odeon: **Jerry Lee Lewis-/Duane Eddy**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Bradford Royal Standard: **John Hedley Haggett Band**
Brighton The Centre: **Demis Roussos**
Carephilly Double Diamond: **The Platters (for a week)**
Cardiff Univeristy: **The Jam / The Dickies / Patrick Fitzgerald**
Coventry Theatre: **Lonnie Donegan (for a week)**
Croydon Red Deer: **Staa Marx**
Darlington Civic Theatre: **The Yetties**
Durham Marquis of Granby: **Hot Vultures**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Lindisfarne**
Egham Royal Holloway College: **Andy Desmond / The Actors**
Exeter Routes: **The Albion Band**
Exeter University: **Mud**
Glasgow Burns Howff: **Underworld Jones**
Glasgow Stratchclyde University: **The Fabulous Poodles**
Hanley The Place: **Bitter Suite**
Hertford Castle Hall: **White Horses**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **Pere Ubu / The Soft Boys**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Clash / The Slits**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Whitesnake**
London Barnet College: **Here & Now**
London Camden Brecknock: **Jackie Lynton's Happy Days**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Sneakers / Jags**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Young Bucks**
London Covent Garden Blitz: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Big Deal / Dangerous Rhythms**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Joe Brown**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Dolly Parton**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Scratch**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Interlektuals / Lightning Raiders**
London Marquee Club: **Grand Hotel**
London Palladium: **Cleo Laine & Johnny Dankworth (for a week)**
London Putney Half Moon: **Clannad**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Louis Hayes Quartet (for two weeks)**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **U.K. Subs / The Cure**
London W.1. Portman Hotel: **Acker Bilk Band**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Fame**
Manchester Apollo: **Esther Phillips**
Manchester Fagin's: **The Dooleys (for a week)**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **Sabrejets**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Wire**
Nuneaton Cherry Tree: **Incredible Kidda Band**
Plymouth Woods Centre: **Squeeze**
Rayleigh Crocs Club: **Shades**
Sheffield Limit Club: Stadium Dogs
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Real Thing**
Sheffield University: **Xero / Used Toys**
Swansea Circles Club: **The Lurkers**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Max Boyce**
York Barge Club: **Defunked**

Tuesday

Belfast Queen's University: **Swift**
Belfast Whitla Hall: **Mike Harding**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Fashion**
Birmingham College: **Matchbox**
Birmingham Crown & Cushion: **Incredible Kidda Band**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Birmingham Town Hall: **John Martyn**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Luxound Deluxe**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **The Rezillos/The Undertones**
Bradford Royal Standard: **John Hedley Haggett Band**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Gene Pitney/Co-Co**
Brighton Dome: **The Jam/The Dickies/Patrik Fitzgerald**
Brighton Sussex University: **Boys Of The Lough**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Mighty Sparrow**
Bristol Locarno: **The Clash/The Slits**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Dillinger**
Coatbridge The Redbridge: **Underhand Jones**
Congleton Duke Of Wellington: **Juggernaut**
Croydon Red Deer: **South Of The Border**
Dublin R. D. S. Hall: **Leo Sayer**
Edinburgh Astoria: **Charley Browne**
Exeter Routes: **Hi-Tension**
Gosport John Peel: **Nightrider**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Judas Priest**
Jordanstown Polytechnic: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Leeds Fan Club: **Fischer-Z**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Unman, Wittering & Zeigo**
Leeds (Yeadon) White Swan: **Hot Vultures**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Whitesnake**
Leicester University: **Pere Ubu**
London Camden Brecknock: **Tennis Shoes**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Live Wire**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Interlektuals/Split Rivitt**
London Covent Garden Blitz: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
London Covent Garden: **The Young Bucks**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Harem Scarem**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Stadium Dogs**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Little Bo Bitch/The Addics**
London Marquee Club: **The Business/Agony Column**
London N11 Orange Tree: **Silkie Miller/J. J. Dion**
London Sheen Derby Arms: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Soul Yard**
London Victoria The Venue: **David Johansen Band**
London West Hamstead Railway Hotel: **Zaine Griff/The Dyaks**
Maesteg White Wheat: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
Manchester Apollo Centre: **Sham 69/Cimarons**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Milton Keynes Starting Gate: **Scratch**
Morley Sycamore Hotel: **Snoots**
Newcastle City Hall: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Penzance The Garden: **Squeeze**
Plymouth Castaways: **Mud**
Plymouth Metro: **The Skids**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Albion Band**
Poole Wessex Hall: **Detroit Emeralds**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Demis Roussos**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Magazine**
Rayleigh Crocs Club: **Third World**
Scunthorpe Tiffany's: **White Horses**
Sheffield Limit Club: **64 Spoons**
Sheffield University: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Southport New Theatre: **The Chieftains**
Stoke Golden Hill Club: **Vintage**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
Torquay 400 Club: **The Boyfriends**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Wolverhampton Lord Raglan: **The Accelerators**
York Arts Centre: **Barbara Thompson's Jubiaba**
York Barge Club: **The Foresters**

Wednesday

Aberdeen Ruffles: **Gordon Giltrap Band**
Bedworth Civic Hall: **Flintlock**
Belfast King's Hall: **Leo Sayer**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Dansette Damage/Sussed**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Dawn Breaker**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham The Sherwood: **Cartoons**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bournemouth Village Bowl: **The Clash/The Slits**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Demis Roussos**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Sham 69/Cimarons**
Bradford University: **Fabulous Poodles**
Bridge Of Allan The Alangrange: **Underhand Jones**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Molesters**
Burton Baths Hall: **Fairport Convention**
Cambridge Lady Mitchell Hall: **Pete Ubu**
Cannock Troubadour: **Hoi Polloi**
Canterbury Odeon: **The Jam/The Dickies /Patrick Fitzgerald**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Namesake**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coleraine Ulster University: **Wilko Johnson Solid Senders**
Coventry Allesley Hotel: **Acker Bilk Band**
Glasgow Auchinairn Hall: **The Exile/Friction**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Jasper Carrott**
Keele University: **Frankie Miller's Full House**
Lancaster University: **John Martyn**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Cliff Richard**
London Acton White Hart: **C Gas 5/The Pack**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Young Bucks**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **O.K.**
London Camden Music Machine: **Sore Throat**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Portraits**
London Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Dog Watch**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Zaine Griff**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Karl Denver**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Trans-Am**
London Marquee Club: **Wire**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Third World**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **David Blosse Band**
London S.W.1 Monkberry's: **N.W.10**
London West Hampstead Railway Hotel: **Cannibals/The Helicopters**
London Wimbledon F.C. Nelson's Club: **Matchbox**
London W.1 Crackers: **Harem Scarem**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) Cock Tavern: **Hot Vultures**
Loughborugh University: **Bethnal**
Manchester Apollo Centre: **The Chieftains**
Mansfield Great Northern Hotel: **Juggernaut**
Manchester Mayflower Club: **The Contenders**
Manchester Middleton Civic Hall: **Hi-Tension**
Newcastle Canteen Club: **The Jolt**
Newcastle City Hall: **Gene Pitney/Co-Co**
Newcastle Gosforth Hotel: **Southbound**
Newcastle Newton Park Hotel: **Moulin Rouge**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Andy Desmond/The Actors**
Norwich Boogie House: **David Johansen Band**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Hinckley's Heroes**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Vesuvius**
Paisley Three Horseshoes: **Charley Browne**
Plymouth Metro: **Dillinger**
Pontypridd Wales Polytechnic: **Writz**
Reading Bones Club: **The Skids**
Reading University: **Mud**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Rezillos/The Undertones**
Solihull Golden Lion: **Orphan**
Southampton University: **Here & Now**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Staindrop Black Swan: **Holly Tannen & Pete Cooper**
Stevenage The Swan: **Scratch**
Walsall West Midlands College: **Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers**
Wigan Bluto's Disco: **Emergency**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **The Hawklords**
York Barge Club: **Best Friends**
York Pop Club: **The Dogs**
York Revolution Club: **Punishment Of Luxury**
York University: **Lindisfarne**

DOLLY PARTON *is back again, as voluptuous as ever and with a couple of good points in her favour. What's more, she sings well, too! If you want to keep abreast of her activities (geddit?), you'll find her on stage at Ipswich (Thursday), Coventry (Friday), Oxford (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday) and London Hammersmith (Monday).*

DAVID JOHANSEN *is the former New York Doll who's now fronting his own band, which includes another ex-Doll, Syl Silvain. The outfit's over here for a short debut tour, including a major London appearance on Tuesday at the new rock centre in Victoria, The Venue. Other dates this week are Birmingham (Saturday) and Norwich (Wednesday) and there are a few more to follow in next week's Gig Guide.*

JERRY LEE LEWIS, *one of the all-time greats in rock history, is here on a fleeting visit. He's in concert at London Rainbow (Sunday) and in Birmingham (Monday) — though, be warned, tickets are at a premium. And with another rock giant, Duane Eddy, as his special guest, it's bound to be some show. Our picture of Jerry was taken on his last visit, though whether he's retained his beard this time remains to be seen!*

WIRE *are playing a few gigs this week including Harrow (Friday), Nottingham (Monday) and London (Wednesday). Pictured above is Colin Newman.*

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS®
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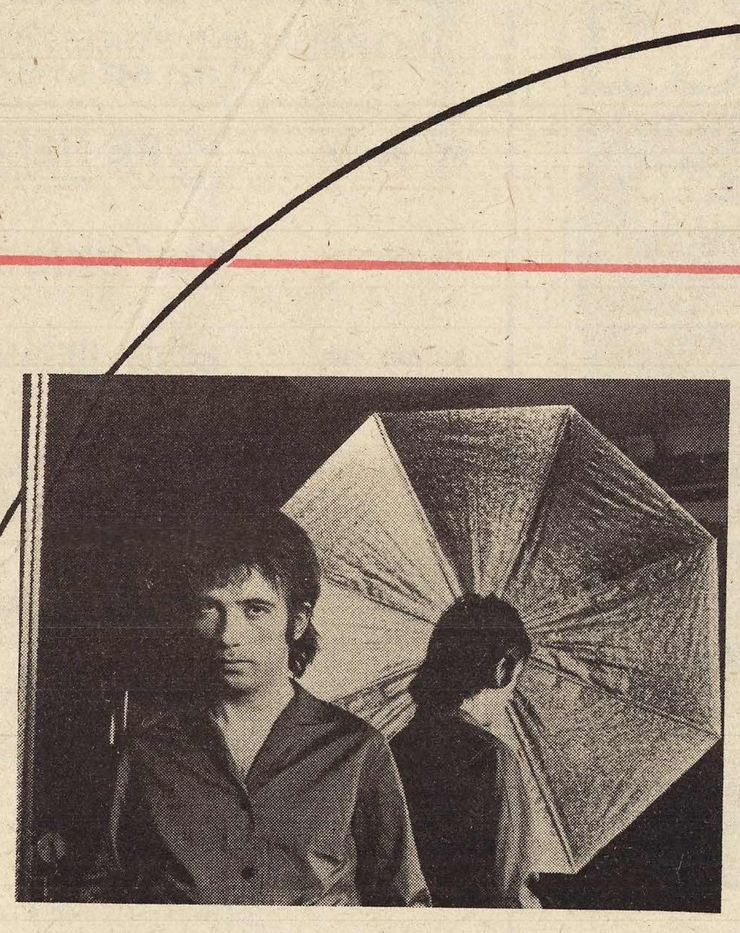

PROMISES - BUZZCOCKS - LIPSTICK

NEW SINGLE - UP36471

BRIAN B SPACE ACE
AFTER FINDING OUT HE HAD BEEN BETRAYED BY THE PRIESTS OF SMOTH, BRIAN HEADS FOR THEIR PLANET BENT ON REVENGE! READ ON!
WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THEM THEY'LL LOOK LIKE A POUND OF MINCE ON A BAD DAY
BY THE LEAPER, WHAT THE HELL'S HAPPENING?
WE HAVE TURNED YOU AND YOUR SHIP INTO THE NEGATIVE, WHEN AND IF YOU LAND ANYWHERE BOOM! NO MORE SPACE ACE!
What are you Guys on about first you SAVE ME. THEN You try to GET ME killed NOW you do this to ME?
WELL JUST SIT BACK AND I'LL TELL YOU A STORY: UH-UM IT ALL BEGAN 2,0000 YEARS ago, WE TASTED THE YELLOW FLUID CALLED LABELUS BIACKUS, WE USED IT TO GAIN NEW HIGHS. 3 PINTS AND WE WERE ANYBODYS, BUT SOME WE BOUGHT OFF TRADERS WAS TAINTED WITH SOME VILE DISEASE CALLED BROOWERS DROOP. THE ONLY WAY We Could get Kicks THEN WAS...

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 **01-437 6603**

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thur 16th Nov (Adm £1.25)
GLORIA MUNDI
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Frid 17th Nov (Adm £1.00)
ZAINE GRIFF
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Sat Nov 18th (Adm £1.00)
LITTLE BO BITCH
The Idols & Ian Fleming

Sun 19th Nov (Adm 85p)
YOUNG BUCKS
Plus support & Mandy H

Mon 20th Nov (Adm £1.00)
GRAND HOTEL
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Tue 21st Nov (Adm 85p)
THE BUSINESS
Plus support & Joe Lung

Wed 22nd & Thur 23rd Nov
WIRE
Plus guests & Ian Fleming
Advance tickets to members £1.50
Non-members at the door £1.75

Fri 24th Nov (Adm £1.50)
THE 'FABULOUS' POODLES
Plus support & Ian Fleming

HAMBURGERS & OTHER HOT & COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

Thursday November 16th £1.00
THE SOFT BOYS + Plain Characters
Friday November 17th £1.00
THE EDGE + The Molesters
Saturday November 18th 75p
JOE JACKSON BAND + Panties
Sunday November 19th £1.00
BARRY FORD BAND + Mat Stagger
Monday November 20th 60p
C GAS 5, LIGHTNING RAIDERS + INTELEKTUALS
Tuesday November 21st 75p
LITTLE BO BITCH + The Addix
Thursday November 23rd £1.00
BLAST FURNACE AND . . . + John Potter's Clay

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

EEL PIE ROCK CLUB

at the Grove Tavern,
Washington Road, Kingston, Surrey
Friday, November 17th

SMIFFY

+ MIKE WILSON
Admission £1.00. Members 85p
Doors open 7.30 pm
Enquiries: Ray Bland on Chertsey (09328) 63357

LITTLE BO BITCH

MARQUEE: Sat. Nov. 18th
NASHVILLE: Tues. Nov. 21st
WINDSOR CASTLE: Fri. Nov. 24th
HOPE & ANCHOR: Sun. Nov. 26th

HOLLIES

Tidal Basin Tavern, Tidal Basin Rd. (off Silvertown Way), Canning Town, E.16

Sat. Nov 18	Fri. Nov 24	Sat. Nov. 25
EARTHBOUND	SCANDAL	ACCIDENTS

Bands on stage 9.30pm. Open until 2am.

EARTHBOUND

Pre-Christmas dates
15th November
The Collegiate Theatre
Gordon Street, WC1.
17th November
St. George's Hospital Medical School
Cranmer Terrace, SW7
18th November
The Hollies — Tidal Basin Tavern
Canning Town, E16.
25th November
The Stapleton Hall Tavern
Crouch Hill, N4.
2nd December
Duke of Lancaster
New Barnet.
6th December
Upstairs at Ronnies
Frith Street, WC1.
8th December
Royal Holloway College
Egham, Surrey.
Band enquiries **01-203 4632.**
EARTHBOUNCERS' CLUB — Phone **Stella, 01-444 7768**

CHINA STREET

Are now back on the road in their own right, having just finished the steel pulse tour.

NOVEMBER
14th 15th 16th Dingwalls
17th Windsor Castle
18th Hope and Anchor
24th Golden Lion
25th Goldsmiths College

For enquiries and further booking: SOUNDSCENE, 261 9774/9741 (HELLIE/NICK)

GET IT LIVE! SUNDAYS AT THE LYCEUM

Harvey Goldsmith by arrangement with Stiff present

THE BE STIFF TOUR 1978
WRECKLESS ERIC MICKEY JUPP JONA LEWIE RACHEL SWEET LENE LOVICH
& GUESTS TO BE ANNOUNCED
Sunday 19th November £2.25 in advance £2.50 on door

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
JAPAN
+ support
Sunday 26th November £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments in association with Outlaw presents
REZILLOS
+ Special guests Undertones
+ Mekons
Sunday 3rd December £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Tickets available from the Lyceum Box Office, The Strand, WC2 01-836 3715 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W1 01-629 3453 (20p booking fee)
Doors open 7.15pm

Can Rochester Stand Up To
SCANDAL
at the Nag's Head, High Street
Friday November 17th & Saturday November 18th
9.45 — 11 pm
Scandal also appearing at the Duke of Lancaster, New Barnet on Tues. 21st November
"Shouldn't Be Allowed"

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE - N.W.1

Wednesday November 15th £1.00
TRADITION
+ HIGH FLYING CLIVE

Thursday November 16th £1.50
From the U.S.A.
The World's only black punk band
PURE HELL
+ JOHNNY CURIOUS & THE STRANGERS

Friday November 17th £2.00
MUNGO JERRY
+ SOUNDER

Saturday November 18th £2.00
From the U.S.A.
THE SHIRTS
+ EXZIBITOR

Monday November 20th £1.00
BLAZER BLAZER
+ Support

Tuesday November 21st £1.00
SPLIT RIVITT
+ THE INTELEKTUALS
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.

Wednesday November 22nd £1.00
SORE THROAT
+ ESSENTIAL LOGIC

Thursday December 7th
IAN GILLAN BAND

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday Nov. 16th 60p
STRAIGHT 8
Friday Nov. 17th 75p
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
Saturday Nov 18th £1
RAR BENEFIT: CHINA STREET
Sunday Nov. 18th 75p
OK
Monday Nov. 20th 60p
ZAINE GRIFF
Tuesday Nov. 21st 75p
JOE JACKSON BAND
Wednesday Nov. 22nd 75p
JOHNNY CURIOUS
Thursday Nov. 23rd 75p
THE SINCEROS

BARBARELLA'S

41 CUMBERLAND STREET, BIRMINGHAM
01-021 643 9413

Wed. Nov. 15th **PURE HELL** (From USA, world's first black punk band)
Fri. Nov. 17th **THE SKIDS**
Sat. Nov. 18th **DAVID JOHANSEN BAND** (From USA, ex-New York Dolls)
Sun. Nov. 19th **WILD HORSES** *(Featuring Brian Robertson from Thin Lizzy + Jimmy Bain from Rainbow)*
Tues. Nov. 21st **COLD COMFORT**
Thurs. Nov. 23rd **CHAIRMEN OF THE BOARD**
Fr. Nov. 24th **SHAM 69** + The Cimarons
Sat. Nov. 25th **STADIUM DOGS**
Mon. Nov. 27th **PERE UBU**
Tues. Nov. 28th **FAIRPORT CONVENTION**
Thurs. Nov. 30th **JAPAN**

PEGASUS

109 GREEN LANES, LONDON N.16.
01-226 5930

Thursday Nov 16th Free
BARRY RICHARDSON BAND
Friday Nov 17th 50p
MONOS
Saturday Nov 18th 50p
BIG CHIEF
Featuring Dick Heckstall Smith
Sunday Nov 19th 50p
ZAINE GRIFF
Monday Nov 20th Free
TO BE CONFIRMED
Tuesday Nov 21st Free
SOUL YARD
Wednesday Nov 22nd Free
THE DAVID BLOSSE BAND

LAST BASTION!

THE WHITE HART PUB
246 HIGH ST. ACTON W.3.

Wednesday November 22nd
C G A S 5
+ THE PACK
+ D.J. JERRY FLOYD
Doors open 7.45 pm

NEW WINDSOR CASTLE

309 HARROW ROAD W9. TEL 286 8403

Thurs 16th Free
THE EXTRAS
+ Support
Friday 17th £1.00
CHINA STREET
+ DUMB BLOND
Saturday 18th 50p
THE BUSINESS
+ JERRY EADIE BAND
Sunday 19th Free
BRITISH ROGUES
Monday 20th Free
BRITISH ROGUES
Tuesday 21st 30p
WARM JETS
+ LOCAL OPERATOR
Wednesday 22nd 30p
TRANS AM
+ THE REDS

Open till late MON-SAT
Westbourne Park Tube

THE INMATES

MAXIMUM R & B
Friday Nov. 17
WINDSOR CASTLE, HARROW ROAD
Fri Nov. 24th
CITY OF LONDON POLY, ALDGATE
Sat. Nov 25th
EAST ANGLIA UNIVERSITY, NORWICH
Sun. Nov. 26th
DINGWALLS, CAMDEN LOCK
Mon. Nov. 27th
NASHVILLE, WEST KENSINGTON

...WE STARTED PLAYING JOKES ON PEOPLE
I SUPPOSE ME GOING TO EARTH WAS A JOKE
NO THAT WAS SERIOUS WE DO WANT THE YELLOW FLUID, WABELUS BLACKUS. BY THE WAY I'LL CHANGE US BACK THAT WAS ANOTHER JOKE AN OPTICAL ILLUSION
WELL THATS ANOTHER JOKE ON YOU I HAVE'NT GOT THE FLUID!
WHAT! FOR THAT BRIAN B, THE NETHERWORLD!
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

DINGWALLS

01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THURSDAY 16
CHARLIE AINLEY
SPECIAL GUESTS CHINA STREET
SATURDAY 18
ERIC BELL BAND
SUNDAY 19
THE BISHOPS
WEDNESDAY 22
IMMIGRANTS
THURSDAY 23
CAROL GRIMES' OVER 21

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday November 16th 30p **BANDIT** *(Latest Album Out Now)*	Monday November 20th 50p *Rockney for the Cockneys* **CHAS & DAVE**
Friday November 17th 40p **GRAND HOTEL**	Tuesday November 21st Free **Angelo Palladino**
Saturday November 18th 40p **ZAINE GRIFF**	Wednesday November 22nd Free **Portraits**
Sunday November 19th 40p **REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD**	Thursday November 23rd 30p **ZAINE GRIFF**

We've got "A WEEK AT THE BRIDGE" Live Album, have you?

MJP presents
Judas Priest
LEA HART
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRIDAY NOVEMBER 17th 7.30 PM
TICKETS £3.00 £2.50 £2.00
Available from advance theatre bo. 748 4081
London Theatre Bookings. Shaftesbury Ave. 439 3371
Premier Box Office. 240 2245 and usual agents

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel. 704981
Friday November 17th
THE LURKERS
+ THE WHIZZ KIDS
Saturday November 18th
IAN GILLAN BAND
(Ex Deep Purple)
REASONABLE CASUAL DRESS ESSENTIAL

A MAM Promotion
Xtray Specs
SORE THROAT
THE INVADERS
MARTIN 'MIGHTY MOUTH'
Monday 27th November at 8.00pm
ODEON HAMMERSMITH
Tel:01-748 4081/2
Tickets: £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50.
from Box Office & usual agents

THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM

184 Camden High Street.

Saturday November 18th
THE TOURISTS
+ AUTOGRAPHS
+ STRAIGHT 8
Admission £1.50
8.30 pm — 2 am

Ronnie L Proudly Presents
THIRD WORLD
+ Support
Thursday November 16th at the 100 CLUB, 100 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, WEST ONE
Tickets £3.50
on the door

LLANDSCAPE

NOVEMBER
Wed 15 University College, Collegiate Theatre, Gordon Street, London WC1
Fri 24 Goldsmiths College
Sat 25 Royal Holloway College
Tues 28 Phoenix Music Club, Malvern
Wed 29 Trent Poly
DECEMBER
Fri 1 Queen Mary College
"WORKERS PLAYTIME" EVE 139 £1.25
UZKME1X2MUCH EVE 137 £1.25
From: EVENT HORIZON MAIL ORDER
154 Forest Hill Rd.,
LONDON SE23
EVENT HORIZON AGENCY New Phone No. Orpington (66) 31627; also 01 703 7677/01 870 2061

TAKE ME TO the LIMIT
TEL 730940
WEST STREET SHEFFIELD

Thursday, November 16th
ERIC BELL BAND
(Ex Thin Lizzy)
+ Disco
Friday, November 17th
BLITZKREIG BOP
+ Disco
Saturday, November 18th
DISCO
with PAUL UNWIN
Monday, November 20th
STUDENTS' DISCO NIGHT
(Admission Free)
Tuesday, November 21st
Jazz Rock with
64 SPOONS
Wednesday, November 22nd
Reggae with
THE TRIBESMEN
Students' Discount Mon./Wed. inclusive
Open 9 pm—2 am

VILLAGE
BOURNEMOUTH
GLEN FERN ROAD
Tel: 0202 26636

Wednesday Nov. 22nd at 7.30pm
THE CLASH
+ PRESSURE SHOCKS
+ THE SLITS
Advance tickets £2.50 from Box Office. Book now!

Monday Nov 27th at 7.30pm
Straight Music presents
SHAM 69
with special guests
THE CIMARONS
Advance tickets £2.00 from Box Office. Book Now!

Tuesday Dec 12th
Adrian Hopkins presents
LINDISFARNE
+ Special guest
CHRIS RAE
(Early booking advised)

Music — Bars — Food
8pm — 1am

Essex S.U. Ents Presents
JOHN MARTYN
+ Support
SATURDAY NOVEMBER 18th at 8.30pm
Tickets £1.50 from S.U. and Parrot Records
Next Week (Nov. 25th):
GEORGE MELLY WITH JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
Enquiries: Colchester 63211

WILDLIFE

Wednesday Nov. 15th	WINDSOR CASTLE, HARROW ROAD
Saturday Nov. 18th	BUCKS HILL CLUB, NUNEATON
Thursday, Nove 23rd	NORBRECK CASTLE, BLACKPOOL
Friday Nov. 24th	PIPPIN INN, ROTHLEY, LEICESTER
Saturday Nov. 25th	RAVEN HALL, CORBY
Sunday Nov. 26th	NAGS HEAD, WOLLASTON, NORTHANTS
Tuesday Nov. 28th	TRIAD LEISURE CENTRE, BISHOPS STORTFORD
Wednesday Nov. 29th	SWAN, HAMMERSMITH

Enquiries: Colin Thurling 01-450 2227

Rainbow
OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT
DILLINGER
Saturday 25th November 7·30p.m.

TAPPER ZUKIE
Saturday 16th December 7·30p.m.

Tickets £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, £1·50
From Box Office, London Theatre Booking, Premier Box Office

AJ'S CLUB
High Street, Lincoln
Thursday November 16th
STAGEFRIGHT
Friday November 17th
SPEEDOMETERS
Saturday November 18th
BULLETS
Latest release "Girl on Page 3"

BEST (INCO) presents
SHAM 69
with their friends
THE CIMARONS
at
HASTINGS PIER PAVILION
Saturday, November 25th, 7.30 pm
Tickets £2.50 from Pier Box Office, Disc Jockey Records and Virgin Records, Brighton
CANTERBURY ODEON
Saturday, December 2nd, 7.30 pm
and Sunday, December 3rd
Tickets £2.50 from Box Office and all usual agents

WEMBLEY ARENA
MEL BUSH PRESENTS
The Great British Music Festival
LONDON

WED 29th NOV
The JAM
Generation X
THE PIRATES
BERNIE TORMÉ
PATRIK FITZGERALD
SPECIAL GUESTS
SLADE

THURS 30th NOV
Lindisfarne
FRANKIE MILLER'S
FULL HOUSE
CHRIS REA
BANDIT
MIKE ELLIOTT
SPECIAL GUESTS
JOHN MILES
A CAPITAL RADIO 194 PRESENTATION

SAT 2nd DEC
DAVID ESSEX
RICH KIDS
THE MOVIES
NICK van EEDE
SPECIAL GUESTS
REAL THING

TICKETS £3 £4 £5
G.B.M.F. BOX OFFICE, WEMBLEY ARENA, WEMBLEY, MIDDLESEX. TEL: 01 902 1234
CHEQUES & P.O's TO WEMBLEY STADIUM LTD & CROSSED ACCOUNT PAYEE
BOOKING ALSO FROM USUAL AGENTS
BOX OFFICE OPENS WED NOV 1st
DOORS OPEN 4·00p.m. ALL SHOWS COMMENCE 5·00p.m.
COMPERES - NICKY HORNE · ROGER SCOTT · MIKE SMITH

BRIAN B'S LIVE PAGE

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
The Legendary
MUDDY WATERS
The Rainbow Theatre
Friday 8th December 8pm
Tickets £3.75 £3.50 £3.00 £2.50
From the Rainbow Box Office, Finsbury Park, N4 01-263 3148 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W1 01-629 3453 (20p booking fee per ticket)

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT
Rezillos
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THIRD WORLD

■ From page 41

you up. Yet on the other hand you have these people in places like Peru who have been taking it for years by just chewing the leaves and having it as part of their own. thing.

"It's like herb, too. When I first went to the States and saw the way people smoked herb" — he mimes frantic US-style joint-hitting — "it freaked me out.

"They just suck it up and get really desperate with it. It has no cultural value, you know. Whereas in Jamaica you see a man build a spliff and go under a tree and sit and meditate, y'know. And it's the same with these guys in Peru. It is their art."

Everything to do with coke is art to them. The growing of the plant. the chewing of the leaves . . .

"But any high at all that anyone is into, I don't see how they can enjoy it in a big city. Like, sure, I smoke herb in New York and see everything that's going on around me but sometimes the seaside and the coconut trees and the big pineapples growing in the backyard and the mango tree provides a more suitable vibe to open up your head."

Bunny "Rugs" Clarke, the band's vocalist and member of the tribe of Joseph, comes into the room and tokes off of Cat's spliff.

Somehow the topic of Ethiopia is mentioned. Has Rugs ever been to Ethiopia?

"Yes" — and then a somewhat disappointing stock reply: "Spiritually. The flesh don't reach yet."

Cat, though, counters any suspicion that no Rasta ever *quite makes* it to Ethiopia:

"My brother lived in Ethiopia for four years. He was very involved in the Twelve Tribes of Israel in Jamaica. You know of that Rastafarian organisation? The Twelve Tribes are right now one of the best things happening in Rastafarianism."

I say I'm interested in the linking of astrology with the Twelve Tribes, as Heptone Barry Llewellyn had

mentioned to me. (According to Llewellyn each tribe represented a different astrological sign — Cat, an Aries, was of the Tribe of Reuben whilst Rugs, an Aquarian, was of the Tribe of Joseph).

"Astrology is just the watered down version of the trip," Rugs tells me, and admonishes me to read the Bible.

"Yeahmon," agrees Cat, "It's a *fantastic* book."

I point out that as far as white Europeans are concerned the major paradox within the essentially highly reasonable and admirable Rasta philosophy is the deification of Haile Selassie, deposed Emperor of Ethiopia.

Cat's response is to compare Haile Selassie to Jesus Christ. He talks of Christ, who has subsequently been accepted — whatever one's religious beliefs — as having been something of a heavy fellow, as having been nailed up on a cross because of lies that were told about him.

"Which is how I see his Majesty now," the soft voice intones.

"His Majesty was a man who came with a certain message. He gave the message and he did certain work for black people and for the people of Ethiopia and for the Twelve Tribes of Israel.

"So what have they done to him? They say that he is a robber and has a Swiss bank account, yet they have never been able to prove it. They never provide any concrete facts.

"But how *can* you really know these things? I have seen articles about Jamaica where they say the place is getting mashed up and there are machine guns firing every day and I know it is simply not true. So where do you draw the line? How do you know that one man is not fooling you? How do I know when I turn on British TV that it is not a load of lies?

"It is only what you learn from your own experience and what particular vibe *you* push out to the world and how you vibe on the world or whatever.

"As with music. You can never plan music. People sit down every day trying to plan a hit tune and just succeed with a little foolishness. Creative, spiritual things — you cannot plan them. It has to be like roots. From something else. Something just seeps into you, y'know."

"You know," Rugs takes over, "the minute you talk about getting Africa together people think it's a black power thing and you're getting racist . . .*No-o-o-o*, man. God is the creator of *everyone*. If I can love Richard I must be able to love you. It is not your fault that you have the complexion that you have.

"As long as you sing the same song and move in the same way and praise the same god that is the power. That is why the Chinese is so strong because it is," he amplifies his voice, "ONE GOD. That is why the Japanese is so strong because it is ONE GOD. That is why the English is so strong because," he almost breaks up with laughter, "It is *ONE QUEEN!*

"So we must come tight as brothers, man. It is not reggae music alone. It is not disco alone. It is just music, man. And if we have the capability of putting all the music and all the sounds that we can hear together then that is *beautiful* — different chapters, different psalms. different scriptures. It is *ONE BOOK*. It is the same word.

"But People don't like to hear that."

JAZZ

■ From page 54

then I do because she's got nice loose chops."

Anne, in fact, was practically on the strength at the QEH performance of Ardley's "Kaleidoscope Of Rainbows".

"I did my last gig three weeks before I had the baby. I went on tour with Neil and it was a bit uncomfortable sitting on the coach — I'd get these big kicks — but it was either that or be at home with nothing much to do. And the music takes your mind off your condition."

Since most of her income comes from Europe, Barbara spends a lot of her life on the road.

"No musician could earn a living in England unless he was in the studio all the time. I've spent six weeks in Germany in the last two months, but I like doing tours because it's very bitty just doing single gigs. At the airport the other day I bumped into Ron Matthewson coming back from Norway, John Surman somewhere else, and I'd had the Mike Westbrook Band following me round in Sicily.

"I'm off again soon with Paraphernalia which'll be hard work because I'll be driving most of the way. It wouldn't be economic to bring a roadie in."

Recently, she was chosen to do a half-hour slot for Belgian television's *A Centenary Of Adolphe Sax*, dedicating a blues original to the wailing inventor.

"I've done so much TV abroad, and nothing here. It's ridiculous. All these European festivals are on TV. I'm innundated with work in Germany. You just don't get a chance here. The jazz fans in TV have to fight to get anything on, and if you're lucky you get a three-minute spot."

She is rightly patriotic about the standard of British musicianship. "It's incredibly high here. I was in New York about three months ago and I went to the Village Vanguard and talked to Max Gordon who runs it — marvellous old fella, he's been running it for 30 years.

"He said, 'Anytime you wanna play here, just let me know.' In fact, he asked if I could play the week after as he'd just been let down. The Heath brothers were there then, Jimmy and Albert, and they wouldn't let me sit in. They were very mean to me. I went up to them and they looked at me not very enthusiastically, and said their music was too complicated. I told them if I heard the theme I'd probably get it down, but they weren't hospitable at all.

"I went round a lot of clubs and sat in with Joe Morello. It was a bit awkward and embarrassing because the front line wasn't anything special. I don't think they like me very much. They've got great bassists and drummers in the States though."

She and Jon Hiseman only work together in other people's bands. Andrew Lloyd Webber often uses them, and they appear together in Wolfgang Dauner's United Jazz-Rock Ensemble. They recently collaborated on a theme for Frank Muir's book for children.

CLARINET PLAYERS usually knock the tenor, find it facile. How had she found the change-over?

"I started on clarinet, went to alto and then tenor as a natural thing because it's got more soul

It is easier in a way to play then clarinet on a certain level. You blow it and the sound's right there. The clarinet is much more complicated. If you're good on clarinet, your technique on saxophone is gonna be OK, but it goes deeper than that because you'll probably get a terrible sound.

"When I first changed, that was the problem — a horrible wobbling between sounds because the embouchure's quite different. One is with the lip in, the other's lip out. Lip in for the clarinet because it's a much narrower mouthpiece, and the sound is reedy. It's really a classical instrument. All my favourite clarinet players, like Artie Shaw, can play classical too.

"I don't like classical saxophonists much, because they play it like a clarinet, most of them. The saxophone to me has guts and you shouldn't play it like a woodwind. I know the classical saxophonists are trying to do something creatively and artistically, but it's not an area that I like — and, funnily enough, I think the finest jazz players have better sounds. Stan Getz has a beautiful sound with that underneath wideness to it, and so had Johnny Hodges."

Certainly nothing remains of Barbara's clarinet coolth in her tenor, which is hot, broad and attacking. In full cry, she sounds a little like Shepp. It's difficult to reconcile the quiet, contained woman with that snorting saxophone.

"Oh, I often get petrified. What scares me most is if there's no atmosphere. If there is, you can respond to it. I had a nasty one last year in Holland. It was a live broadcast and there wasn't much of an audience there, and I

felt nervous. Well, you've got to have nerves because you can't give a performance if you haven't, that's part of it, but you've got to keep them down. Jon says you're only as good as your last concert."

Like a fair number of the original NJO, she has taken an increasing interest in jazz-rock. "I think we all got into it at the same time. Jazz time started to get a bit restricting, and I'd always loved things with an eight-feel. I felt it had more space to it, and it swung as well. To be honest, jazz time feels old-fashioned to me.

"I can't stand to see kids trying to play like Dexter. Everyone should try to play what they are. If I go and see Dexter or Sonny Rollins, I know what I'm going to hear and I like it, but I'm not going to go and hear a youngster play like that. What I want to do is not of the past, it's of now."

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY:
Neil Ardley: "Western Reunion" (Decca), "Dejeuner Sur L'Herbe" (Verve), "Greek Variations" (Columbia), "Symphony Of Amaranths" (Regal Zonophone), "Kaleidoscope Of Rainbows" (Gull).
Mike Gibbs: "Michael Gibbs" (Deram).
Barbara Thompson: "Paraphernalia" (MCA).

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This, their first album was recorded in five days, one for recording one for mixing and three for tuning. Their mission in life is to be happy as well as to obtain enormous discount on musical equipment by purchasing in bulk.

THE SPITBALLS : THEIR ALBUM : GET IT NOW

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ON THE TOWN

Inventive Zazz unmarred by fab miniskirts

The Rezillos

Marquee

In view of the amount of loosely-founded speculation that post-punk bands seem to attract, I'm inclined to approach any idea about The Rezillos "vision" with extreme caution.

It's not their music, nor the way they play it, that's of any real merit; it's all that inverted packaging. Strung between a mass of re-vamped 60's beat music and pop art space cartoon fantasy, they are hovering somewhere in the skyline of 1978.

When the credibility stakes are so often swung by bands consciously avoiding any contrivance in trying to be "that true sounding-board of today", it's great to see an act that's so deliberately contrived and still manages to cancel out any pretentions by being so ridiculous.

It's also incongruous that The Rezillos want to be nothing more than a beat group but go to such ludicrous extremes of packaging detail to actually justify it; especially as the early 60's bands that they blatantly emulate, were all doing their best to conform to an overall pattern.

Anyway, The Rezillos' vision, if they have one at all, is certainly not serious, and any more fanciful theorising would automatically undermine their most immediate quality: an undiluted sense of FUN.

The sight of asphyxiated bodies sprawled in the wings or gobbing their way to incineration, didn't help the band's sense of humour. But stoutly braving the hail of phlegm (poor sods), they were amazingly sympathetic; at one point actually dragging some half-crushed punter out of the crowd and onto the stage.

Visually, they were a knock-out: Fay Fife in orange dayglo, plastic polka-dot two-piece and Eugene Reynolds in slit-eyed shades and leathers, arms cartwheeling out of control share the vocal frontline with no compromises.

Jo Callis, his hair in a wimpy ponytail, played perfect R'n'B guitar, devastating fills and powerchord rhythm; and Simon Templar supplied careering bass lines against Angel's incessant, thrashing drums.

They never dropped the pace; a mistake as they play with so much sensitivity, and build up more than enough crowd control not to limit themselves to an all-out breakneck set.

Of all the numbers, I tended to root for the space odyssey section: "Thunderbirds", "Destination Venus", and the excellent "Flying Saucer Attack" (which anyone remembering "Do The Locomotion" will register as stolen property). Much of the newer material, except "Pink Drink", was over-shadowed by such well-sprung and hard-hitting tunes as "Top Of The Pops".

Exit The Rezillos, after two encores and a show of non-stop style and excellence. They could knock shit out of The Ramones with ten broken strings.

Mark Ellen

Devo

New York

THE MESSAGE came from "The Desk of General Boy", father of Booji Boy, and a top officer in the De-evolution Army.

"Many of you, it read, "have made light of my son Booji Boy and DEVO . . . You have made a grave error . . . The boys have gained hard experience in the field, devolving even the most dangerous pockets of resistance."

It would seem to be so. Devo *have* tightened up.

When they zipped through New York a year ago, playing at Max's, their show was loose and wild. When the band forayed into the audience it wasn't an obligatory gesture but a real frontal attack. The music was sloppier, the show slightly disorganised, but the attitude of the band was far more convincing.

The new Devo show at the Bottom Line is the result of lots of road work and the experience of working with Eno in the studio. It's now orchestrated with military precision, and carefully choreographed.

Everyone plays their part perfectly. It's effectively calculated, but I miss the feeling of being in the company of wild visionaries when anything could happen.

When they first emerged out of Akron, Devo were like a bunch of mad scientists who had just crawled out of the basement laboratory. Now they see themselves as a commando unit, carefully trained for taking the message of De-evolution to the world.

Denis O'Regan

Faye Fife (of the Rezillos) resolving to avoid pre-gig prune yoghourts in future.

Devo performed three numbers not on their debut album ("Wiggly World", "Spud Boys" and "Mr. DNA"), and most of the songs on the set except "Space Junk".

The show opened with Booji Boy pops up to preach the gospel.

These movies are the key to appreciating the band. You can ignore the philosophising and get off on the sheer outrageous absurdity and humour of Devo's vision of our universal pin-headedness.

During "Jocko Homo" a taped interlude interrupts the song while the lights go down, and yet another clip roles (are we not video-freaks?). Then Devo take off their yellow rubber-worker suits and emerge in gym shorts and t-shirts.

Mark Mothersbaugh jumps up and down pointing to his skinny frame while bellowing *"Are we not men?"* and then waves his hand behind his rear end, singing *"the left hand's diddling"*.

Clownish stuff, and it reminds us that while these boys are serious, well heck, they're not *that* serious.

Of course some people see these films and costume changes and claim Devo are Kiss for intellectuals. But they're wrong.

Messages and rock bands don't usually mix well, but having something to say doesn't necessarily mean having nothing to play. Devo's music is rich in texture (due to Mark's synthesizer and the energetic guitar interplay) and the songs are quirky but often inventive.

And perhaps Devo are right. Perhaps things are falling apart and our true mystics are the ones who meditate to television test patterns.

I better figure out where I put General Boy's address.

Paul Flatte

Imagine the Stranglers backwards... (a compliment)

Throbbing Gristle
Cabaret Voltaire
Metabolist
Robert Rental
and The Normal

Cryptic One Club

A youth club under a church. A cramped cellar, lots of arches. The 'stage" is 15 feet deep and six feet wide. Twenty at most of the audience can see it. A few more can see part of it. In a corner lager is being sold for 50 pence a can. The writing on the wall doesn't say "a culture never falls to pieces, it just gives birth", but that's only 'cos I'd forgotten my chalk.

It was hot, crowded, murky, NOISY now and then, silent but mostly decadent.

Minutes before nine, Genesis P. Orridge introduces (one by one, good lad) Throbbing Gristle, and himself as David Brooks. "Bruce Forsyth has nearly finished," he mumbles, his voice treated and blotted. "To-night is family evening. We usually play for about an hour."

Genesis P. Orridge is the ultimate rock comedian. Throbbing Gristle's set was funny. A remote parody of a rock (or whatever) group seriously performing bleached, blank, carefully-composed junk. A remote parody of anyone from David Coverdale's White Snake to the Tom Robinson Band.

Throbbing Gristle understand rock music's terrible tedium and the thin line between white noise and Thin Lizzy.

T.G. used tapes, guitars, radios, tv's, voices, fingers, rings, a bass, eyes, intensity, a violin, stupidity, gullibility electronics and stimulants to spew up a rotting, decaying noise. A seagull hiccoughing and amplified? The Stranglers backwards? As musical as Pere Ubu? Or Yes? No.

Inevitably, when people improvise moments of repeatable sound are attained (unlike a rock gig where the whole thing is stifingly preplanned). Some parts of this T.G. performance would sound good on record. This doesn't mean that they succeeded or failed; just that they functioned.

Orridge stiffly stalked the space between amps, instruments and walls, blindly strumming a bass, distorting any macho roles, teasing the sense of control, singing nonsense that could have meant something, sawing a violin, and shining a bright light on the dumbfounded, wide-eyed audience. Their response was pride, fear or defiance. It was funny. I didn't laugh out loud. But I smirked.

The ultimate poseur, I thought, is someone who dances to Throbbing Gristle. And Throbbing Gristle went on and on . . . just like a rock group.

Metabolist were the most self consciously avant garde unit of the night. The four members were covered in hair and frowned a lot. They beated and burped, the sound of Stockhausen or the grunting of Gong. For the first time that evening people clapped, but only barely.

At times they reminded me of an electric Ovary Lodge, dispite not having a pianist. They fiddled about for a very long time. Such complexities weren't right in this environment. No one could concentrate, which is probably why they clapped. But only barely.

Rob Hall

Genesis P. Orage thinking of getting into pre-gig prune yoghourts.

Music between the acts was Thomas Leer, the Banshees, Scritt Politti, Prag vec . . .

Robert Rental (whose "Paralysis" single is soon to be released on the new Company label, along with Thomas Leer's "Private Plane" classic — the two are not, incidentally, forming a group with Liz Farrow, all three are to stick to solo stuff) and Daniel (who is The Normal) eventually "popped" up "on stage". Daniel bowed over a tape/keyboard playkit. Robert, looking endearingly confused, twiddled knobs and sang gently. The sound they made was sort of angry Edgar Froese, which is no bad thing. It was fast, poppy, pulsing and only occasionally messy. It wasn't soppy cosmic, it was brisk fun. The Rental-Normal combination should record, and probably will.

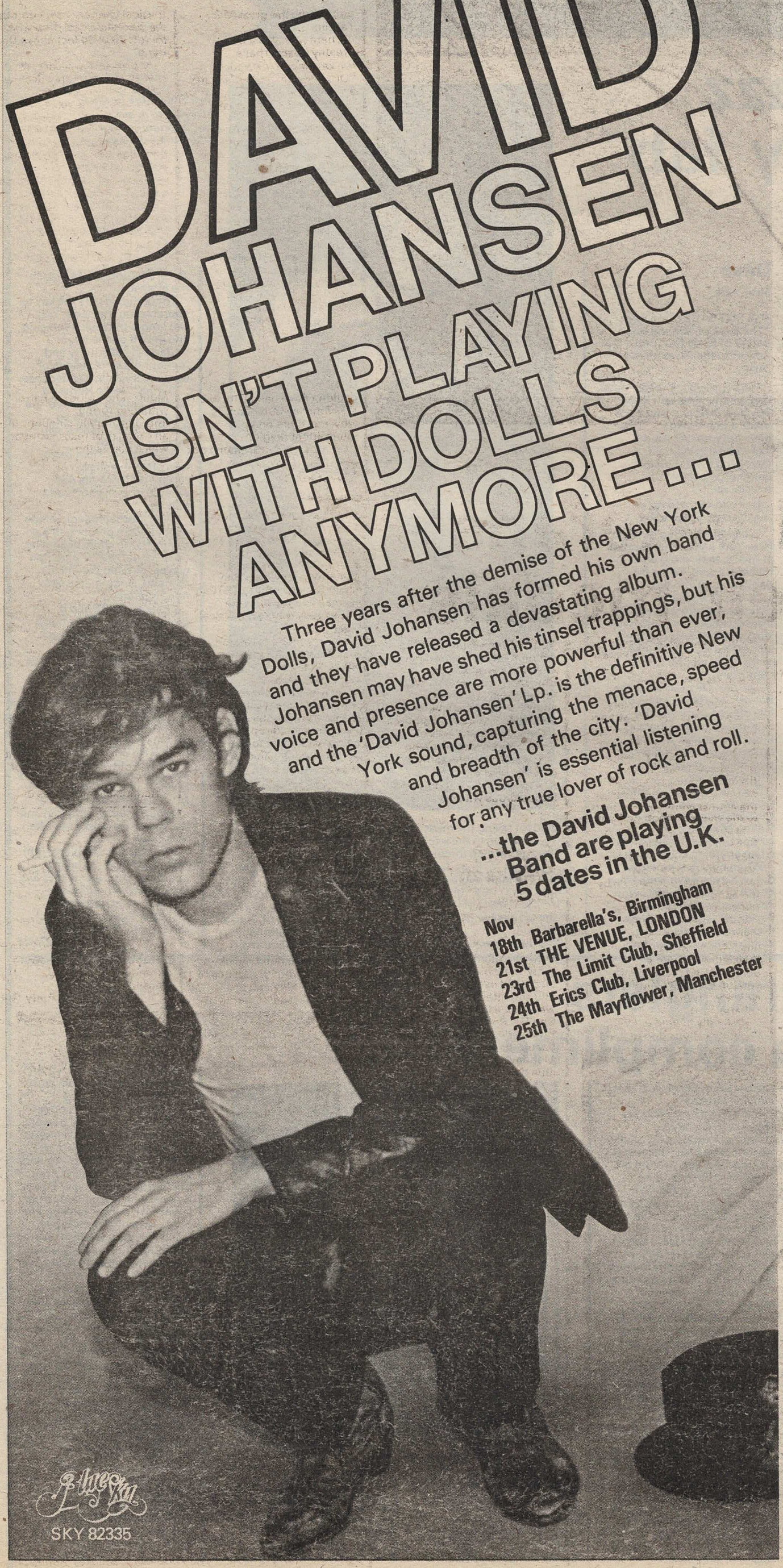
Cabaret Voltaire, a trio, came on last. Despite the fact they've yet to expand and extend their sound from the early days, they are an extremely seductive electronic pop group. All this rubbish you've read about them being difficult and disconcerting should be forgotten. They remain faithful to the notions of "set" and "accessibility". They are very disciplined and contrived. Almost a next year's thing.

Andrew Lauder didn't turn up. Everyone departed, smiling into the misty night.

If you weren't there, you were somewhere else.

Paul Morley

DAVID JOHANSEN ISN'T PLAYING WITH DOLLS ANYMORE...



Three years after the demise of the New York Dolls, David Johansen has formed his own band and they have released a devastating album. Johansen may have shed his tinsel trappings, but his voice and presence are more powerful than ever, and the 'David Johansen' Lp. is the definitive New York sound, capturing the menace, speed and breadth of the city. 'David Johansen' is essential listening for any true lover of rock and roll.

...the David Johansen Band are playing 5 dates in the U.K.

Nov
18th Barbarella's, Birmingham
21st THE VENUE, LONDON
23rd The Limit Club, Sheffield
24th Erics Club, Liverpool
25th The Mayflower, Manchester

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Jerry Lee Lewis
Duane Eddy

Margate

When a promoter carts a journalist and photographer off to the opening night of a European tour he obviously wants to get a suitably rave review published in time to help promote the remaining British shows.

To foul up this plan I'd have to say Jerry Lee was terrible, Duane was hopeless and the whole trip was a total disaster.

Alas, my smash-the-system credibility rating plummets to zero yet again, for I have to report that The Killer was typically magnificent and Duane twanged his thang sufficiently well to please his fans.

It'd be unfair to say much more about Duane. He'd only met his British pick-up band a few hours before the gig, so his act was more a public rehearsal than a polished performance. Still, his guitar sounded just like the old records and he played most of what was expected of him: "Movin' 'n' Groovin'", "The Lonely One", "Peter Gunn", "Shazam" and so on.

Jerry Lee doesn't rehearse, period.

A truly unique stylist with a repertoire of hundreds of songs, he strolls on stage when he's good 'n' ready, settles himself at the piano and takes off into whatever number he feels like playing.

Every one of his shows is different. Every performance of a song, no matter how often played, is also different. Back in the 60s his unpredictability caused several minor heart attacks among local musicians who accompanied him on European tours. But for eight years he has been bringing over his own backing group, the present version of which is the best he's ever had.

Led by Kenneth Lovelace (guitar, fiddle, vocal) who's been with Jerry for 13 years, and including David Mayfield (guitar, vocal), Joel Shumaker (bass) and Ronald Norwood (drums), they preceeded the boss with a fine set of country/rock featuring Lovelace and Mayfield, before providing a remarkably tight groove for Jerry.

There were numbers that cropped up in both Jerry's sets: a medley of his last two American hits "Middle-Aged Crazy" and "I'll Find It Where I Can" (performed standing, without piano accompaniment); slightly different but equally exciting versions of "What'd I Say", "C.C. Rider", "Boogie Woogie Country Boy", "Me And Bobby McGee", "You Win Again" (segued into "Your Cheatin' Heart" first time, full length the second); and, naturally, a medley of "Great Balls Of Fire" and "Whole Lotta Shakin'", which rocked into "You Can Have Her" on the first show and "Meat Man" on the second.

There was also one all-action, piano-pounding, ultimate killer-diller rock 'n' rave-up in each set: "Just Because" and "Johnny B. Goode" were hammered out with a mind-numbing ferocity that'd have Steinway spinning in his grave.

It's now 22 years since Jerry emerged from the backwoods to make himself a legend and still *no-one* can come close to this man once he gets going.

During the hour between shows he became more reflective. Whereas he'd opened the first set with the high-powered "Mean Woman Blues" and also treated the rockers in the audience to "Drinking Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee", second time around he began with "No Headstone On My Grave" and played five of his country hits.

But *he* doesn't differentiate between Rock and Country; it's all just Jerry Lee Lewis Music to him. He answers to no-one but himself and I've yet to see him play a duff gig.

The King? No question.

Cliff White

John Martyn

LSE

You don't need me at all — you know what happened, what will happen.

John Martyn starts another solo tour of the college circuit. It's sold out of course, not much point in many members of the general public turning up.

John Martyn plays his Greatest Hits and everybody squeals and diddle-doddles their necks like bumfluff-beasties at a Sabbaff. Each song is punctuated (punctured) by the perennial self-deprecating, cloying, dope-joviality and everybody relaxes except me.

Martyn croaks and slurs and his guitar croaks and slurs, and I like it (at home).

But isn't it just the same tour of the college circuit it's always been? Perhaps he plays the same songs as last time. Perhaps the same people turn up. He gives the dopes what they want, and they give him perhaps what he wants.

John Martyn relaxes even further and moves away from the courage of earlier work. His songs are likeable but frequently bland, wholly inadequate without the guitar, which is as pleasing as ever it was. If he played only electric guitar the college circuit would be suspicious of the noises he makes. But he plays an acoustic guitar so it's more than cool . . .

But Martyn moves further from Tim Buckley and closer to Alan Hull. It's no longer really "music", more an institution within an institution. Not that "music" necessarily has to be rigorously demanding (whatever that is).

At the moment John Martyn seems to be operating within a set of set relaxation; a stop.

Bring back the backing band, or stop singing straight. Either way let's hear some prickly improvisation.

Ian Penman

The Idols

Dingwalls

Six hardworking months have passed since The Idols first came onto the London club-circuit. They have clocked up a respectable mileage, progressing from garage anonymity to their current status as *the* good-time local band in West London.

Primarily a rock dance group they've evolved a live repertoire of 15 self-penned songs and now attract a reasonable following.

Opening with a thrash called "Wouldn't Dare", they turned the small stompfloor at London's Dingwalls into a kangaroo's nest of cavorting chrome, Lewis leather and diamond-mesh.

Coming on brash loud and fast their strongest qualities were barely discernible over the tinpot comb'n'paper buzz of their makeshift PA. They ain't virtuosos, but Wolf Marlander's high-calibre drumming and the competent rollerball melange of guitar, keyboards and bass ensured that their initial G-Force was maintained throughout the set.

The Idols also revealed an above average song-writing ability. "Johnny Don't Deliver", "Circle Of Fame" and "King Of The Dub" — with its nod toward Acklam style reggae — are arguably their best live songs and would wear well on wax, given the necessary technology and polish.

Overall it was a sharp performance. The feet were happy and calories were shed. On a good night The Idols can play rock on a razorblade.

Rick Joseph.

Jerry Lee describing the effects of prune yoghourt.

Rob Hall

LEST WE FORGET . .

Two-fisted veterans burnish their medals

Alex Harvey

The Venue

Alex Harvey's last appearance since the demise of The Sensational Alex Harvey Band was a one-off at The Palladium in March featuring a new band with string and brass section, pipers, Highland drummers and dancing girls.

For Alex it was a bid for re-admission into rock music; a glimpse for the press of this ham-fisted mishmash and it was knocking time.

Eight months later, without a record contract but as ambitious as ever, he returns again to play six more "big comeback" gigs with a show so confusing and consistently weird that I had to see it twice before it made sense.

Predictably, his musical direction has been drastically overhauled. There are no gimmicks, no massed ranks of extras, just a five-piece band and Alex, for once, completely alone as the focal point.

Without any equally assertive sidekicks it was less like his late rock theatre and more like a cabaret act, strangely suited to the dilettante confines of The Venue which reeks of apathy and pena calarda.

Alex, as master of ceremonies, prowled across its small stage, guitar slung across his back, haranguing the crowd and conducting the band through the most unlikely sequence of numbers imaginable.

They opened with "9 to 5", sections of jazz/rock instrumental cut with a military drumbeat and a dirge-like Victorian lyric about The Cherrypickers regiment sung in deliberately strained, emotional tones.

Next came another strange and unexplained saga called "The Mafia Stole My Guitar", and a sonorous sea-shanty "Back In The Depot", in which Alex, over various melodramatic rhythm changes, recalled being shipwrecked off the Gulf of Finland when one of his crew had diluted the shark-repellant. (I said *weird...*)

Recent Harvey discovery, 17-year-old guitarist Matthew Cang, gave his echo chamber an airing in a spacey version of "Shakin' All Over", while the always unpredictable frontman hunched himself over the mike and addressed the almost confidential vocals to the Glasgow mob up front.

Frankie Vaughan's "Tower Of Strength" created mayhem, but relative peace was restored by a slow jazz/rock interlude written by the band's exceptionally talented saxist Don Weller.

With a maniac grin Alex leapt back for the swing classic "Just A Gigolo", and then launched into a Satchmo-style scat vocal version of "I Ain't Got Nobody". (When I said cabaret . . .)

He finally bowed out with the incongruous duo of "Will You Be There Tomorrow", a winding mood piece slanging whale hunters; and the obligatory "Framed", which he sang with a stocking stuffed in his gob as he loped about like a demented gibbon.

Considering the bulk of "big name" rock musicians who play it safe with the same old garbage year after year, I admire the risks he takes and his ludicrous wit and imagination.

Mark Ellen

Denis O'Regan

Alex Harvey demonstrates sales technique used by Nonconformist prune yoghourt salesmen.

Smokey Robinson

Palladium

It's been a good year for living legends.

Randy Newman, Bob Dylan, Ornette Coleman, Etta James, Dizzy Gillespie, BB King have all gigged over here this year, and acquitted themselves well. You can now add Smokey Robinson to the list; though despite some beautiful moments his Monday night show was a little disappointing.

One reason for this was the cold luxury of the Palladium, with its strict "no dancing" rule; another was the silly Show Biz hoola which accompanied the set, from the horribly corny announcer to Smokey's laughable pretence of taking requests from the audience.

"'The Love I Saw In You Was Just A Mirage'!" The people behind me bellowed. "Ah yes, I heard that," said Smokey, looking straight at them, "'Vitamin U'."

Strangest of all was Smokey's lack of charisma.

Looking inappropriately macho in a (smokey?) grey leather jumpsuit, he spent most of the evening at a slight crouch, elbows in ribs, as if he had acute stomach-ache. Apart from Van Morrison, I've never seen anyone look so stiff and uncomfortable on stage.

Fortunately, his voice remains absolutely gorgeous, and he's still writing lovely songs. The highpoint of the evening was his beautiful version of "Daylight And Darkness", from his latest "Love Breeze" album, which also featured some wonderfully sympathetic guitar from the great Marv Tarplin.

There was also a nice, breathy "Baby That's Backatcha", an extended "Quiet Storm" with fine flute and keyboards, and a spirited "Baby Come Close" to finish with.

The oldies section missed out most of my favourites, but there was a comic doo-wop interlude, with Smokey doing the bass voice as well as all the others; and - surprise - a lively "Mickey's Monkey", preceded by the story of how Smokey heard Lamont Dozier composing it.

"He said, 'lumdi lumdi li'. I said, 'What does it mean?' He said, 'I don't know yet.' I said, 'Well, how do you spell it?' He said, 'I don't know yet.'

At the end, the theatre emptied quickly and there was no encore. An odd anticlimax to an evening which had been curiously patchy. It was Smokey Robinson, so it couldn't have been bad. But it *was* Smokey Robinson, so why was there only intermittent magic?

Graham Lock

THE AGE PAGE

Graph

Sheffield

Graph are one of the more inventive trios currently working in Sheffield, showing in their own way at least as much promise as Cabaret Voltaire (with whom they share tonight's bill) and The Human League but with completely different musical intentions.

Until recently their work was in two quite separate fields: in the first place there was spontaneous improvisation, which led in turn to the construction of pieces from combinations uncovered in improvisation — a process similar to that used by This Heat but in Graph's case resulting in the production of songs which, despite an unsettling quirkiness, are most definitely *pop*.

Unlike other local drummerless trios Graph make no attempt to compensate by substituting drum-machine for drum-kit, but dispense altogether with percussive elements, allowing the music to roll and flow, free of mekanik rhythmik hammer-locks.

They did at one time use a drummer, who for reasons of imcompatibility and an interest in visual rather than musical imagery now controls the cine/slide backdrop which towers 20 or 30 feet above the band.

He presents disconcerting, vertigo-inducing speeded-up scenes filmed from cars, negative fragments of the band, constantly-changing geometrical compositions — the whole more alienating than aleatory, and carried out with considerable professional panache for such a poverty-stricken bunch.

Musically, it's an odd, engaging concoction of Ian Elliott's (controlled) fuzzy guitar distortion, held down by Ian Burden's bass parts (played on ordinary six-string guitar), punctuated and coloured by squeaks and textures from Martin Rootes' Tesco organ and ad hoc collection of boxes, batteries and wires.

Tonight's gig sees them combining the solid song structures of "Life In The Mono" and "Modern Patrol" with their former improvisatory inclinations in an exercise of reassessment which places the improvisation *within* the structures rather than distinctly separate from them.

It's a brave move, heard to best effect on the opener "Adverts" (and neatly congruent with lyrics like *"The adverts are your music, you learn to whistle by rote"*), although Graph themselves would probably be the first to admit that they're not yet letting the improvisation alter the structure as much as they could — the two elements aren't yet fused to best effect.

But there are *ideas*, there is strength and promise in abundance, and in Elliott they have a singer with the ability to charge (what would be loosely described as) "new music" songs with a sharp human edge generally absent in the cold, rational climes of the genre.

Reminiscent in places of The Only Ones' Peter Perrett — and even, to stretch a comparison, Leonard Cohen — Elliott's nonetheless not adverse to the occasional emotional outburst and has been known to get almost as out of control onstage as he usually is off.

This can be quite disturbing. But these are disturbing times, after all, and who needs placebos anyway? (Answers on coloured vinyl only, please.)

Andy Gill

Pennie Smith

The man who invented you-know-what Smokey Robinson.

Their Sultanic Majesties

Dire Straits

Bradford

Dire Straits will be calling the shots soon and, for what it's worth, I'd endorse them into eternity.

The audience at Bradford University will know what I mean, because the band's performance there was not just a concert. It was a celebration of rock and roll as an *Art Form* rather than as just another medium of cheap stimuli.

Mark Knopfler, vocalist and lead guitarist, is the man without whom none of this would have been possible. Ex-teacher, ex-journalist Knopfler is not just another 'major talent': a genius.

As a composer, he is utterly poetic. His lyrics have humour, and great poignancy, expressed by a sultry, deep-but-warm heartfelt delivery often resembling Dylan's in its story-telling quality.

"Down To The Waterline" commenced the show, and through Knopfler's ingeniously lilted vocal passages and lyrical guitar soloing, Dire Straits went on to give their all — and more.

Knopfler's pre-eminence as composer and musical architect is readily acknowledged by the other players. They act almost deferentially towards him, as though they too get a buzz from his inspirational properties. But they're not appendages: his brother, rhythm guitarist David, bassist John Illsley and drummer Pick Withers have equal shares in the band's corporate vision, and Knopfler owes a lot to their calm empathy.

The cool, clear mix contributed to the atmosphere crafted by Knopfer's note-perfect and beautifully-toned guitar. "In The Gallery", his most emotional song (about an artist who never got the breaks *"in London and in Leeds"*) exemplified the band's supreme sense of rhythm: a half-caste reggae beat followed by up-tempoing which worked so well it was scarcely recognisable. (This number had Knopfler sounding a little Beefheart, just as on "Water Of Love" and elsewhere he sounded like J. J. Cale on overdrive).

One gropes for meaningful, accurate adjectives, but descriptions like 'economical, glorious, elegant funk' are the only ones which come close to defining Knopfler's total mastery of his guitar and of his Art. He knows the instrument inside out: the technique is timeless, effortless and unhurried.

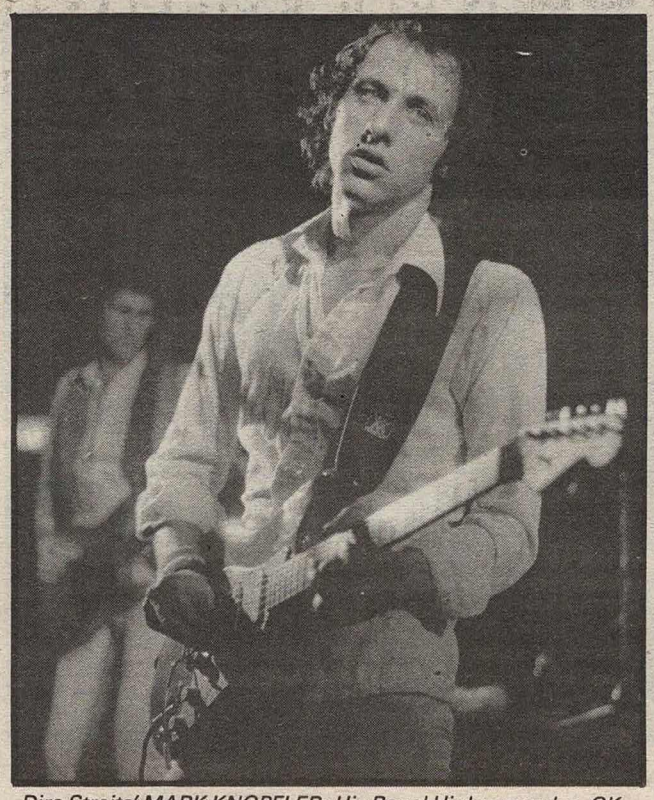
"Southbound Again", similar in pace and narrative to "Sultans Of Swing", emphasised that the band have an excellent repertoire that will win over the casual punter everywhere they go. They're one of those rare bands which would make it just through word of mouth tip-offs without the media eulogies.

And they didn't play "Sultans" as a big deal. It hadn't been called for previously, mostly because everyone was just too distracted by the excellence of each and every number. It was just the icing on the cake, a feather for their caps.

A modest, unassuming band, they returned for a couple of encores but in terms of superiority they had done enough long before.

Truly, Dire Straits are in a different class.

Emma Ruth



Dire Straits' MARK KNOPFLER: His Royal Highness rules, OK . . . Pic: TIM ROBERTS

The Venigmas

Glasgow

More innocents abroad in the twilight world of rock.

The Venigmas (a contraction of Vain-Enigmas) are a young band, 16-19, with more talent than is probably good for them. The music press will have little to do with their success; they will never be fashionable. But there's a vast punk-sick audience somewhere waiting; an audience which never reads the music papers.

They've been together six months and already have 24 songs . . . often sound like Be Bop Deluxe but claim to have more interest in Tamla/Stax/Bowie. Aside from their non-experimental sound, very good but not startling to a radical progressivist like myself, I can only criticise the often excruciating lyrics (*"Can I leave my mind in the back of your car?"* — straight off "Nuggets") and an over-reliance on a slow/fast two-part song formula.

If they can break habits and keep improving at their present rate they'll be rich and famous soon. It will be ironic if the most successful post-Pistols young band are neither punks nor computer technicians.

Glenn Gibson

Slade

Music Machine

Hitless for so long, I feared Slade would surely be parody or travesty, caricature Rude Boyz en route for Batley Variety Club.

Not this century. Noddy Holder's voice could separate scampi from breadcrumbs at a hundred paces and apart from the odd *bon mot* — "Jim and I were sitting on the banks of the Mississippi, watching the turds float by" — the smut count was low.

Starting with Alvin Lee's "Hear Me Calling", Slade gave a totally authoritative display of rock 'n roll rifferama.

"Coz I Luv You" and "Merry Christmas Everybody", two of their biggest hits, were surprisingly omitted but we got most of the rest. (They'd be listed here if I could remember how to mis-spell them.)

Whether on the quintessentially Wolverhampton wistfulness of "Everyday" or the shotgun marriage of "That's All Right Mama" and "My Baby Left Me", the Slade stamp is unmistakable. A more objective producer than longtime svengali Chas Chandler might be the catalyst to channel this individuality into new areas.

Jimmy Lea is probably the best musician and gets solo spots on bass and fiddle, proving more entertaining on the latter. But Slade are a unit, with Lea providing the fluid, melodic element just as John Entwistle does with the Who.

The crash-bang-wallop element comes courtesy of Don Powell, the John Snow of the kit.

Slade already make Sham 69 look extremely silly. With a hit single and album they'd leave most mainstream rockers so far down the field you'd have to pump air into 'em.

Harry George

Local Operator

Windsor Castle

Resurfacing after much studious rehearsal time, roots/rock merchant Jo Broadberry is treading the boards again with this his sharpest outfit to date.

His new four-piece, Local Operator, play with enough 'white reggae' to draw you in, enough rock to knock you out, and enough drive to keep you in perpetual motion.

They have the rare insight not to overfill reggae rhythms but keep them fast, economical and fiendishly tight, with Geoff Cooper supplying smooth and excessivley tasty guitar solos.

Broadberry makes a strangely engaging frontman, his movements fairly minimal and his vocals as expressive and unassuming as his frayed check suit.

They pace out the set perfectly with occasional R'n'B, like the excellent "Backroom Boys", steer very clear of any obvious influences and guarantee to spring-clean the lugholes for the price of a pint. Well worth a visit.

Mark Ellen

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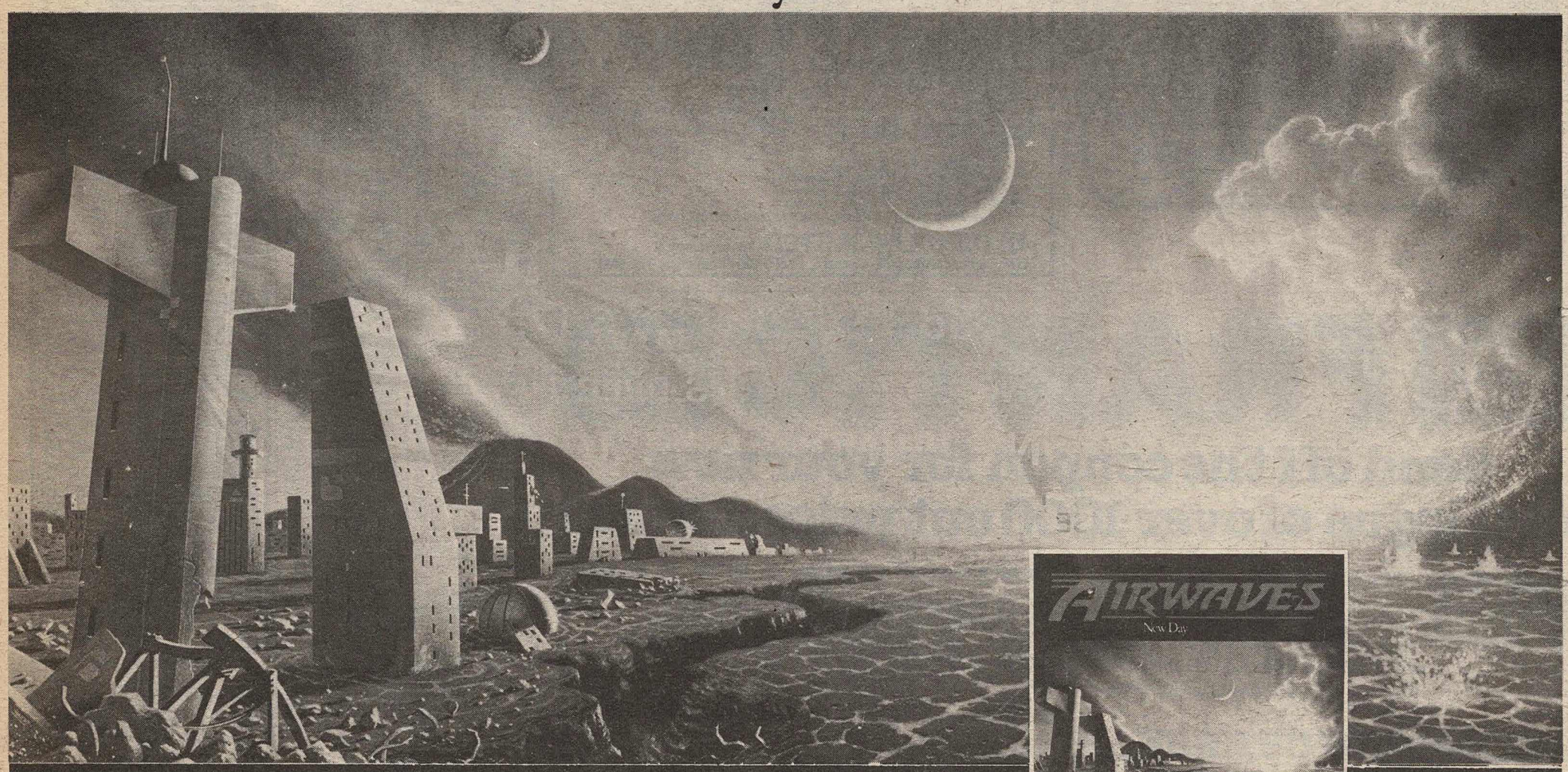

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CLINTON

■ *From page 8.*

LET'S take it to the stage, to the P-Funk Anti-Tour '78. Last time they were in this neck of the woods they toured as Parliament and played Madison Square Garden with Funkenstein costumes, descending Mothership, multifarious props and effects, the full caravan of crazios in all their excessive glory.

This trip is something else again. *Anti*-tour; ya dig? The other side of reality. A little touch of the Stones' recent 'anonymous' tour around the backside of America. No auditoriums, no publicity, no glamour; just a sneaky slide through the flea-pit theatres in unlikely places like New York's Palladium (as different to London's Palladium as funk is to disco) and a similar joint somewhere in the wilds of New Jersey. What's the name of this town?

No, they don't need to do it. They're travelling as Funkadelic and The Brides Of Funkenstein, and Funkadelic happen to have the hottest R&B disc in the nation right now. Could easily be Madison Square Garden all over again if they wanted it that way. But it seemed like a better idea to go the other route. Take it back to the streets; back to the people.

Two gigs rolled into one in a blur of funk and fun and foolishness and mass hypnosis. Not to mention 'erb and other more heady concoctions. Gadzooks, stay 'way from this mess if your mama wants to see you toe the straight and narrow line to normality. It's like 1968 all over again, only coming from a whole 'nother direction. Out of new black America.

Interesting thing, the skeleton of the show(s) is right on down the line from way back when. A flash of history in the vaudeville, package show format, like a distorted peek at Harlem's Apollo theatre anytime from the '30s to yesterday, only now the show is three hours long and there are only three divisions: opening act. The Brides Of Funkenstein; comedian. James Wesley Jackson; main attraction. FUNK-A-DELIC.

Backed by an augmented core of The Rubber Band (no Bootsy or bro'), the two Brides come across as the nearest thing on the show to regular modern black entertainment, except that they're no straight sequined dolls but more like a parody of the same. Or a real gone out-to-lunch extension of the same. Ya just don't get groovalistic jivings like "Disco To Go" or slinky come-ons like "Vanish In Our Sleep" from ya average girlie group.

Jackson is billed as an enviromedian — a funk comedian. Don't know what it means but his dead-pan delivered observations of human idiosyncracies are funny enough to cover the rapid replugging and suchlike going on behind him. He's got an original way with a juice harp, successfully gets opposing halves of the theatre chanting "Loose Booty — Loose Butt" and had the house falling about with his moon-walk routine, incorporating the ritual smoking of the first moon joint. Still in slooow motion, he pledged allegiance to Funkadelica and introduced . .

Military drumming, marching figures in urban guerilla gear, a stage full of khaki/olive clad funkateers pledging allegiance to the Funkadelica flag. Tension builds, all hands fall in line — BAM!! — *"FUNK, GETTING READY TO ROLL, Funk, Getting Ready To Roll."*

Pandemonium in the front stalls; from the back, a view across a sea of swaying and — goodgod — pogoing bodies and thrusting arms.

Co-lead guitarist Gary Shider is fronting the mob at this stage, the only loony in evidence, balanced on stacked boots and swathed in a yellow diaper. Behind him a solid army of singers and musicians pulse and chant the responses to his key phrases, each leading into the next, once the audience is fully involved in the former: "I Got A Thing, You Got A Thing (Everybody's Got A Thing)". "(If You Ain't Gonna Get It On) Take Your Dead Ass Home" . . . "(Shit, Goddam) Get Off Your Ass and Jam" . . . and jam . . . and jam . . . and ease on into "Cosmic Slop", featuring Shider and Michael Hampton, two cosmic guitarists who take it all the way up to a whole 'nother stage. As the last of their licks echo 'round the space between three thousand pairs of ears, enter . . .

Star Child . . .eeeeyyyhhh . . . George Clinton, a willowy, zany, berserko; long blonde wig, jerking torso, flailing arms driving the band to an even deeper groove and drawing forth the resonant bass booming of Raymond Davis: "Tear The Roof Off The Sucker, Tear The Roof Off The Muthasucker. Tear The Roof Off The Sucker" . . . pandemonium again as we're all swept into "Give Up The Funk".

And so it goes . . . on 'n' up 'n' down 'n' ebb 'n' flow 'n' on 'n' on for the best part of two and a half hours, like endless screwing in a vibrating vat of honey-coated space-dust. Not that I ever have y'understand, but still . . .

As we swayed and chanted through such anthems as "One Nation Under A Groove" and "Mothership Connection" and "Flashlight" and boogied hard to "Red Hot Mama" and "Standing On The Verge Of Getting It On" and slumped a-ga-ga, a-ga-ga-ga to the guitaristic groovalations within "Maggot Brain", two recommendations kept coming back to me for all you funketeers out there, waiting on the December invasion force.

1) Far be it from me to suggest anything illegal in the pages of *NME* but if you attend a Funkadelica gig stone cold sober you're gonna be missing something extraordinary.

2) Unless you've got polystyrene ears, stand well back, my friend, *well* back. They're LOUD. They're also mind-bending.

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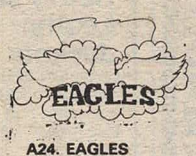

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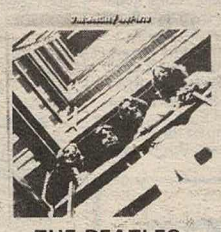

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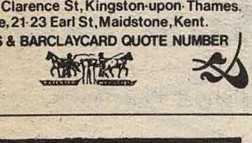

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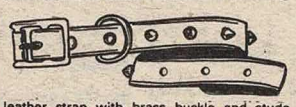

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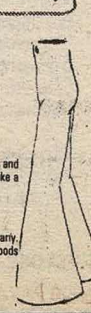

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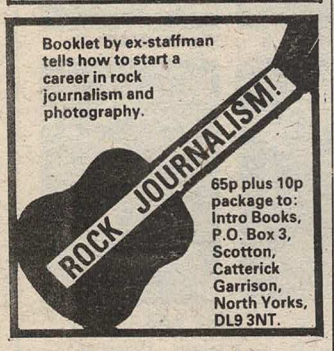

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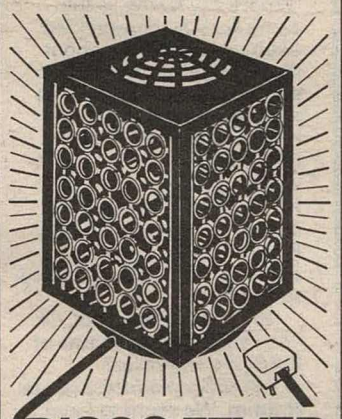

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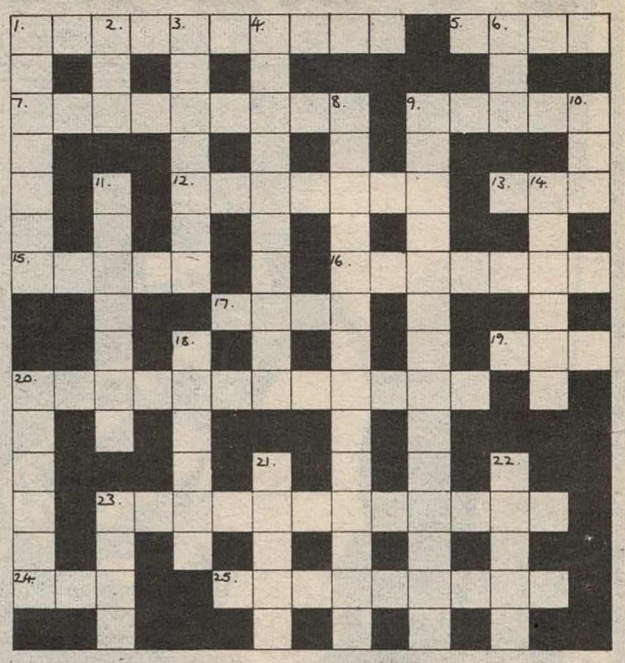

ACROSS

1 E.C. tunes in, sees double, sees red! (5,5)
5 Fleetwood or Jones
7 Genesis personage who keeps his cash in a safe place! (4,5)
9 & 6 down American singer/writer who had a hit at 15 with "Society's Child"; "At Seventeen" is one of her more recent songs
12 & 14 down Majorcan walkabout, or a Mink DeVille 45!
13 "Back In The . . ." Chuck Berry
15 See 24 across
16 Plaistow Patricia and Clever Trevor are two of the characters who people his songs (3,4)
17 "Beat On The . . ." Ramones
19 Of the Family Stone
20 across & 20 down Disco hit for both Mick Jackson and The Jacksons (5,2,2,3,6)
23 Wilko's new band (5,7)
24 & 15 across Everybody's favourite Fascist figurehead — song fodder for "Ryvita"!
25 He was one-third of Cream (4,5)

DOWN

1 The story of Billy and little Judy — are you sitting comfortably, kiddywinks? (3,4)
2 & 11 down "Instant Replay" person
3 Roy, whom the '60s pop press used to term The Big O
4 Hollywood 'starlet' who has co-starred opposite Presley and The Who (i.e. in "Tommy") (3,7)
6 See 9 across
8 A 1970 No.1 for Norman Greenbaum — who? (6,2,3,3)
9 He and Tom Petty have The Heartbreakers and nationality in common (6,8)
10 Forerunner of reggae celebrated on The Clash's "White Man In The Hammersmith Palais"
11 See 2 down
14 See 12 across
18 Richard Starkey for instance
20 See 20 across
21 A Winter brother
22 9 down's label, they also used to record The Who
23 Punk combo in posh ambience, geddit?

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK. LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW.

ACROSS: 1 Public Image; 7 "Long Tall Sally"; 9 Funkadelic; 12 Otis Redding; 13 Yes; 16 Al Jardine; 18 Gladys Knight; 19 "(Mull) Of Kintyre"; 20 "War".
DOWN: 1 Paul Simonon; 2 Blind Faith; 3 "Instant Replay"; "Mull (Of Kintyre)"; 5 "(Duke Of) Earl"; 6 Daryl (Hall); 8 Stevie (Wonder); 10 Andy Mackay; 11 Iggy (Pop); 14 Elektra; 15 Ziggy (Stardust); 17 Jack (Bruce).

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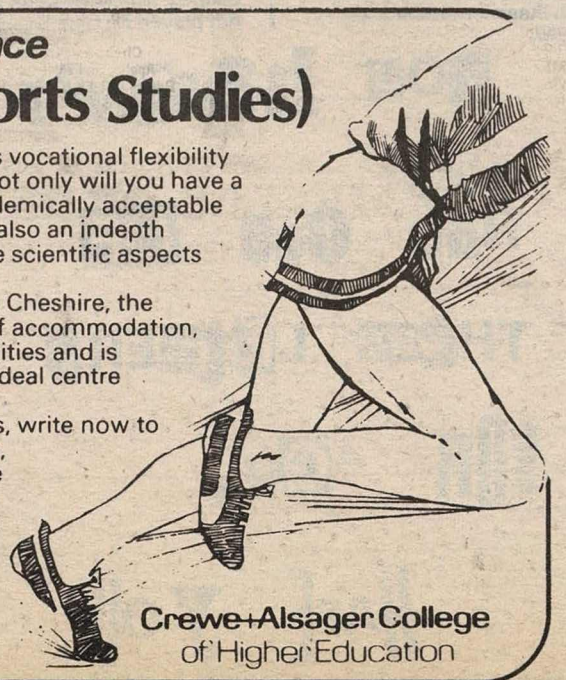

Crewe+Alsager College
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HE OWES IT ALL TO JOHN COOPER CLARKE

Cut out and keep this wacky picture, kids.
There are more to come and you could get lucky.

Pic: STEVENSON

If Siouxsie's wearing Mick Green's old boots and panties then this must be ...

NOSTALGIBAG

(introducing the Sham backlash and lotsa dumb jokes ...)

Going by last week's issue one detects the beginning of the Clash backlash those longtime readers of the *NME* have been anticipating for weeks. I'm thinking here of both the Roxy review and the piece in the Book Of Modern Music, the latter of which, to judge by its barely suppressed verbal acidity, was almost certainly penned by the delightful Ms. Burchill *(wrong — CSM).*

That such an event would have occurred sooner or later is understandable when one considers the embarrassing wealth of well-meant accolades the unfortunate band have had heaped on their collective heads since their inception, praise which for the most part consisted of gross misunderstandings of what the Clash are about mixed in with ridiculous claims made for them by politically naive writers. Those anthems have just about managed to halt at the edges of 'I have seen the future of rock'n'roll . . .' but the almost evangelical 'I want to testify' tirade of that Bangs article last year and the equally over the top garishness of the Chris S. thing during the summer would have been practical death blows to any other band. As a matter of fact that latter piece representing as it did in its 1st paragraph the idea of Strummer and Co. as an angelic spearhead of the second coming ('Powers of light and darkness', remember?) was enough to force the discerning punk to take a plunge for the supposed satanism of his elder brother's Black Sabbath records.

Well, that's one reason that can be ascribed for what should be a fairly severe journalistic battering over the next few months if previous experience is anything to go by, but another cause which I'm sure more than a few other readers will have noticed and found much more disturbing is to be found in a new trend. This is the appearance of a breed of 'critics' (Jesus!) who not only dislike and look down on rock 'n' roll but are also so candidly unashamed by such feelings that proclaim them as virtues. The Parsons-Burchill wing of this movement, with their obituaries for rock 'n' roll represent one end of it and are the most blatantly hypocritical (God almighty! Burchill has the cheek to talk about the Clash's supposed 'attitude dancing'. I was always under the impression that Julie Burchill wasn't a person at all but a position one adopted to protect one's ego when one lost an argument) while on the other side we have the more 'subtle' (I'm sure they would be delighted by that word) pseudo-cerebral snobbery of the Paul Morleys and Graham Locks of this world with their collections of Stockhausen, Cage, etc, and their penchants for writing self-important, self-analytical, self-pitying drivel e.g. last paragraph of that Darkness piece a couple of weeks ago.

In what other field of entertainment writing would you come across pieces by people who claim to have absolutely no interest and quite openly despise the subject they are paid to talk about? If one was paranoid about it, it would be easy to come to the conclusion that all these people are well into middle age and want to wean everybody off this decadent moronic non-music *(all these people are younger than I am — CSM).*

The Clash are a rock 'n' roll band and very little else as somebody once pointed out and this being the case it's probably foolish of me to expect people 'who come to bury rock 'n' roll' to either understand or like them. It's just great that eventually one gets annoyed about the deceptive and hugely influential rubbish that is trotted out for us, either to swallow or else be accused of lacking 'cool'.

As for the charges at the band having sold out, diluted their revolutionary ideals — well when you go to the music, which is the essential acid test despite what's said in interviews or publicity, it's very difficult to see where the notions of lost sainthood arise. There was never any of the phony morality or rebel rousing which makes Tom Robinson unlistenable in those garbled nihilistic lyrics. The subjects they dealt with were the eternal subjects of rock 'n' roll, filtered through the added burdens the Seventies has whacked onto the top of the post war teenage angst. The dude in 'What's My Name' is the same kid who complained twenty years earlier about the summer-time blues, someone who couldn't get any satisfaction in '65, who had 'one more year with nothing to do' in '69, and who complained and went for kicks in Dolls and Mott songs earlier this decade. Rock 'n' roll has kept on being put in the hearse since Autumn '55 . . .

Hey Tony, Julie, Paul, do you remember the name of the first undertaker?

G. HAYES, no address given.

Hmmm. We seem to have two specific and different points under discussion, G, one of which is the Clashlash and the other is the death/birth/death of Rock As We Know It, etc. What intrigues me about the New Rock (94th in a series) is the extent to which rock can mutate without ceasing to be rock. Comments, please . . . — CSM.

If Ian Penman reckons Harlesden's got heavy industry (longest employer — McVities Biscuits) then it's no wonder he can't recognise a 'heavy manners street band' when he's paid to see them.

A HARLESDEN ONE EYED SNAKE

There *are* no streets where Ian Penman comes from. — CSM

How come in your great (?) paper Sham always get good write-ups? Sham are a sham. I was disgusted at Jimmy Pursey dedicating a number to the bouncers at the Edinburgh concert (Nov 1) for being so good. Before the concert the bouncers were told just to kick us in if we dared doing anything like pogo. Although they finally gave in, my mate was beforehand dragged down a flight of stairs by the hair and I was sent flying over numerous seats for standing up, and then after the concert I got hit by a beer can on the head thrown by a bouncer. Later Jimmy Pursey went on to say how he thinks it's terrible that fans get ripped off by other groups. The Sham concert lasted 55 minutes, the shortest concert I've been to, and we never got backstage. This was the first concert I've been to that I never got backstage to, so much for Jimmy the hero. And if you do read the papers like you say you do Jimmy, I hope you read this and don't bother trying to bring down 'Stiff Little Finger' at least they're not hypocrites. No, the kids ain't all right. Sham, you're a sham.

ONE FEMALE EX-SHAM FAN, Edinburgh.

Okay, cue Sham backlash starting . . . now! — CSM

Regarding the reported cancellation of a Tom Robinson Band gig for Amnesty at Cambridge Corn Exchange *(NME* November 11th 1978):

I feel that it is unreasonable to ask T.R.B. to play more than approximately thirty dates without a reasonable break. As T.R.B. were scheduled for a tour of the USA to commence in mid-October (which was subsequently postponed for a series of different reasons), I was faced with the problem of servicing the British Isles demand for T.R.B. gigs with a mere thirty day period to work around. Are you aware of how many promoters want to book T.R.B.? If I was to count up the total it would run into hundreds not tens.

The dates which Stephen Ball had at the Cambridge Corn Exchange clashed with dates in other parts of the country which the band had not played for over a year. The most notable case being the dates available in Ireland, where T.R.B. had never played, whilst Cambridge is one of the few towns where T.R.B. had already played in 1978.

Stephen Ball did not have a verbal agreement, he had merely made an offer which was turned down because of the logistic impossibility of doing the date.

Tosay that T.R.B. will not appear for less than £1500.00 is ludicrous. Consider the following cases of T.R.B. gigs that took place last month:

Reading: capacity 750, ticket price £1.80; Essex: capacity 900, ticket price £1.50; Warwick: capacity 1500, ticket price £1.00.

If you multiply capcity by ticket price and deduct VAT, cost of support band, posters, press ads, ticket printing, staffing, cleaners, electricians, refreshments etc., etc., then you don't have to have an honours degree in maths to see that none of these gigs could pay remotely near £1500.00. I am fully aware that the capacity at the Cambridge Corn Exchange is only 900 persons and that with a top ticket price of £2.00 (which we stipulate for all the venues other than major concerts) there is no way he could have paid £1500.00 either.

In conclusion I would respectfully suggest Stephen Ball knows a lot about shooting his mouth off, but very little about the mechanics about getting a rock band on the road. Far be it for me to judge whether T.R.B. (or myself for that matter) have "sold out", however, there are a lot of people and organisations who I would justifiably accuse of "buying in".

BOB SALMONS, International Talent Booking, London W1.

Spoken like a liberal and a gentleman, sir — CSM

I've just read your article headed 'PUNK' in the *NME* Book Of Modern Music, and God, you know how to depress people, don't you. If *anyone* tries to start anything with the *energy* and *direction* of early punk, the press will just put it down as a revival and kill off any hope of original music. So us younger people may as well give up hope now and go and listen to the Bee Gees on Peter Powell's show, because everything ends up like that anyway, doesn't it. I can just imagine J. Lydon singing "Stayin' Alive".

A FEMALE WELL WISHER WHO HAS ALREADY HAD ONE LETTER IN NME.

God, aren't we nostalgic this week. — CSM

What happened to the good old days of the Roxy and the Vortex when you could go and see Buzzcocks, Pistols, Clash and X-Ray Spex all for around £1.50 *and* pogo to your hearts content?

Not any more, those days have long gone. £2.50 sees you at the Hammersmith Odeon watching your fave band namely the Buzzcocks. Oh yeah, they played a great set but . . . it's all been blown out of proportion. Once upon a time I could actually speak to Pete Shelley. Not any more. From where us lot were standing I could have screamed and I still wouldn't have been heard.

Is this all the thanks us loyal fans get? I came away from the Odeon very disillusioned. I'm not blaming the Buzzcocks, it's happening to loads of other bands. Oh well I suppose I was naive enough to think it could go any other way.

I still believe in the Fall, Banshees, Penetration and the Buzzcocks, but for how long? I don't wanna bitch but someone once said punk was about watching a band for about 50p with about 50 other punks. So what's went wrong eh? Or more to the point does anyone care?

ANNA (who actually does live in the Real World), Bromley.

The good old days are good because they're gone . . . — LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III

I'd just like to thank the 'Be Stiff' tour for an excellent evening's entertainment at Dundee University and pose a question at the same time — how did Dave Robinson get all those old stars out of retirement?

Surely you weren't taken in by the 'rising young stars' ploy — anyone could spot the old phonies with new names and trendy images. 'Wreckless Eric' indeed! Why, I remember him as Norman Wisdom, without the Enginedrivers hat but with something similar. And Lonnie Donegan — if you're supposed to be making a comeback, why tour and record as Mickey Jupp? The same applies to Russ Conway, alias Jona Lewie.

As for the girls (sic), well Lene Lovich sure ain't from Budapest — try Neasden. As Sandie Shaw she went barefoot and won a Eurovision Song Contest. Mind you, her sax playing has improved.

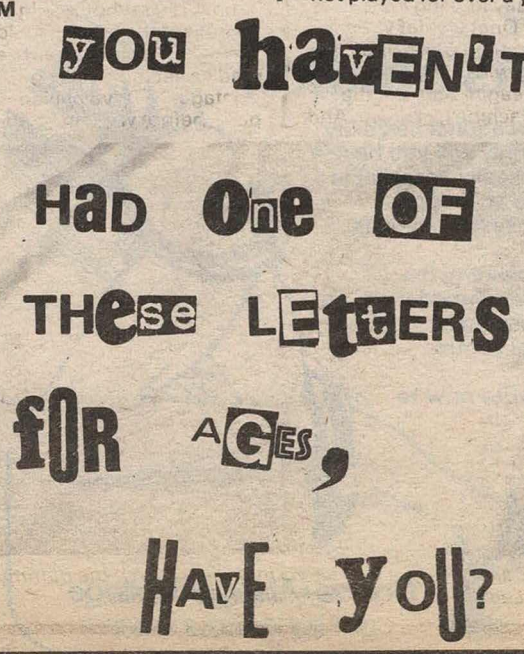
Last but not least there's Li'l ol' Rachel Sweet, Mickey Rooney Protegee from Akron, Ohio. I'm sure I'm not the only one to notice that she actually was Mickey Rooney with a re-spray, falsies and a wig.

So on to planning for next year's tour. You can expect to see (in order of merit:

Bobby Crush, Petula Clark, Ringo Starr, Perez Prado, Bert Weedon, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich and token American act Barry McGuire, posing as America's John Cooper-Clarke and playing a version of the Dickies' 'Eve Of Destruction'. Howsabout a picture of Russ Conway, anyway.

THE DUMMY BIG YOUTH, Dummy Kingston.

Thank you — CSM



CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY on the receiving end at THE BAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1.

T-ZERS

TAKES ITS TROUSERS OFF AND MAKES A FEW PHONE CALLS

WE know this is a horrible way of launching this week's edition of the rock world's most prim and sedate gossip column, but the assembled sickos at *T-Zerz* Central couldn't resist it. Q: what has eight legs and gets accused of killing his girlfriend? A: **Squid Vicious.**

This alleged joke, which is in very poor taste (now we've told it we can afford to get sanctimonious) is currently rife in New York circles, as are Punk Rock (whatever that is) exploitation movie scenarios, upcoming exploitation paperbacks and other paraphernalia spinning off from the life, times and tribulations of The World's Most Unforgotten Boy, who at the last count had been released from Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital into his mum's custody. Word hath it that **Malcolm McLaren** (geezer seen making a funny leg in the big picture) is trying to set up a deal whereby Sid can record with **Jerry Nolan (ex-Dolls, ex-Heartbreakers, ex-heroin)** and **Steve Dior** of **The Idols,** plus **John Lydon** has expressed interest in helping out his ex-colleague if he can do so without running into **Legs McLaren** again . . .

Bad news for all you onanists out there (look it up, you illiterate wankers): **Chris Stein,** head honcho of **Blondie** and constant companion of **Debbie Drool** herself, wants the band to cut down on its constant touring, and the New York scam network suggests that this could cause another line-up reshuffle. Bassist **Nigel Harrison** could well reunite with his former **Silverhead** teammate **Michael Des Barres** in some sort of venture with slimmed-down so-much-more-lovable-now-there's-less-of-him-to-love **Steve Jones,** who is currently engaged in so many different exhausting activities that it's no wonder that his recent companion **Zsa Zsa Gabor** is reduced to clipping diamond earrings onto her pet rabbits . . .

How's this for sheer unadulterated suffering: **Grace Slick** was put on two years' probation for being publicly drunk while being on probation. The judge warned her that she could be jailed if she drank alcohol during that period, ordered her to attend meetings of Alcoholics Anonymous and not to leave the state of California. So you think it's fun being a legend? How'd you feel if you had to stay in California for two years and you weren't even allowed to get pissed? . . .

Right. Enough of this foolishness, here's **David Bowie** delivering a consumer's guide to standard answers for standard questions on Capital Radio last week in a syndicated American interview with dynamic US DJ **Sonny Fox.** Among the **Thin White Duck's** more outrageous offerings: "I used the Thin White Duke at one time" (Victoria station, Nazism, etc.) "which unfortunately backfired a bit in England, when I tried — as usual to show what could happen. In some ways it did some good because, for the first time, it brought to the fore that the National Front are a fascist party. Until then the National Front were nice and polite." Sure, **Dave** — unless you happened to be black, Asian, Jewish, etc., etc.

"I've always thought that an artist should be apolitical", continued **Mrs Jones'** little boy (excuse me, **Dave,** there's a **Mr Strummer** on the line) "and if there are any aspects that he doesn't agree with, he should caricature them. That's what I've always tried to do." Eh, there's nowt as queer as folks, even though **D.B.** did opine that he considered fascism to be "an idiot's dream." He also discussed his recent travels in Japan, Thailand, and Kenya. "I took a straighforward safari and spent a few hours with the Masai tribe. It's predictable that it will surface in the future and I intend going back. I didn't do any recording there. I wanted to understand what I was seeing and what I was dealing with before I was presumptious enough to start recording it." Oh well, this is the modern world, exit **Brian Eno** and enter **Fela Ransome-Kuti** . . .

Every ligger is a star: **Rod Stewart** and **Bianca Jagger** (this is getting ridiculous, especially since the fair-haired **Rod** prefers blondes) were seen sharing a joke and enjoying Hull Truck Theatre Company's *The New Garbo* at Upper Street's other famous pub venue, the King's Head, jewel of North London, etc. No-one spotted them except a solitary *T-Zer* skulking in an ashtray. Meanwhile, **Steve Jones, Paul Cook, Phil Lynott, Gary Moore** and even **Modest Bob** (finally looking after Number One) **Geldof** were seen watching **Chris Spedding** jamming with his former Sharkolleague **Snips** at the Music Machine last week. And joining *T-Zerz* to see **Albert King** play the best guitar that we've heard in eight years (since **Mr King** last played the UK, in fact) were **Chris Spedding, Bad Co's Simon Kirke,** the **Feelgoods' Gypie Mayo** and most of **The Rumour** . . .

Croydon punters were a touch on the disappointed side when **Siouxsie And The Banshees** had to blow out last Sunday's Greyhound gig on account of the stage subsiding a full eight inches when the roadies set the band's gear up on stage. They've played the place before without — ahem — bringing the house down quite so drastically, but they've increased the size of their P.A. system since then. Pure Noise, the band's company, insisted that the stage could have been strengthened, but the promoter refused to meet their demands . . .

It has now been officially confirmed that **The Motors** are ugly. After the "Approved By The Motors" album didn't sell anywhere near the expected quantity, Virgin Records conducted a survey to find out exactly what went wrong. Although most of the surveyed humans said that they liked the music, it became apparent that **The Motors'** mugs actually put them off buying. "Old, pasty, something out of a horror film, criminal, dumb, aggressive, animals, escaped lunatics" were some of the more complimentary remarks. Virgin are now reissuing the album in a differnt cover, and **Nick Garvey's** going on stage with a CENSORED sticker over his (ugh) face . . .

And just in case **The Clash** get paranoid if they're not in *T-Zerz,* we are delighted to inform you that the uncredited pianna on "Give 'Em Enough Rope" is by **Blue Oyster Cult's Allen Lanier,** and that the dumbo map alluded to by **Nick Kent** in his review of the album in last week's fab ish is actually part of the press kit and not the album packaging (just as well, really) . . .

Yes' pro-conservationist stance somewhat compromised by the bloody great expensive fur coat sported by **Rick Wakeman** at *The Muddle Maker's* awards ceremony last week . . .

We seriously suspect that **Elton John's** recent mystery illness might have something to do with the sheer awfulness of his latest album . . . er, sorry, we mean, of course, the disappearance of **Rachel Sweet's** contact lenses. She keeps them in a glass of water, you see, before she goes on stage and the night Reg jammed all those Stiffs at Hemel Hempstead, the lenses went missing, Bit **J.G. Ballard,** all this, isn't it? And the fact that **Elt's** excuse for a football team, according to all impartial observers, were extremely lucky to escape with two points against Gillingham on Saturday did absolutely nothing for his dodgy ticker . . .

On Bonfire night, local rednecks in Rye (Sussex) burned a punk in effigy instead of the traditional incineratee. Bloody heavy metal freaks are all alike . . .

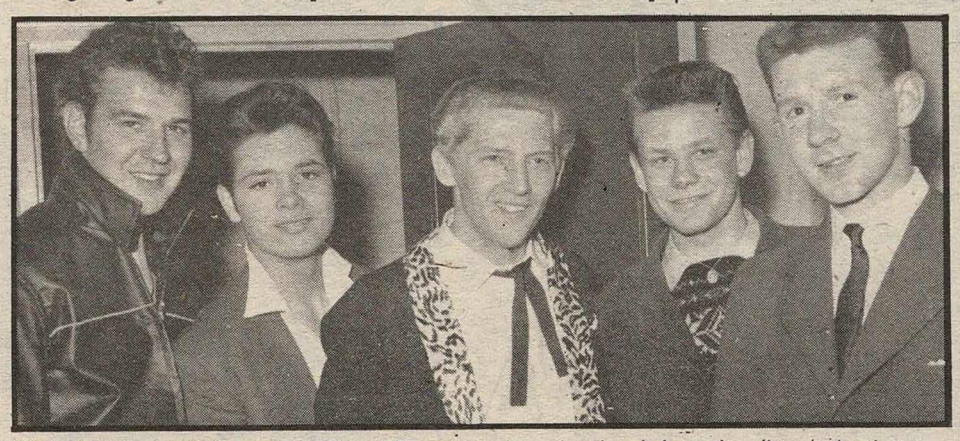
Hey, this is real hot poop: **Palm Olive's** replacement as **Slits** drummer is **Budgie,** formerly of **Big In Japan** . . .

And a quick round of apologies: firstly, representatives of a **Mr. Rod Stewart** have contacted us to communicate their man's outrage at being referred to as "a bloody great nancy boy" in last week's *T-Zers.* We would like to point out that this reference was well irresponsible, that Rod's masculinity is impeccable and that he is not now, has never been and we are certain never will be anything even faintly resembling a "bloody great nancy boy". Just ask **Bianca** . . .

Secondly, we'd iike to say a great big "sorry" for any inconvenience caused to the staff at Shepherds Bush Employment Office, who were inundated with inquiries from prospective *Quadrophenia* extras after a recent *Thrills* item on the progress of **The 'Oo's** flick which concluded by advising interested parties to contact Hammersmith Job Centre. Migawd, you mean, people actually take summadistuff serious like . . .?

Finally, we reckon it's about time some enterprising girl group put out a record called "Fat Bottomed Queens". Fanxalot'n'g'nite (uproar) . . .

"Sid? This is Malcolm — what the hell have you done with my trousers?" McLaren caught with his pants down by Joe Stevens.



Waiting impatiently for next week's NME and **the** *Jerry Lee Lewis interview (l to r): the dummy Marty Wilde, the real Harry Webb, Jerry Lee hisself, Dean Martin and Tony Parsons.*

BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1	Love	1
2	Bites	2
3	The Jam	5
4	Clash Police	4
5	P.I.L.	—
6	Penetration	—
7	The Buzzcocks	6
8	Smirks Against Travolta	3
9	New Siouxsie	—
10	Stiff Little Fingers	7

New Releases

20p Meke Army, Smirks Against Travolta, So Alone, The Edge, Pill, Zig Zag Blondie, Lemmy, Animal Lib No 2. Skids, Scritti Politti.
25p New Siouxsie, Undertones, The Dogs (France), Pretty Vacant
X-Series 20p, Patti, Shelly, Culture, Poly
New Releases — 20p — The Skids

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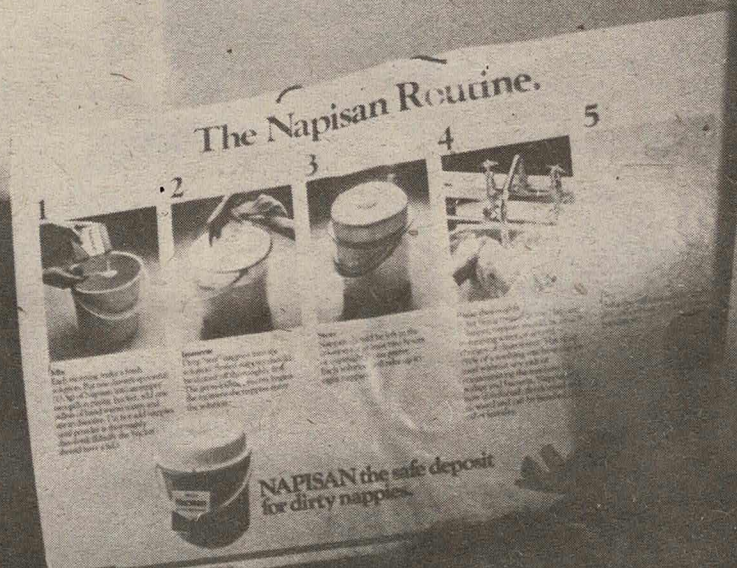
NEW ALBUM



TOUR DATES

November
21st Apollo Manchester.
22nd St.Georges Hall, Bradfor
23rd Kings Hall, Derby.
25th Pier Pavilion, Hastings.
27th Bournemouth Village Bowl.
28th Guild Hall, Portsmouth.
30th Electric Ballroom Camden Town, London.
December
1st Electric Ballroom Camden Town, London.
2nd Odeon Canterbury.
3rd Odeon Canterbury.

THAT'S LIFE

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